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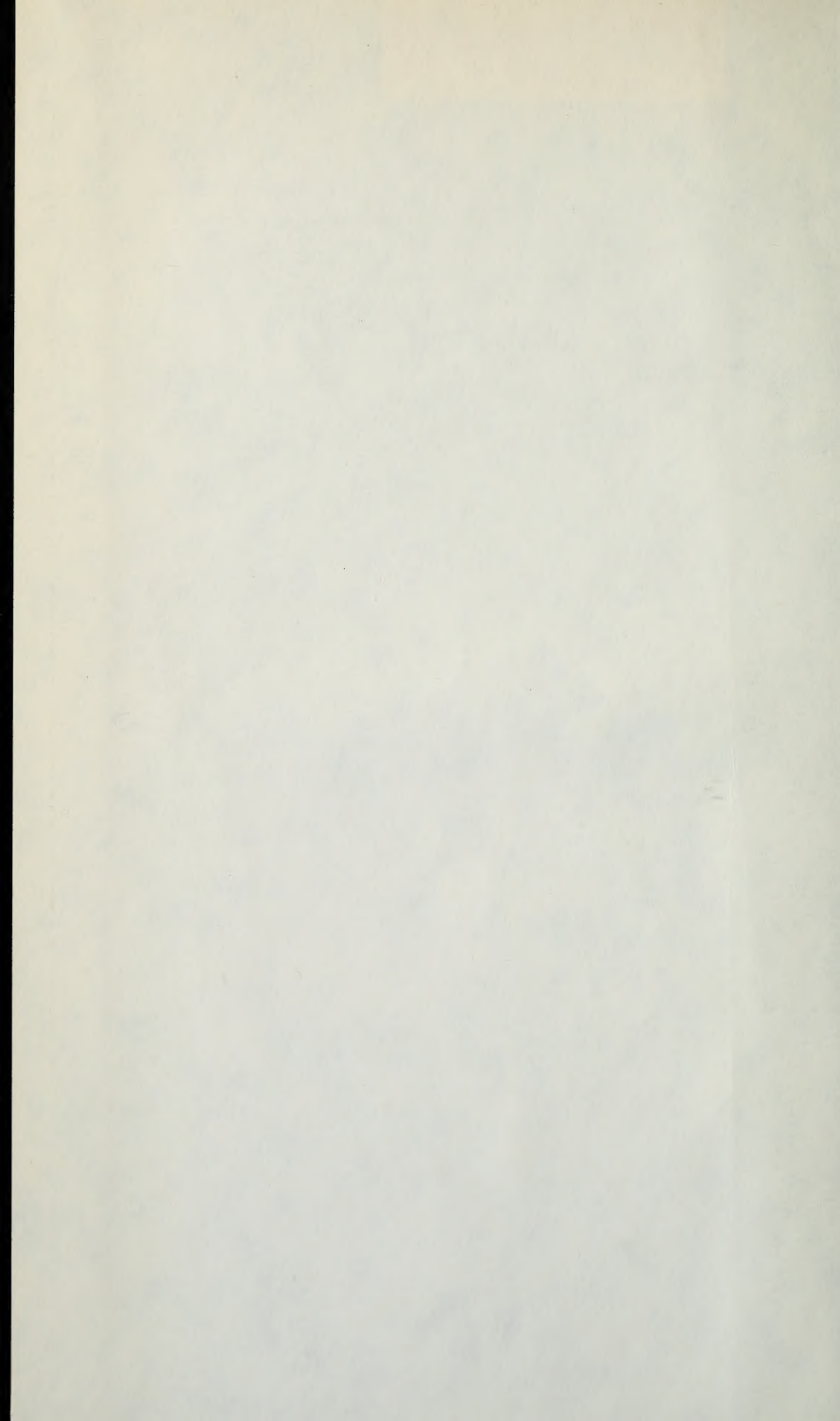
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Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XII.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1884.

RICHMOND, VA.:
REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,
Secretary Southern Historical Society.

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Cursory Sketch of the Campaigns of General Bragg.

By Major E. T. SYKES.

THE ARMY AT DALTON.

The "Army of Tennessee" fell back and went into winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia, forty miles distant from Chattanooga, and where the Georgia State road connects with the East Tennessee railroad.* Soon after, General Bragg, appreciating his relations to

*Extract from a letter of General Bragg to the writer, dated February 8th, 1873:

"In our retreat from Missionary Ridge, the enemy could make but a feeble pursuit, for want of artillery horses (*Grant's report*). At the mountain gorge near Ringgold, I believed he could be successfully repulsed, and the army quickly withdrawn. General Cleburn, one of the best and truest soldiers in our cause, was placed at that point in command of the rear guard. Late at night, hours after all the army was at rest, my information being all in, I called for a reliable confidential staff officer, and gave him verbal directions to ride immediately to Cleburn, about three (3) miles in my rear, at this mountain gorge, *and give him my positive orders to hold his position up to a named hour the next day*, and if attacked, to defend the

the service, and feeling that a portion of his troops were dissatisfied with and disposed to criticise his military operations, to allay all apprehensions, patriotically requested the President to relieve him from the command of that army whose fortunes he had followed and whose fate he had shared through the trying vicissitudes of more than two years of active operations. His request was granted and Lieutenant-General Hardee temporarily placed in command, in a short time to be replaced by General Joseph E. Johnston. But the President, knowing General Bragg's abilities and appreciating them, was not disposed so summarily to dispense with his services, and hence immediately called him to Richmond in the capacity of military adviser. Thus ended the connection of General Bragg with the Army of the West, or, as then more properly termed, the "Army of Northern Georgia."

GENERAL BRAGG RELIEVED OF COMMAND AND SUBSEQUENT VISIT TO
THE ARMY.

He never, subsequent to that time, made but one visit to his old and to him cherished command, and then to find it sadly changed—a visit pregnant with the issues of its life or death and involving the very existence of the Confederacy. It was at or about the time of the removal of General Johnston from, and the substitution of the "bravest

pass at every hazard. The message was delivered at Cleburn's camp fire. He heard it with surprise and expressed his apprehension that it would result in the loss of his command, as his information differed from mine, and he believed the enemy would turn his position and cut him off. 'But,' said he, true soldier as he was, 'I always obey orders, and only ask as a protection, in case of disaster, that you put the order in writing.' This was done as soon as materials could be found, and the staff officer returned and reported the result of his mission. He had not reached me, however, before the attack, *in front*, as I expected, was made. Cleburn gallantly met it, defeated the enemy under Hooker, drove him back, and then quietly followed the army without further molestation. Mark the difference in conduct and results. A good soldier, by obedience, without substituting his own crude notions, defeats the enemy and saves an army from disaster. And mark the credit he gets for it. The Confederate Congress passed a vote of thanks to the gallant Cleburn and his command for saving Bragg's army. Not to this day has it ever been known that he did it in obedience to orders and against his judgment, which does not detract from, but adds to his fame. *Captain Samuel A. Harris*, Assistant Adjutant-General, of Montgomery, Alabama, was the officer who delivered the order. He is now an Episcopal clergyman, with the largest congregation in New Orleans, and has recently repeated the whole matter to me as distinctly as if it had occurred yesterday."

of the brave," the gallant J. B. Hood, to the command of the army with the rank of General.

GENERAL HOOD COMMANDING ARMY OF NORTHERN GEORGIA.

Hood was offered a sacrifice on the shrine of his country, and be it said to his glory and honor that, knowing it, he, for his country's good, unhesitatingly accepted its consequences. On his assumption of the command of the army, if I recollect correctly, it did not aggregate, including every arm of the service, but little in excess of twenty-five thousand effective men, and yet with that number he was willing, from a sense of patriotic duty, to compromise his bright and brilliant military record with the masses, who were ignorant of the situation, the most if not all of whom were his admirers, and to the ability of his little army, to give battle to the overwhelming odds under Sherman, for the one last lingering hope of holding Atlanta, the key to the Confederacy.

And, though failing in the end, gallantly did he redeem his responsible pledge. The venture was hazardous in the extreme, and it required brave officers to meet the emergency. 'Twas then that the brave and chivalric Stephen D. Lee, who merited the high compliments of President Davis, paid him before the Legislature of Mississippi the year previous, was called to the command of Hood's corps, and our equally gallant and intrepid Jacob H. Sharp and others, tried and true men, were promoted to the rank of general officers, in which capacity their military skill was more urgently needed and their valuable services could at the same time be rewarded. The battles of the 22d and 28th of July, 1864, around Atlanta, and at Jonesboro' on the 31st August following, attested the wisdom of these appointments. And although we were not successful in the immediate results of the battlefield, we showed to the haughty enemy that all chivalry was not buried in the grave of Charlemagne, but some, at least, remained to adorn the brow and make resplendent the character of the Southern officer and soldier. That character to-day of the Southerner which makes him respected abroad and by his enemies, and the latter is by every hellish device endeavoring to destroy and render ignoble, is as surely the result of her sons' bravery upon the field of battle as that the needle points unerringly to the pole. They may endeavor to crush out the last spark of patriotism in the breasts of her fellow-braves, but never, as long as she has sons and daughters worthy of their proud lineage, can our enemies succeed, but from each fell blow we

and our children will rebound, Phoenix-like, to assert our equality. Her children, whether at home or wandering abroad, will remember with fondness the land of their nativity, and, remembering, cherish the cenotaphs erected to commemorate the deathless valor of the Confederate soldier, be he officer or be he private, who fell battling for her rights, and revere the tottering steps of the old man who in years to come will tell in nursery tales to his anxiously listening offspring of the hardships he endured and the dangers he braved in behalf of his country's honor. And none more than the one of whom I am immediately speaking can truthfully and proudly relate them of himself.

The writer will never forget the remark made by Hood the night after he crossed the Chattahoochie and had established headquarters with General W. H. Jackson, commanding the cavalry of his army, and on whose staff the writer at that time was A. A. General. It was a dark and rainy night, and when the courier came up and reported that the last of the army had crossed and the pontoons had been taken up, Hood remarked to the circle of officers present: "I once more feel glorious; I am north of the Chattahoochie." Then we lay down for the night, to resume on the next morning in good earnest the march into Tennessee which terminated so disastrously at Nashville.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion of this sketch, which is written purely from recollection, and partly from memoranda made at the time, I deem it not amiss to say in justification of General Bragg's discipline that it was simply the misfortune of the Confederacy that she had so few officers like him to carry out and enforce her laws, and thereby render her arms what they should have been, efficient and perfect.

Captious critics, the most of whom were in the rear, could not appreciate the vital importance of discipline in an army, nor did they stop to reflect that the very laws the operations of which they so much condemned were enacted by their Congressmen chosen by their suffrages, and some of whom, strange to say, united in the clamor. Like the President, Bragg was, in one sense of the term, an executive officer, and the law of Congress making it a death penalty to run cotton through the lines had by him, as a good and true officer, to be rigidly enforced, regardless of its propriety in the abstract.

When caught in the act the accused was given the benefit of a trial before a court-martial, and if found guilty, and the proceedings in

other respects being regular, he invariably received the punishment awarded.

The pithy maxim of Talleyrand, "nothing succeeds like success," is a vulgar and oftentimes an erroneous criterion.

Concede the applicability of such a test to the relative valor, generalship and military character of the Northern and Southern armies, during the war, and we "exalt the soldiers of the North above all precedent and consign the unequalled valor of the Southern soldiery to reproach, instead of the deathless fame which shall survive them. To such a judgment every battle-field of the war gives emphatic and indignant contradiction."

Time, the great arbiter of us all, is as sure to give Bragg rank among the first Generals of the late war and triumphantly vindicate his discipline, as that it will dissipate the twilight haze which yet "obscures the grand effort of patriotism" of which he was a prominent helmsman. With a devotion which shrank from no sacrifice and quailed before no peril, he buckled around him the armor of the right and wielding the shield of Achilles, which the inferior Greek was unable to lift, despite overwhelming numbers of the enemy, furnished by his example the strongest evidence of his belief in the correctness and justice of the cause he espoused.

Letters from Fort Sumter in 1862 and 1863.

By LIEUTENANT IREDELL JONES, *First Regiment South Carolina Regulars.*

[We have on hand a number of letters written by Lieutenant Jones, while serving in Fort Sumter, to his parents. As vivid descriptions, written at the time, of the events they describe by a gallant participant in the heroic defence of Sumter, they are of interest and historic value worthy of a place in our records.]

LETTER NO. I.

FORT SUMTER, June 18th, 1862.

You have heard by the papers the particulars of the bloody fight of the 16th, at Secessionville. Though on a small scale, this war furnishes not one instance of a more gallant charge on the part of the enemy, and of a more desperate and determined resistance on the part of our own men. The battery was contested on the ramparts in a hand to hand fight, and a log was rolled from the top to

sweep the enemy from the sides of the breastwork. All praise is due to the Charleston battalion and Lamar's two companies of artillery, as well as Smith's battalion, and had it not been for the desperate fighting of these commands, while reinforcements were being sent for, the important point at Secessionville would have been lost. But while we give all credit to our own troops, let us never again disparage our enemy and call them cowards, for nothing was ever more glorious than their three charges in the face of a raking fire of grape and canister, and then at last, as if to do or die, they broke into two columns and rushed against our right and left flanks, which movement would have gained the day, had not our reinforcements arrived. We were emphatically surprised, but it could not have been otherwise expected, when we recollect that the three commands before mentioned, which were at Secessionville, had been under fire of the enemy's battery for the past two weeks, being shelled day and night, and thereby almost exhausted from want of sleep. The lamented Captain Reed had been manning our battery for ten days with his company. Many of our finest men were killed, and all the friends or relations of some of the officers in the Fort, and a general gloom is spread over the countenances of all here now.

And now I will try and tell you something about our situation on James Island, as I have had the chance of learning, having in company with some other officers in the Fort visited the Island, on Sunday last, the day before the battle, and having seen all our outposts, breastworks, batteries, &c., as well as a large portion of the troops. A dense woods separates our army from the enemy, and all along for from 3,000 to 4,000 yards in rear of these woods, *i. e.*, towards our side, is a level, open space, and in most places can only be passed over by the army, on account of marsh-lands, by roads. Now, cutting across the island to the rear of this level space, stretch our breastworks, in which we have a few guns mounted at considerable intervals apart, and behind which infantry and field-batteries will be protected. You see at once the strength of our position. The roads will be thoroughly guarded, and if a column advances across one of these fields, it will be exposed to the fire of artillery as soon as it makes its appearance. It can then be raked when nearer by grape and canister, and as soon as it comes within range nothing protects it from the volleys of our infantry. Secessionville is a very important point on the creek that divides Morris's from James's Island and constitutes our extreme left flank, and if taken the enemy could turn our left. It was for this reason, no doubt, that the attack

was made the other day, and for this reason also that our Generals are so determined to hold it. The enemy's gun-boats can come up within shelling distance of it, and to hold their place our troops were obliged to remain there under fire. We have about 8,000, or perhaps as many as 10,000, men on the island, and all, I believe in good condition. The enemy's force is estimated at 9,000, under General Stephens. If this is the true estimate it certainly would seem as if we could hold them in check for any length of time. Fort Sumter is about three miles distant from Secessionville, but it seems to me impossible for the enemy's gunboats ever to come from that quarter to attack us, as the stream is only navigable to very small boats, and that, too, only at very high tides. Their object is to take James's Island and plant mortar batteries.

While on the island we visited our outposts, and I had the pleasure of seeing, from the top of a tree, the Yankee pickets, about six hundred yards distant. It seems strange, but is true, that the pickets of the two armies sit down at this distance apart and look at each other all day. After amusing ourselves looking at Yankees, we went to the breastworks and camps, after which we returned to Colonel Lamar's headquarters, expecting to return to the fort, but on learning that our battery was to commence replying to the enemy's battery, which, together with the gun-boats, had been shelling Secessionville and our battery all the morning, we concluded to walk down and see the duel. We stopped at Secessionville a few moments, and then, led on by curiosity, rather than by wisdom, we went across an open field under fire, to our battery, eight hundred yards distant, and remained there an hour, looking at the mortar practice. The enemy fired very rapidly and with great precision, striking the battery or grazing the top nearly every time. Their shells bursted mostly in rear of us, and only once directly overhead, which wounded two men. There were five of us along together, composing our party. It was very unwise of us to have exposed ourselves thus recklessly, and the more so that we should have done so merely out of curiosity.

Your affectionate son,

IREDELL JONES.

Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, August 31, 1864. (a)

Compiled by War Records Office, Washington.

[Corrections earnestly solicited, if errors are found.]

FIRST ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. H. ANDERSON Commanding.

PICKETT'S DIVISION.

Major-General George E. Pickett.

Barton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Seth M. Barton. (b)

Ninth Virginia, Colonel J. J. Phillips.

Fourteenth Virginia, Colonel William White.

Thirty-eighth Virginia, Colonel George K. Griggs.

Fifty-third Virginia, Colonel W. R. Aylett.

Fifty-seventh Virginia, Colonel C. R. Fontaine.

Hunton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Eppa Hunton.

Eighth Virginia, Colonel N. Berkeley.

Eighteenth Virginia, Colonel H. A. Carrington.

Nineteenth Virginia, Colonel Henry Gantt.

Twenty-eighth Virginia, Colonel William Watts.

Fifty-sixth Virginia, Colonel P. P. Slaughter.

Corse's Brigade.

Brigadier-General M. D. Corse.

Fifteenth Virginia, Colonel T. P. August.

Seventeenth Virginia, Colonel Arthur Herbert.

Twenty-ninth Virginia, Colonel James Giles.

Thirtieth Virginia, Colonel A. T. Harrison.

Thirty-second Virginia, Colonel E. B. Montague.

Terry's Brigade.

Brigadier-General William R. Terry.

First Virginia, Colonel F. G. Skinner.

(a) From monthly return when not otherwise indicated. The original return does not always indicate actual commanders.

(b) Colonel W. R. Aylett was in command August 29th, and probably at above date.

Third Virginia, Colonel Joseph Mayo, Jr.
Seventh Virginia, Colonel C. C. Flowerree.
Eleventh Virginia, Colonel M. S. Langhorne.
Twenty-fourth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Maury.

FIELD'S DIVISION. (c)

Major-General C. W. Field.

Anderson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General G. T. Anderson.

Seventh Georgia, Colonel G. H. Carmical.
Eighth Georgia, Colonel J. R. Towers.
Ninth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Hoge.
Eleventh Georgia, Colonel F. H. Little.
Fifty-ninth Georgia, Colonel Jack Brown.

Law's Brigade.

Colonel P. D. Bowles.

Fourth Alabama, Colonel P. D. Bowles.
Fifteenth Alabama, Colonel A. A. Lowther.
Forty-fourth Alabama, Colonel W. F. Perry.
Forty-seventh Alabama, Colonel M. J. Bulger.
Forty-eighth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Hardwick.

Bratton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John Bratton.

First South Carolina, Colonel J. R. Hagood.
Second South Carolina [Rifles], Colonel R. E. Bowen.
Fifth South Carolina, Colonel A. Coward.
Sixth South Carolina, Colonel J. M. Steedman.
Palmetto Sharp-shooters, Colonel Joseph Walker.

KERSHAW'S DIVISION. (d)

Major-General J. B. Kershaw.

Wofford's Brigade.

Sixteenth Georgia, Major James S. Gholston.
Eighteenth Georgia, Colonel Joseph Armstrong.
Twenty-fourth Georgia, Colonel C. C. Sanders.

(c) Inspection report of this division for August 30, 1864, shows that it also contained Benning's and Gregg's brigades. The return shows but two Brigadier-Generals present for duty; names not indicated.

(d) Only two Brigadier-Generals reported present for duty; names not indicated.

Third Georgia Battalion (sharp-shooters), Lieutenant-Colonel
N. L. Hutchins.

Phillips's Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Hamilton.

Cobb's Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel L. J. Glenn.

Bryan's Brigade.

Tenth Georgia, Colonel W. C. Holt.

Fiftieth Georgia, Colonel P. McGlashan.

Fifty-first Georgia, Colonel E. Ball.

Fifty-third Georgia, Colonel James P. Simms.

Humphrey's Brigade.

Thirteenth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. O'Brien.

Seventeenth Mississippi, Captain J. C. Cochran.

Eighteenth Mississippi, Colonel T. M. Griffin.

Twenty-first Mississippi, Colonel D. N. Moody.

Kershaw's [old] Brigade.

Second South Carolina, Colonel J. D. Kennedy.

Third South Carolina, Colonel W. D. Rutherford.

Seventh South Carolina, Captain E. J. Goggans.

Eighth South Carolina, Colonel J. W. Henagan.

Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel J. B. Davis.

Twentieth South Carolina, Colonel S. M. Boykin.

Third South Carolina Battalion, Lieutenant-[Colonel] W. G.
Rice.

SECOND ARMY CORPS. (a)

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY Commanding.

GORDON'S DIVISION.

Major-General John B. Gordon.

Hays's Brigade. (b)

Fifth Louisiana, Colonel Henry Forno.

Sixth Louisiana, Colonel William Monaghan.

Seventh Louisiana, Colonel D. B. Penn.

Eighth Louisiana, Colonel A. DeBlanc.

Ninth Louisiana, Colonel William R. Peck.

(a) See organization of the Army of the Valley District August 20th and 31st, as shown by inspection reports. Notes (b) to (i) refer to that organization.

(b) Constituting York's brigade.

Gordon's Brigade. (c)

Thirteenth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Baker.
Twenty-sixth Georgia, Colonel E. N. Atkinson.
Thirty-first Georgia, Colonel C. A. Evans.
Thirty-eighth Georgia, Colonel J. D. Mathews.
Sixtieth Georgia, Colonel W. H. Stiles.
Sixty-first Georgia, Colonel J. H. Lamar.

Pegram's Brigade. (d)

Brigadier-General John Pegram.

Thirteenth Virginia, Colonel J. E. B. Terrill.
Thirty-first Virginia, Colonel J. S. Hoffman.
Forty-ninth Virginia, Colonel J. C. Gibson.
Fifty-second Virginia, Colonel James H. Skinner.
Fifty-eighth Virginia, Colonel F. H. Board.

Hoke's Brigade. (e)

Sixth North Carolina, Colonel R. F. Webb.
Twenty-first North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Rankin.
Fifty-fourth North Carolina, Colonel K. M. Murchison.
Fifty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel A. C. Godwin.
First North Carolina Battalion, Major [R. W.] Wharton.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

Stonewall Brigade. (f)

Second Virginia, Colonel J. Q. A. Nadenbousch.
Fourth Virginia, Colonel William Terry.
Fifth Virginia, Colonel J. H. S. Funk.
Twenty-seventh Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles [L.] Haynes.
Thirty-third Virginia, Colonel F. W. M. Holliday.

Steuart's Brigade. (f)

Tenth Virginia, Colonel E. T. H. Warren.
Twenty-third Virginia, Colonel A. G. Taliaferro.
Thirty-seventh Virginia, Colonel T. V. Williams.

(c) Evans's brigade, Colonel E. N. Atkinson commanding, and containing Twelfth Georgia Battalion.

(d) In Ramseur's division.

(e) Godwin's brigade, Ramseur's division.

(f) The Virginia regiments constituted Terry's brigade, Gordon's division.

First North Carolina, Colonel H. A. Brown.

Third North Carolina, Colonel S. D. Thruston.

Jones's Brigade. (f)

Twenty-first Virginia, Colonel W. A. Witcher.

Twenty-fifth Virginia, Colonel J. C. Higginbotham.

Forty-second Virginia, Colonel R. W. Withers.

Forty-fourth Virginia, Colonel Norvell Cobb.

Forty-eighth Virginia, Colonel R. A. Dungan.

Fiftieth Virginia, Colonel A. S. Vanderverter.

Stafford's Brigade. (b)

First Louisiana, Colonel W. R. Shivers.

Second Louisiana, Colonel J. M. Williams.

Tenth Louisiana, Colonel E. Waggaman.

Fourteenth Louisiana, Colonel Z. York.

Fifteenth Louisiana, Colonel E. Pendleton.

RODES'S DIVISION.

Major-General R. E. Rodes.

Daniel's Brigade. (g)

Thirty-second North Carolina, Colonel E. C. Brabble.

Forty-third North Carolina, Colonel Thomas S. Kenan.

Forty-fifth North Carolina, Colonel Samuel H. Boyd.

Fifty-third North Carolina, Colonel Wm. A. Owens.

Second North Carolina Battalion, Major John M. Hancock.

Ramseur's Brigade. (h)

Second North Carolina, Colonel W. R. Cox.

Fourth North Carolina, Colonel Bryan Grimes.

Fourteenth North Carolina, Colonel R. T. Bennett.

Thirtieth North Carolina, Colonel F. M. Parker.

Doles's Brigade. (i)

Fourth Georgia, Colonel Philip Cook.

Twelfth Georgia, Colonel Edward Willis.

Twenty-first Georgia, Colonel John T. Mercer.

Forty-fourth Georgia, Colonel W. H. Peebles.

(f) The Virginia regiments constituted Terry's brigade, Gordon's division.

(b) Constituting York's brigade.

(g) Grimes's brigade.

(h) With North Carolina regiments from Steuart's brigade was Cox's brigade.

(i) Cook's brigade.

Battle's Brigade.

Brigadier-General C. A. Battle.

Third Alabama, Colonel Charles Forsyth.

Fifth Alabama, Colonel J. M. Hall.

Sixth Alabama, Colonel J. N. Lightfoot.

Twelfth Alabama, Colonel S. B. Pickens.

Sixty-first Alabama, Major [Lieutenant-Colonel] L. H. Hill.

Johnston's Brigade. (d)

Fifth North Carolina, Colonel T. M. Garrett.

Twelfth North Carolina, Colonel H. E. Coleman.

Twentieth North Carolina, Colonel T. F. Toon.

Twenty-third North Carolina, Major C. C. Blacknall.

THIRD ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL Commanding.

MAHONE'S DIVISION. (a)

Sanders's Brigade.

Eighth Alabama, Colonel Y. L. Royston.

Ninth Alabama, Colonel J. H. King.

Tenth Alabama, Colonel W. H. Forney.

Eleventh Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Tayloe.

Fourteenth Alabama, Colonel L. Pinckard.

Harris's Brigade. (b)

Colonel Joseph M. Jayne.

Twelfth Mississippi, Captain S. Botters.

Sixteenth Mississippi, Captain John S. Lewis.

Nineteenth Mississippi, Colonel R. W. Phipps.

Forty-eighth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas B. Manlove.

Mahone's Brigade.

Sixth Virginia, Colonel G. T. Rogers.

Twelfth Virginia, Colonel D. A. Weisiger.

Sixteenth Virginia, Colonel Joseph H. Ham.

(d) In Ramseur's division.

(a) Return reports but one General officer present for duty; name not indicated.

(b) Actual commanders given as shown by inspection reports.

Forty-first Virginia, Colonel W. A. Parham.

Sixty-first Virginia, Colonel V. D. Groner.

Wright's Brigade.

Second Georgia Battalion, Major C. J. Moffett.

Tenth Georgia Battalion, Captain J. D. Frederick.

Third Georgia, Colonel E. J. Walker.

Twenty-second Georgia, Colonel G. H. Jones.

Forty-eighth Georgia, Colonel William Gibson.

Sixty-fourth Georgia, Major W. H. Weems.

Finegan's Brigade.

Second Florida, Major W. [R.] Moore.

Fifth Florida, Colonel T. B. Lamar.

Eighth Florida, Colonel D. Lang.

Ninth Florida, Colonel J. M. Martin.

Tenth Florida, Colonel C. [F.] Hopkins.

Eleventh Florida, Colonel T. W. Brevard.

WILCOX'S DIVISION.

Major-General C. M. Wilcox.

Thomas's Brigade. (b)

Colonel Thomas J. Simmons.

Fourteenth Georgia, Major W. L. Goldsmith.

Thirty-fifth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. McCullohs.

Forty-fifth Georgia, Captain A. W. Gibson.

Forty-ninth Georgia, Colonel John T. Jordan.

McGowan's Brigade. (b)

Brigadier-General Samuel McGowan.

First South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. Butler.

Twelfth South Carolina, Captain R. M. Kerr.

Thirteenth South Carolina, Captain D. R. Duncan.

Fourteenth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Cro
Orr's Rifles, Major J. T. Robertson.

Lane's Brigade. (b)

Brigadier-General James H. Lane.

Seventh North Carolina, Captain J. G. Harris.

Eighteenth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. McGill

Twenty-eighth North Carolina, Major S. N. Stowe.

Thirty-third North Carolina, Captain W. J. Callais.

Thirty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel W. M. Barbour.

Scales's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Alfred M. Scales.

Thirteenth North Carolina, Colonel J. H. Hyman.

Sixteenth North Carolina, Colonel W. A. Stowe.

Twenty-second North Carolina, T. S. Gallaway.

Thirty-fourth North Carolina, Colonel W. L. J. Lowrance.

Thirty-eighth, North Carolina, Colonel John Ashford.

HETH'S DIVISION. (c)

Major-General H. Heth.

Davis's Brigade.

Second Mississippi, Colonel J. M. Stone.

Eleventh Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Lowry.

Twenty-sixth Mississippi, Colonel A. E. Reynolds.

Forty-second Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Nelson.

First Confederate Battalion, ———.

Cook's Brigade.

Fifteenth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Yarbrough.

Twenty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel J. A. Gilmer, Jr.

Forty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel W. L. Saunders.

Forty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel S. H. Walkup.

McRae's Brigade.

Eleventh North Carolina, Colonel W. J. Martin.

Twenty sixth North Carolina, Colonel J. R. Lane.

Forty-fourth North Carolina, Colonel T. C. Singeltary.

Forty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel G. H. Faribault.

Fifty-second North Carolina, Colonel M. A. Parks.

Archer's Brigade.

First Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel N. J. George.

Seventh Tennessee, Colonel J. A. Fite.

Fourteenth Tennessee, Colonel W. McComb.

Thirteenth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel James Aiken.

(c) Four Brigadier-Generals reported present for duty; names not indicated.

Walker's Brigade.

Twenty-second Virginia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Tayloe.

Fortieth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cunningham.

Forty-seventh Virginia, Colonel R. M. Mayo.

Fifty-fifth Virginia, Colonel W. S. Christian.

Second Maryland Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel James Herbert.

Unattached.

Fifth Alabama Battalion.

CAVALRY CORPS. (a)

MAJOR-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, Commanding.

LEE'S DIVISION. (b)

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee.

Wickham's Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. C. Wickham.

First Virginia, Colonel R. W. Carter.

Second Virginia, Colonel T. T. Munford,

Third Virginia, Colonel T. H. Owen.

Fourth Virginia, Colonel W. H. Payne.

Lomax's Brigade.

Brigadier General L. L. Lomax.

Fifth Virginia, Colonel H. Clay Pate.

Sixth Virginia, Colonel Julian Harrison.

Fifteenth Virginia, Colonel C. R. Collins.

BUTLER'S DIVISION.

Major-General M. C. Butler.

Dunovant's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John Dunovant.

Third South Carolina, [Colonel C. J. Colcock.]

Fourth South Carolina, [Colonel B. H. Rutledge.]

Fifth [Sixth] South Carolina, Colonel [H. K.] Aiken.

(a) On face of return appears to have consisted of Hampton's, Fitz. Lee and W. H. F. Lee's divisions and Dearing's brigade.

(b) Reported as detached.

Young's Brigade.

Brigadier-General P. M. B. Young.

Cobb's Georgia Legion, Colonel G. J. Wright,
Phillips' Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Rich.
Jeff. Davis Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Waring.
Miller's Legion, — — —.
Love's Legion, — — —.
Seventh Georgia, Major [E. C.] Anderson.

Rosser's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Thomas L. Rosser.

Seventh Virginia, Colonel R. H. Dulany.
Eleventh Virginia, Colonel O. R. Funsten.
Twelfth Virginia, Colonel A. W. Harman.
Thirty-fifth Virginia Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel E. V. White.

LEE'S DIVISION.

Major-General W. H. F. Lee.

Barringer's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Rufus Barringer.

First North Carolina, Colonel W. H. Cheek.
Second N. C., Col. C. M. Andrews (c) [Col. W. P. Roberts].
Fourth North Carolina, Colonel D. D. Ferebee.
Fifth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Evans.

Chambliss's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. R. Chambliss, Jr.

Ninth Virginia, Colonel R. L. T. Beale.
Tenth Virginia, Colonel J. Lucius Davis.
Thirteenth Virginia, Colonel J. C. Phillips.

ARTILLERY.(a)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON Commanding.

FIRST CORPS ARTILLERY.

Brigadier-General E. P. Alexander. (a)

Cabell's Battalion.

Colonel H. C. Cabell.

Manly's Battery, Captain B. C. Manly.

(c) On the original of this ; was killed June 23, 1864.

(a) But one General officer reported for duty in the artillery, and Alexander's name not on original.

First Company Richmond Howitzers, Capt. R. M. Anderson.
 Carlton's Battery, Captain H. H. Carlton.
 Callaway's Battery, First Lieutenant M. Callaway.

Haskell's Battalion.

Major J. C. Haskell.

Branch's Battery, Captain [H. G.] Flanner.
 Nelson's Battery, Lieutenant [W. B.] Stanfield.
 Garden's Battery, Captain [H. R.] Garden.
 Rowan Battery, Lieutenant [Ezekiel] Myers.

Huger's Battalion.

Major F. Huger.

Smith's Battery, Captain [John D.] Smith.
 Moody's Battery, Lieutenant [G.] Poindexter.
 Woolfolk's Battery, Lieutenant [James] Woolfolk.
 Parker's Battery, Captain [W. W.] Parker.
 Taylor's Battery, Captain [O. B.] Taylor.
 Fickling's Battery, Captain [W. W.] Fickling.
 Martin's Battery, Captain — Martin.

Gibbes's Battalion.

[Major Wade H.] Gibbes.

Davidson's Battery, Lieutenant [J. H.] Chamberlayne.
 Dickenson's Battery, Captain [C.] Dickenson.
 Otey's Battery, Captain [D. N.] Walker.

SECOND CORPS ARTILLERY.

Brigadier-General A. L. Long.

Braxton's Battalion.

Major Carter M. Braxton.

Lee Battery, Lieutenant W. W. Hardwicke.
 First Maryland Artillery, Captain W. F. Dement.
 Stafford Artillery, Captain W. T. Cooper.
 Alleghany Artillery, Captain J. C. Carpenter.

Carter's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Carter.

Morris Artillery, Captain S. H. Pendleton.
 Orange Artillery, Captain C. W. Fry.

King William Artillery, Captain William P. Carter.
Jeff. Davis Artillery, Captain W. J. Reese.

Cutshaw's Battalion.

Major [W. E.] Cutshaw.

Charlottesville Artillery, Captain J. McD. Carrington.
Staunton Artillery, Captain A. W. Garber.
Courtney Artillery, Captain W. A. Tanner.

Nelson's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel [William] Nelson.

Amherst Artillery, Captain T. J. Kirkpatrick.
Milledge Artillery, Captain John Milledge.
Fluvanna Artillery, Captain J. L. Massie.

Brown's Battalion.

Colonel J. T. Brown.

Powhatan Artillery, Captain W. J. Dance.
Second Company Richmond Howitzers, Captain L. F. Jones.
Third Company Richmond Howitzers, Captain B. H. Smith, Jr.
Rockbridge Artillery, Captain A. Graham.
Salem Flying Artillery, Captain C. B. Griffin.

THIRD CORPS ARTILLERY.

Colonel R. L. Walker.

Cutts's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cutts.

Ross's Battery, Captain H. M. Ross.
Patterson's Battery, Captain G. M. Patterson.
Irwin Artillery, Captain J. T. Wingfield.

McIntosh's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. McIntosh.

Johnson's Battery, Captain [V. J. Clutter.]
Hardaway Artillery, Captain W. B. Hurt.
Danville Artillery, Captain R. S. Rice.
Second Rockbridge Artillery, Captain L. Donald.

Richardson's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. Richardson.

Lewis Artillery, Captain N. Penick.

Donaldsonville Artillery, Captain V. Maurin.

Norfolk Light Artillery, Captain C. R. Grandy.

Huger Artillery, Captain J. D. Moore.

Pegram's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Pegram.

Pee Dee Artillery, [Captain E. B. Brunson].

Fredericksburg Artillery, Captain E. A. Marye.

Letcher Artillery, Captain T. A. Brander.

Purcell Battery, [Captain Geo. M. Cayce].

Crenshaw's Battery, Captain T. Ellett.

Poague's Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Poague.

Madison Artillery, [Captain T. J. Richards].

Albemarle Artillery, Captain J. W. Wyatt.

Brooke Artillery, Captain A. W. Utterback.

Charlotte Artillery, Captain — Williams.

A Northern Opinion of Grant's Generalship.

[The following able criticism of General Grant's claim to great generalship was published in the *New York Tribune* last summer, and is worth preserving as the well digested opinion of one who seems to have risen above the prejudices of the hour and to have written, to some extent at least, in the calm spirit of the true military critic. We do not, of course, endorse all of this writer's statements and conclusions, but that his estimate of Grant will be that of the future historian there can be but little doubt.]

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR,—The attitude in which General Grant has so long been posed before the world is likely to receive a severe blow from the publication of General Humphreys's last volume of "The Campaigns of the Civil War," of which the *Tribune* contained a review

yesterday. Most people who read General Humphreys's book will be satisfied, from its frankness of tone, clearness, and accuracy of detail, that he has reached somewhere near the truth of his subject. His statements are indeed tacitly admitted by other writers on the last year of the war in Virginia, but have been either clouded over or not brought forward to the importance they properly deserve. Neither do I understand that he reflects on the mistakes and failures of the Union General with the severity he well might employ, but leaves the reader to draw an evident conclusion for himself.

Colonel Hambley, of the British army, in his great work on the Art of War, a work which I have never seen seriously questioned, speaks of General Grant as one "who was successful on a moderate terrain like Vicksburg, but whose Virginia campaign was a failure," and elsewhere of "Grant's useless sacrifice of ten thousand men at Cold Harbor." This judgment is tacitly supported in General Humphreys's book by what would seem to be a column of indisputable facts. I understand from him that General Grant was at least seven times conspicuously and with enormous loss defeated by General Lee before the exhaustion of his war materials and the universal collapse of the Confederacy compelled the latter to surrender. These were not reported as defeats in the bulletins of the day, and some of them were even supposed to be victories, as in the case of Hancock's magnificent attempt to break through Lee's centre at Spotsylvania Courthouse; but they were defeats nevertheless. When a commander assumes the offensive and is repulsed by the enemy with severe loss, it is a defeat for him and a victory for his antagonist, although it may not be a decisive one. Many things conspired to prevent General Lee's victories from being decisive: The overwhelming superiority of the Union army in numbers and munitions of war, his own lack of absolutely necessary war material—for which we can thank the blockade—the determined bravery of the Union forces, and the lack of an able coadjutor like Stonewall Jackson. One can well believe that had Jackson lived a year longer Grant would not only have been defeated, but, as a consequence of his stubborn adhesion to a single military idea, pretty nearly destroyed. Grant possessed an advantage over all his predecessors in Virginia, that he never was forced to contend with Jackson. With Jackson taken from one side and Sheridan added to the other, it ought not to have been so difficult to get the better of Lee. As it happened, Sheridan's brilliant victory at Cedar Run, a battle gained with *equal* forces and the most decisive ever fought in Virginia, was all that saved us at that period. The dry truth of it is that Grant lost more battles in Virginia than he ever won elsewhere.

General Grant's tactics evidently succeeded in the West on account of their simplicity. They were not too good for the then undisciplined forces which he commanded. He said to General Sherman, I think it was after the capture of Fort Donelson (I may not give his exact words): "I notice at a certain point in our battles that both sides are defeated, but if we only hold on a little after that we whip them awfully." There can be no question as to Grant's fine qualities as a soldier. The man who could make such an observation and act upon it with coolness and decision was born for the battle-field; to possess those qualities of mind which constitute the great strategist and tactician—in short, the qualities of a great General—is an entirely different thing. In the tenacity with which Grant followed out a determination once fixed in his mind, perhaps no man has ever surpassed him; but it was an expensive virtue for his soldiers, as the hundred thousand men he lost in Virginia are a witness. Whether he should have been removed after Cold Harbor, a disastrous blunder only equalled by Burnside's at Fredericksburg, is a difficult matter to determine. If he had been, the final result would not have differed much in all probability.

Yet this man, who happened to receive the surrendered sword of Lee, became on that account the supposed hero of the war; received the credit of having suppressed the Confederacy; without education for or experience in civil affairs was made President for eight years; and finally was carried around the earth and exhibited to the nations as the greatest prodigy of the age. The people in their exuberant joy at the return of peace wished for a hero to whom they could pay homage, and, Lincoln being dead, seized upon Grant as the nearest object. Happier for him and for them had he been allowed to continue, like Sherman and Sheridan, quietly at his post of duty. America does not require celebrities of a false lustre to satisfy her pride. "There are others who are deserving," as Mr. Emerson said.

F. P. S.

COLLEGE HILL, MASS., *July 4, 1883.*

Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

RETREAT FROM CORINTH.

May 20th, 1862.—Received orders to cook five days' rations, and prepare to march. The general impression is that we are going out to join battle with the enemy. The Rev. Dr. Palmer delivered an elo-

quent and soul-stirring address to our brigade, and concluded with a fervent prayer for the safety of our army, and the success of our righteous cause. The scene was grandly inspiring. Thousands of soldiers stood with uncovered heads while the eloquent divine lifted up his voice to heaven for our protection, and when he read the infamous proclamation of General Butler not a word was spoken, but the firm, resolute look, the compressed lip, and flashing eye of every soldier, said plainer than words could say, that the insolent invaders of our sacred soil should never cross our intrenchments without walking over the dead bodies of sixty thousand determined and indignant men.

I record the infamous proclamation :

"As officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from *women*, calling themselves *ladies* of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous, non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered, that hereafter, when any female shall by word, gesture, or movement, insult, or show contempt to any officer, or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and be held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation."

Oh! monster of iniquity. How long shall our mothers and sisters be subjected to the insults of the barbarian hordes of the North? The Southern heart is fired, and we will go forth baring our breasts to the steel of the foe, and never, no never return to our homes until the insolent invader is driven from our soil; our fair cities rid of his polluting presence, and the honor of the daughters of the South vindicated. General Polk said that we would go into battle with this motto: "Our mothers, our sisters, our daughters, our wives, our country and our God."

May 21st.—The regiment marched out to the Bridge's House this evening for picket duty. We carried with us two days' rations, and left three in the wagons. We also carried with us two tents. We had reached our camping-ground, and were in the act of pitching tents when an order came to send everything back to camp that we could not march with. This indicated a forward movement, and tomorrow we may expect to see the Yankees, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls.

May 22nd.—The army marched out of the entrenchments this morning to attack the enemy. Our brigade, under General Donelson, moved out two miles and formed a line of battle; but for some reason the attack was not made, and we returned to camp to await further orders.

Sunday, May 25th.—On picket. Guard duty is very heavy. Our company only report twenty-eight men for duty, and the detail for guard to-day is fifteen. The army again moved out this evening, but in a short time returned. Sharp skirmishing continues along the lines. Why does not Beauregard move upon Halleck? We would drive him into the Tennessee river at the point of the bayonet. Our movements are tantalizing.

May 26th.—The regiment received orders to burn all extra baggage, and allow only four tents to a company. What does it mean? Surely we are not going to retreat from Corinth? We were also ordered to cook two days' rations. We moved out about one mile in advance of the breastworks, where the "Maynard Rifles" were thrown forward as sharp-shooters. We are on duty for twenty-four hours without relief. An old field separates us from the Yankee sharp-shooters, and we are exchanging shots rapidly.

May 27th.—Twelve o'clock. Half of the day has gone, and I am as yet unharmed by a Yankee bullet. Balls buzz like mosquitoes about my ears whenever I raise my head to see what the Yankees are about. Our position is rather uncomfortable, but it is the post of duty. Night. The long day has come to an end, and we are all safe. Again I have to thank our Heavenly Father for throwing around me the shield of His protection. For twenty-four hours we have been under a constant fire. All through the night and all through the day the sharp crack of the rifle has resounded along the lines of the belligerents, and death-dealing bullets have been aimed at human targets; and yet we are all here to answer to roll-call.

May 28th.—The enemy attacked us on the left with artillery about seven o'clock this morning, shelling our brigade (Donelson's), which was posted in line of battle about one mile in front of the breastworks. As we had no artillery, we were compelled to retire; but, receiving re-inforcements and a battery, advanced, and regained our former position, and held it during the day. The shot and shell fell thick and fast around us; the solid shot tearing up the ground at our feet, and the shell bursting over our heads, in front of us, and behind us. The fighting was severe on the right, where Price and Van Dorn drove the enemy back to their entrenchments. Our tents and baggage were all sent off to-day, and the general impression is that we are about to evacuate Corinth.

May 29th.—All quiet on the left. Heavy cannonading on the right all day. It is now sunset, and we are under orders to march in thirty minutes.

May 30th.—Corinth was evacuated last night. We left there at eleven o'clock, and marched all night and all day, resting a few hours this morning. We are now encamped on the banks of a small stream, about twelve miles from Corinth. At Kossuth, Joe Park and I stopped at the house of a Georgia woman, and got a dinner of corn-bread and buttermilk. I charged Joe with drinking six glasses of milk; Joe brought the same charge against me; the woman charged us both. We settled with the good woman, and our mutual charges vanished in smoke, as we went on our way rejoicing, and whiffed our cares away. It is a great relief to breathe the fresh, pure atmosphere of the country after living so long in the infected camp of Corinth. We do not relish the idea of turning our backs upon the enemy; but we must have confidence in our General, and believe that he is executing a strategical movement.

May 31st.—Left camp late this morning, after a long rest. Marched eight miles, and bivouacked on the banks of a small stream about twenty miles from Corinth. Our rations gave out, and we had no breakfast; but we sent our cook, "Uncle Tom," ahead, and the old darkey met us on the road with some corn-bread. After we halted, rations of flour, sugar, molasses and beef were issued. But we had no cooking utensils, and were obliged to resort to boards and bark in lieu of ovens and skillets. We broiled the beef on sticks. It was really amusing to see the improvised cooking utensils. Some would cover a stick with dough, and hold it over the fire until it was baked. Others would spread the dough on a piece of bark; and so, with the help of boards, bark, and sticks, we managed to get up a respectable feast. General Cheatham acted in the capacity of butcher, shooting the beeves with his pistol. About dark "Bob" came in with mutton and corn-bread, on which we supped heartily; and, lighting my last cigar, I sat down on a log to whiff my cares away and think of the loved ones at home.

June 1st.—Marched fifteen miles. Left our bivouac at three o'clock A. M. and halted at two P. M. Here we came up with our wagons, and got our cooking utensils. Rye was issued, and I enjoyed a cup of rye coffee.

June 5th.—For the past few days rumors have been afloat in camp of a great battle in Virginia. This morning the news was confirmed. We gained a great victory near Richmond. President Davis and General Lee were on the field, and greatly encouraged the troops by their presence. General Jackson routed Banks, and is said to be approaching Washington. The Marylanders are flocking to his standard by the thousands. It is also reported that General Beaure-

gard has been advised of the intervention of France and England in American affairs. This is news enough for one day.

June 7th.—Resumed our march to-day. Left camp at two o'clock P. M., and halted at sunset. Marched about ten miles. Suffered more fatigue than on any previous march.

Sunday June 8th.—Left camp this morning at three o'clock, and halted at nine, having reached our destination. We are encamped in a beautiful grove of young oaks; a fine spring of clear water is close at hand, and we are all pleased with our location. Although greatly fatigued, I was detailed for fatigue duty, and worked all the morning, cleaning up the camp-ground. Mr. Chrisp, McKnight, Hill and I started out in the afternoon in search of a supper. About one mile and a half from camp we came up to a neat little cottage. It proved to be the residence of a minister. We were kindly received, and after resting an hour or so were invited into a real home supper. The table was spread with rich egg-bread, fried ham, and pure coffee with cream and sugar. We paid the good woman for her trouble, and returned to camp refreshed in body and soul.

June 9th.—My friend Pinckney Latham called to see me this morning, and we spent the afternoon sitting on an old bench near a country church talking about the good old times when we played marbles together. While we were thus pleasantly engaged, an ambulance came up, and we were requested by the driver to assist him in lifting out the corpse of a soldier who had died on the march. The poor fellow was a Mississippi volunteer and far away from friends and home, he was rudely buried in the little country church-yard; and a board with his name roughly inscribed on its unpolished surface marks his resting place. If his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, it is a small matter whether it be inscribed here on a rough board or on a polished marble shaft.

June 10th.—Reveille this morning at two o'clock. Broke camp and resumed our march. Halted at one o'clock, worn out with a tiresome march of eighteen miles over a hot dusty road. We are encamped about four miles from Tupelo.

Sunday June 15th.—The day has been oppressively warm. Dr. Erskine, Major Bulkley, Frank Gowan and Bob Wright called to see me this morning. Spent the afternoon strolling through the woods and fields, meditating, and eating blackberries.

June 16th.—Spent the day playing chess with Dr. Erskine. Received a letter from home, written since the Federals have occupied Memphis

June 17th.—Hartsfield and I are on guard to-day at General Polk's

headquarters. The old 154th was to-day transferred to the brigade of General Preston Smith.

June 21st.—Our tents arrived from Okalona, and I will sleep under shelter to-night for the first time in a month. Graybacks have invaded our camp and are hard to repel. Mr. Chrisp was complaining of the invaders when Spivey claimed exemption from the common scourge. It was too much for the old gentleman, and bristling up, he gave Spivey a piece of his mind. "Spivey," he said, "if there is a soldier in this army who is not troubled with these pestilent camp-followers, there is something about that man that graybacks don't like, and that is all that I have to say about it." I think if Mr. Chrisp had the privilege of amending the book of prayer used in the Episcopal Church, he would have this clause inserted: "From graybacks and all kindred species, good Lord, deliver us," and Spivey would say, Amen.

July 1st.—This has been a delightful day. We were visited by a refreshing shower this morning which cooled the atmosphere, and revived the life of the camp. For several days past the air has been full of rumors of a great battle in Virginia, in which McClellan was signally defeated. Last night after we had all retired to our soldier couches, we were called up to hear a dispatch from General Randolph, Secretary of War, announcing a glorious victory for our arms. The battle commenced on Friday, and after two days' desperate fighting, the enemy abandoned their camp, and fled. They recrossed the Chickahominy for the purpose of getting under the protection of their gunboats on the James river. Latest reports represent our army in hot pursuit of the retreating foe, and capturing many thousands of prisoners. I have been suffering for several days from an attack of acute rheumatism, but the good news puts me on my feet again.

July 4th.—The Fourth of July, 1862, has passed unobserved and almost unknown. The principles for which our forefathers contended have been trampled beneath the feet of their unworthy descendents of the North, and we, their sons of the South are fighting their battles over again. No booming of cannon is heard, unless it be in Virginia, the mother of statesmen, where the last scenes of one of the bloodiest tragedies ever enacted on the American Continent are about closing. The curtain will drop, and the victorious army of the South will prove to the North, and to the World, that a people determined to be free can never be conquered. When our independence is achieved, then we will celebrate our independence day. I am on guard at Gen-

eral Polk's spring. Have spent the day reading "Georgia Scenes."

July 5th.—This has been a day of rejoicing in camp. The deep-booming of cannon, the enthusiastic cheering of the troops, and the martial music of our regimental bands mingle together in a flood of harmony. The firing of cannon was by order of General Bragg in honor of our great victory in Virginia. Latest dispatches announce that we have captured two Major-Generals, four Brigadier-Generals, over seven thousand prisoners, seventy-five pieces of artillery, fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and that McClellan and the remnant of his army are surrounded by our forces, and would be compelled to capitulate. General Bragg's proclamation to the troops on assuming command of the army was read out on dress-parade this evening. Three cheers for our brave boys in Virginia.

Flag Presentation to the Washington Artillery.

[On Monday, May the 28th, 1883, the famous old Washington Artillery had their annual re-union and banquet at their armory, in New Orleans.

We regret that the crowded condition of our pages has prevented us from giving an earlier notice of the interesting occasion, or giving now any of the details save a condensed report of the Address of Judge Roman in presenting to the battalion, on behalf of General Beauregard, a historic Confederate flag. To say that Colonel J. B. Richardson presided on the occasion—that Colonel Walton received the flag—and that the whole affair was arranged by a well-selected committee of the battalion—is to give assurance that it was a splendid success.]

JUDGE ALFRED ROMAN'S ADDRESS

Judge Roman, after expressing the pleasure with which he, on the part of General Beauregard, now absent from the city, had been chosen to speak to the battalion on so interesting a mission, proceeded to speak of the early events of the war, when the armies of the North and the South were confronting each other on the opposite banks of the Potomac. He spoke also of the exciting and dramatic events of the battle of Bull Run; how the first Confederate flag, of the stars and bars, was so much like the United States standard that it was impossible, in the confusion of battle, to distinguish one from the other. So serious was this difficulty on the first field of Manas-

sas that the timely appearance of the forces of General Early, with his brigade of Virginia, Louisiana, and Mississippi troops, on the extreme right flank of the enemy, thereby insuring their defeat on that historic day, had well-nigh caused ruin to the Confederates, because Early's troops were supposed to be a part of the enemy's forces, and it was with difficulty that they could be distinguished by their flag.

After this graphic and brilliant introduction, which want of space has here required to be curtailed, the eloquent speaker continued as follows :

General Beauregard had determined that no troops of his command would again be exposed to such a mistake, and he did all in his power to accomplish that end, General Johnston, as the Commander in-Chief of our united forces, greatly assisting him in his efforts. General Beauregard first endeavored, through Colonel Miles, of South Carolina, chairman of the House Military Committee in the Confederate Congress, to have our national flag entirely changed. Failing in this he proposed a battle flag different in every respect to any State or Federal flag hitherto used. Finally the three senior Generals, at Fairfax Courthouse—Generals Johnston, Beauregard and G. W. Smith—met in conference in the latter part of September, and after examining many designs—for many had been sent—"one of several presented by General Beauregard," says General Johnston, "was selected. I modified it," he continues, "only by making the shape square instead of oblong, and prescribed the different sizes for infantry, artillery and cavalry."

Such was the origin of the battle-flag of the Army of the Potomac, as it was first called, which soon became the rallying emblem of every Confederate soldier, whatever the army he served in, and following which he showed on many a bloody field, from and after Manassas to the battle of Bentonville, the last of the war, that numbers did not always stand in the way of victory.

Its field was red or crimson, its bars blue with a narrow white fillet separating the red from the blue. On the bars, which formed a Greek cross, were stars, white or gold, equal in number to the States in the Confederacy. Its size was four feet by four for infantry, three feet by three for artillery, two feet and a half by two and a half for cavalry. This design, by a very singular coincidence, had been devised by Colonel Miles, of South Carolina, and offered to Congress as the Confederate flag as early as March, 1861. It had likewise been

executed by Mr. Edward C. Hancock, of New Orleans, at the request of Colonel J. B. Walton, in April of the same year, and it was, in reality, the Hancock-Walton design, if I may call it so, which was proposed by General Beauregard at the conference just referred to, and which, with the modification decided upon by General Johnston, became the renowned and glorious battle-flag of our Southern armies. It was finally merged in and adopted as the union of the regular Confederate colors, whose field, as we know, was of pure white. Major Cabell, Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, was ordered to make the battle-flags necessary for the different branches of the service, and they were distributed to the troops with appropriate ceremonies, on the 28th of November, 1861.

Some weeks before that time, and while the troops were about to be drawn back to Centreville for winter quarters, three Confederate battle-flags, the first that were made, according to the design and size agreed upon, were brought to General Beauregard's headquarters, under the special charge of a young officer of his command, who bore with them a touching note explaining their desired destination, and expressive of the noble feelings actuating those from whose hands—no, those from whose hearts—they came. One of them was for General Johnston, another for General Beauregard, the third for General Van Dorn, then in command of the First Division of the Army of the Potomac; and each was labeled accordingly, to prevent all possible error.

The donors of these three battle-flags were among the fairest and loveliest women of the South. The women of the South! How beautifully those words sound to the ear! What rythmical grace is contained in them! And to us, especially to those who wore the gray, how emblematic they are of all that is good, and pure, and generous and lofty and patriotic! Ah! surely we loved the cause for the success of which we pledged our fortunes and our lives; but would we have been so devoted to it, would we have borne all our sufferings so uncomplainingly, from beginning to end, had not the women of the South evinced such deep, undying faith in the principles it embodied? I dare not say. They encouraged those dearest to them to rush to the front, buckled on their armor and blessed them with their whole souls upon their leaving for the field, knowing, alas! that many would never return. They did more; and the noble services they rendered in the hospitals, whether in camp, city or village, and the material assistance they gave to the troops at such cost to themselves, will ever deserve and obtain from the Confederate soldier,

wherever he may be, and whatever may have been his fate, and from his children when he will have passed away, a most endeared remembrance and an unbounded gratitude.

Two young ladies of Baltimore, of uncommon beauty and great intellectual attainments—Miss Hettie Carey and her sister, Miss Jennie Carey, had been compelled to leave their native State, Maryland, by reason of what was termed "*sedition sentiments and conduct*;" the plain meaning of which was their outspoken sympathy for the South. After being transferred across the lines, they made their temporary home in Richmond, with a near relative, Miss Constance Carey, formerly of Alexandria, Va., their equal, it appears, in every respect. Being true women of the South, and living as they did in the Confederate capital, they soon became informed of the action taken by Generals Johnston and Beauregard, to procure a battle-flag for our troops. Their programme was adopted at once, and, with busy and skillful hands, cutting up and using their own silk dresses for the purpose, they fashioned the three beautiful banners I have described, which were sent to the three Generals who had most attracted their admiration. The note accompanying this gracious gift—note which unfortunately cannot be found—was written by Miss Hettie Carey, whose fair and nimble fingers had made the flag specially intended for General Beauregard.

What Generals Johnston and Van Dorn did with their flag, I cannot say, though I am sure they valued them much; but I know that General Beauregard, almost religiously preserved his, and looked upon it somewhat in the light of a relic. We have the proof of it before us now, for here is the identical flag given him by Miss Hettie Carey, afterwards the wife of General Pegram, the heroic Pegram, killed in battle around Petersburg, at the end of the war, leaving to mourn his untimely death, besides near relatives and comrades in arms, a widowed bride of scarce two weeks' marriage.

After keeping this precious memento a short time at his headquarters, at Centreville, where it was greatly admired, and shown as a model for those ordered for the army, General Beauregard finally sent it to New Orleans for security and preservation. When our city fell, in April, 1862, that banner and General Beauregard's swords of honor were conveyed to a French war steamer, then lying in the port, and taken to Havana. There they remained, under the care of a Spanish gentleman known to be in sympathy with the South, until safely returned, some three years after the close of the struggle.

And now, officers and soldiers of the Washington Artillery, in the name of General Beauregard, under whose eyes you first went under fire, at Bull Run and Manassas, and—besides your brilliant achievements in fifty-six other battles and engagements—under whom you again distinguished yourselves, on the bloody field of Shiloh, with Hodgson, Slocomb, McVaught, Hewes, and Chalaron, and, later on, at Drewry's Bluff, with Eschleman, W. M. Owen, Richardson, Hero and Norcum, I have the honor to present to you this sacred emblem of Southern valor and patriotism. Its colors are yet as fresh as when it received the parting look of its fair maker. Its value is enhanced by the fact that the upper portion of its staff is made of a piece of the flag-staff of Fort Sumter, shot down by the Confederate gunners, in April, 1861. Unsullied though it be by the smoke of battle, it was, none the less, born in war, and the breeze first kissed it in the tented field. It is the genuine model of the glorious flag around which all of us fought, and so many of us bled, and so many of us fell. Colonel Richardson, I now intrust it to your hands. The Washington Artillery is worthy of it; it is, in every respect, worthy of the Washington Artillery. General Beauregard, who will ever regret his enforced absence from among you on this occasion, knows that it will be treasured and revered by you, and that it will find a fitting place among the many trophies and decorations which already adorn the walls of your vast armory. He trusts that, in the peaceful years succeeding the troublous era, over which we have just cast a backward glance, it will serve you and those under you as a touching reminder, not only of himself, your fast friend and former commander, but also of her from whose love and devotion to a cause dear to us—then, now, and I say forever—it originally came.

Reminiscences of the Last Campaign of the Army of Tennessee, from May, 1864, to January, 1865.

By P. D. STEPHENSON, *Private Piece 4, Sergeant Thomas C. Allen, Fifth Company Washington Artillery, Captain C. H. Slocomb, Commanding.*

PAPER NO. I.

[NOTE BY THE WRITER: This is not from a "*diary*." Early after the war, in June, 1865, the writer sat down and began to put on paper, merely for his own future satisfaction, what was still fresh in his memory of that famous last campaign. What is written is from a

private's standpoint. Its only merit is sincerity. On the principle that everything may be of use that bears upon the war, it is offered for what it is worth.]

"AFTER MISSIONARY RIDGE."

It was whilst we, the shattered remnants of Bragg's army, lay cowering among the hills of Dalton, Ga., in the winter of 1863, that General Joseph E. Johnston came to us and assumed command.

He arrived on the 27th of December, and immediately bent all his energies to the almost superhuman task before him: the task of shaping from a starved, ragged, ill-used mob of men, a disciplined command, which in three months' time was to be the sole defense, the sole obstacle, against the mighty and splendidly-equipped army of Sherman.

I call his task a superhuman one—and justly so. The calamity which preceded his arrival, and, indeed, made his presence necessary, was one of the most mournful events in our Confederacy's mournful existence, and it had a lasting influence on the subsequent fortunes of our ill-fated cause. Following so soon after the overwhelming victory of Chickamauga, the defeat at Missionary Ridge was an astounding revelation of bad management *some-where*, and of the rapidity with which a fine army can be demoralized.

The battle of Chickamauga was won by hard fighting. It was emphatically a victory for the *men*. But indifferently armed and equipped, with little discipline, they turned on a pursuing army, one-third larger than their own, carried their breastworks, forced them back from their positions, and at last put them to an overwhelming rout.

This was the work of men who had just retreated one hundred and eight miles. It seems strange that under such depressing circumstances they could have preserved so well their *morale*, and so gallantly have done their duty. But it is easily explained. Every veteran soldier knows that a well-regulated retreat does not materially affect the spirits of the men. Our withdrawal from Tennessee was such an one. It was conducted quietly and systematically. Although the rigors of military law had then little or no existence in our camp, and we, therefore, were not in a high state of discipline, yet our march was an orderly one, and the men were cheerful and well-disposed. They had many good causes for being so. They had never known defeat, and although that absurd notion, that their foes were naturally cowards, had long been abandoned, their expe-

rience on several fields had sufficed to give them just confidence in their own ability. Their experience at Corinth, Miss., had amply proven to them that a retreat is not always a disaster, for had they not afterwards turned around and threatened Cincinnati itself? "Who knows," said they, "but this falling back is but the presage to another advance into Kentucky, more glorious and more permanent than the first?" And, again, their confidence in their leader, General Bragg, although not great, was still sufficient to preserve them from demoralization. They knew that he was a skillful officer, although not a great commander. They thought he was safe and careful, and therefore, although not likely to do great deeds, yet was, on the other hand, not likely to expose them to great disaster. All this they felt towards him, although he was never personally popular. His men never forgot his harshness at the outset of his career, and all his subsequent laxity of discipline could never wipe out the first impressions of his "tyranny." But their wants had in a measure been supplied. Their rations were sufficient, their clothing passable, they had not been through the extreme privations and destitutions which were the daily attendants of their subsequent campaign. So they preserved a hopeful and buoyant disposition, and can be said to have been in as high a state of efficiency as a volunteer army could, under the circumstances, arrive at.

Under such encouraging auspices did Bragg fight at Chickamauga. He had received large reinforcements from Virginia, consisting of two divisions of Longstreet's corps, and also other accessions from different portions of the country. His whole force was about seventy-five thousand men; but for some reason not over fifty-five thousand were actually engaged. Rosecrans carried into battle an army which equalled, if it did not exceed, our entire command.

From the unusual combinations on our side, it looks as if our leaders intended to verify the hopes of the men, and after completely annihilating the enemy, to advance and take permanent possession of Tennessee and Kentucky. The opportunity seemed a golden one. Rosecrans had, in his eagerness, placed himself in the snare made for him. His forces were divided, and ours for once, equal in numbers to the foe, formed one united and enthusiastic band. The battle, as has been said already, was fought with but a little over two-thirds of our entire army, and Bragg had a force of over twenty thousand fresh men, with which to complete the rout. Why he did not do so, I have not the means of determining. He charged General Polk with negligence, and the latter was relieved temporarily of his command.

Yet General Bragg's complaint could not have made much impression at Richmond, for Polk, after remaining under suspension a few days, was given an even more responsible position than he had held before.

The real cause of the blunder is open to conjecture. It was generally remarked at the time that Bragg did not seem to know how complete his victory had been. The bold front which Thomas made with his single corps, had the same effect on Bragg which General Forrest's conduct on a similar occasion, a year after, had on himself. Many officers, it was said, high in rank, were for marching into Chattanooga, even after a lapse of several days. The reports of the people by whose doors we passed in our advance to Missionary Ridge, confirmed the universal conviction of the complete demoralization of the enemy. Yet we contented ourselves, with what we had done, and soon afterwards, from the heights of Missionary Ridge, in the rapidly increasing fortifications of the foe, and his daily reinforcements, beheld the *real fruits* of that contest grow more and more impossible to obtain.

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Our sojourn on Missionary Ridge was the introduction to that series of privations, which, imposed, as it seemed to us in the ranks, by the incompetency and indifference of our leaders, did more to ruin the army than almost anything else.

General Bragg, although besieger, began to make preparations to resist an attack. During several days while he was entrenching, the enemy was summoning all his energies to strengthen his ranks, and it was not long before we heard of immense reinforcements, pouring through the mountains to the rescue. General U. S. Grant was with them and they gave prompt notice to Bragg of their approach by surprising his extreme left, and thereby opening a way to Chattanooga. Their arrival swelled their numbers to over a hundred thousand men, and, combined with the presence of their one successful leader, Grant, gave new zeal and courage to the old whipped army of Rosecrans.

Our commander made but feeble attempts at entrenchment, and after his enemy had made the great accessions to his forces above referred to, General Bragg detached Longstreet's corps and hurried it off to besiege Knoxville. Even the day before the battle, our command was withdrawn from our position on the Ridge (I was then in Cleburne's command) and we lay some time, irresolutely at the depot, waiting, as we supposed, to be sent to reinforce Longstreet.

Thus, by his own act, our commander seemed to make his position

untenable. Had it been held by sufficient numbers, Missionary Ridge could never have been stormed. The real cause and manner of its capture will appear hereafter.

Our stay on "The Ridge" was attended with a great deal of suffering. It was mid-winter, and the low-grounds behind us (that fearful "Chickamauga bottom"), over which ran our roads of supplies, were nearly all the time covered with water. "Corduroy roads" were built for miles, yet every rain would undo all our work and make it worse than before. The weather was stormy, and the camps would be flooded day and night. Winter quarters were not allowed to be built, and we therefore had no shelter. Starvation seemed to stare us in the face. For weeks at a time, we subsisted on two meals a day, and those "meals" were a small "pone" of corn-bread, and a cup of "corn coffee." Our duties, meantime, were increased, for our ranks had been lessened, and the enemy were becoming active and annoying. Sickness, for the first time since our stay in and around Corinth (Miss.), broke out in our ranks, and many were swept away. Demoralization spread fearfully among those men, who, but a few days before, had gained one of the bloodiest victories of the war. "Our sufferings are great," said they, "but we could bear them, if we felt there was no help for it." It was their secret conviction that there was help, and that they were the victims of official blunders. Their disaffection was increased by the rumors of bickerings among our leaders. Reports of quarrels between Bragg and his leading officers came down to us, and his removing from command, on the eve of the battle, one of the most popular Generals in the army, Frank Cheatham, looked very much like a confirmation of the reports. So, between the dissensions of the leaders and the various causes of discontent among the men, the army grew rapidly demoralized. The withdrawal of Longstreet to East Tennessee, together with the sickness which existed, had thinned the ranks greatly, so that at the time of the battle we did not have thirty thousand men. (In many places in the line, our men were in single rank, and sprinkled seven or eight feet apart, and there were gaps where there were no men at all.) Our sufferings from hunger were such that Bragg was on the point of withdrawing (such was the general impression) when the attack of the enemy began. It was thought, too, that it was a doubtful question: which was the most famished, the besiegers or besieged? General Grant must have had very accurate accounts of our condition; for, unless he did, his movement was a very bold one. Had those thirty thousand men been able to cover all the ground, he

would have lost terribly, ere he had gained his point. Even as it was, it is likely that starvation alone pushed him to that venture. It was a struggle for life on both sides, with this difference: that whilst Grant was wielding four times our force, and had an army revived in spirit and enthusiastic in its confidence in him, our little remnant, torn by dissensions, and shorn of strength, was placed in such a condition that a victory was an absurdity, and a defeat our only salvation. We were expected to defend a front of six or seven miles, exposed for the whole distance, by the nature of the country, to surprises and snares, but particularly so upon our left. That portion of our line rested on Lookout Mountain, but was cut off from the rest by the deep ravine which separated the mountain from the ridge. It was first attacked and routed, and what few men we had there nearly all killed or captured. That deep, intervening ravine was the door through which "fighting Joe Hooker" entered and gained easy access to our rear, for the simple reason that there was no one for him to "fight." We had not men enough to guard the point. Whilst the storming of the ridge was going on, the enemy were pouring, almost unmolested, through this road, and had not the defection of our troops taken place, we would all have been captured by night. As it was, our centre broke, almost without striking a blow. The men on the left and right were compelled to give way, and before nine o'clock that night the Yankees, with loud and prolonged shouts, were busy lighting their camp-fires along the whole length of the ridge.

That day was not one of universal defection. Indeed it is a well known fact that we, on the extreme right, did not even know of any disaster until, after dark, the word came to fall back. We had been fighting all day, and had repulsed the enemy at every point. That was a disgraceful day for us, and yet never did battle-field witness grander heroism than was seen on the right of our line. Both sides showed it. Sherman (for we fought Sherman) threw his blue waves fiercely against us again and again, all day long, and several times they dashed up to our very barricades. (We had thrown up a hasty shelter of logs, rails and whatever we could find on the ground at the moment, on arriving there that morning). One standard bearer, a mere boy, planted his flag on our breastworks, and our men, in admiration, refused to shoot, but contented themselves with capturing him. Several of our regiments got out of ammunition, and fought them back with stones and clubbed muskets. We took several hundred prisoners. The conflict ended only with the night.

We were resting and congratulating ourselves on the events of the day, when the news from the centre and left came, and we found that we were defeated; nay, that the enemy already had possession of the ridge, and that we were in danger of being cut off. We were compelled at once to withdraw, and by rapid marching throw ourselves between the enemy and our retreating army.

The humiliating incidents of that rout, I shall never forget. Yet one thing occurred which relieved in part the monotony of our shame. The enemy pursued us closely, and flushed with victory, grew rash. They came after us without even throwing out the necessary skirmishers. A severe check given them at "Ringgold Gap," by our division, General Cleburne's, then the rear guard of the army, not only taught them caution, but virtually stopped the pursuit. We held the field until evening, then retired about a mile, to a more commanding position, and after waiting for them to come on, leisurely sauntered off under cover of the smoke of our camp fires, which we had ostentatiously built, and which we fed anew just before retiring. The enemy barely made an appearance before this new position and that was all. The extreme, gingerly way in which solitary individuals, one by one, tip-toed towards us and at last showed themselves, was absurdly conclusive of the fact that their rashness was cured. We had fought ourselves into a good humor again, and satisfied that the worst was over, trudged along after the rest of the army.

One little incident in that sharp fight (or rather battle, for I suppose there were twelve or fifteen thousand men engaged, taking both sides) reminds me of General Taylor's "a little more grape, Captain Bragg." Our regiment was placed right across the gap, and our company right *in* it (Thirteenth Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers). We were supporting two pieces of a battery, double-shotted with canister, placed there to sweep the railroad which ran through the gap. Down the railroad, right towards us, came a solid body of men, in marching order, column of fours (a part of Osterhaus's division, we understood), unsuspecting, and thoroughly off their guard; on, on, until I suppose those poor creatures got within almost fifty yards of us. Then, General Cleburne, who was in our midst, watching them through field glasses, almost sprang into the air, clapped his knee, and in his broad Irish brogue, shouted, "*NOW, Cawptain, give it to 'em, NOW*"!!

Poor fellows! That was a fearful blast! It went full into the head of the column. Our guns continued for some time, volley after vol-

ley. After the smoke cleared away, that solid body was no where visible—only patches of men scattered all over the field, and running to the rear as fast as their legs could carry them.

But to return.

Such partial victories, however brilliant, could not alas! retrieve the completeness of our rout. When the remnants of the Army of Tennessee had reached Dalton, Georgia, all order had well-nigh vanished. The men for the most part, cowed and disheartened, both by the humiliating rout they had undergone, and the sufferings they were enduring, began to desert in large numbers. General Bragg himself, left us soon after we reached Dalton. Whilst on the ridge he had done his best to rally the men, but he found his voice unheeded. It was then he discovered how little were the love and respect his soldiers bore him. He was forced to see all personal example entirely unnoticed, all threats and entreaties entirely disregarded, whilst the men shorn of that prestige which had always been theirs, and of that sturdy self-confidence which had served to win all former victories, worn out with two months' famine, privation and dissensions, execrated and denounced him as the author of all their misfortunes.

It was in this state of mind that we arrived at Dalton. Our sufferings were such as we had never known before, for the winter was upon us with all its rigor. And conscious of having inflicted one of the greatest calamities of the war, upon the cause we fought for, and of acting as a body, ignominiously, and yet feeling that we were not responsible for the result of affairs, and were not deserving of the stigma which the whole country would certainly put upon us, we were controlled by a feeling of reckless despair, when Johnston arrived.

Capture of the Confederate Steamer Florida, by the U. S. Steamer Wachusett.

Report of LIEUTENANT T. K. PORTER.

[The following report we copy from Captain Bulloch's "Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe" where it is published for the first time.

The gallant and accomplished officer who commanded the Florida at the time, and who wrote the report was *Lieutenant Thomas K. Porter*, who commanded "Porter's Battery" at Fort Donelson with such skill and courage, who was a brother of the soldier-statesman,

ex-Governor James D. Porter, of Tennessee, and whose death was deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends and admirers.]

*To Lieutenant-Commander C. M. MORRIS,
Confederate States Navy.*

LIVERPOOL, *February 20th, 1865.*

SIR,—In obedience to orders I submit the following report of the capture of the Confederate States steamer *Florida* at Bahia, Brazil, on the 7th of October, 1864, by the United States steamer *Wachusett*, the treatment of the officers and crew while prisoners; and the manner of our release. But before commencing I beg to call your attention to the fact that before entering the harbor our shot were withdrawn from the guns; that after our being requested by the Brazilian naval commander to anchor in-shore of his squadron we let our steam go down and hauled fires.

At about 3 A. M. on the morning of the 7th October, the officer of the deck, Acting-Master T. T. Hunter, sent the Quartermaster down to call me, and tell me that the *Wachusett* was under weigh and standing towards us. I immediately jumped on deck, when I saw the *Wachusett* about twenty yards off, standing for our starboard quarter. A moment after she struck us abreast the mizen-mast, broke it into three pieces, crushed in the bulwarks, knocked the quarter-boat in on deck, jammed the wheel, carried away the mainyard and started the beams for about thirty feet forward. At the same time she fired about two hundred shots from her small arms, and two from her great guns. She then backed off about one hundred yards, and demanded our surrender. I replied to the demand that I would let them know in a few moments. The reply from the *Wachusett* was to surrender immediately, or they would blow us out of the water. As more than half our crew were ashore, and those on board had just returned from liberty, I believed that she could run us down before we could get our guns loaded. But as I did not like to surrender the vessel without knowing what some of the other officers thought of it, I consulted Lieutenant Stone, the second officer in rank; and finding that he agreed with me that we could not contend against her with any hopes of success, I informed the commander of the *Wachusett* that under the circumstances I would surrender the vessel. I then went on board, and delivered to Commander Collins the ship's ensign and my sword. He immediately sent a prize-crew on board the *Florida*, and towed her out of the harbor. During the day he transferred about

two-thirds of those captured to the *Wachusett*. He then paroled the officers, and put the men in double irons. As there were so few men compared to the *Wachusett's* crew, and those divided between the two ships, I tried to get Captain Collins to allow the irons to be taken off of all, or a part of them, during the day, but he refused to do so. Beyond keeping the men in double irons for nearly two months, there were but two cases of severity towards them that were reported to me. Henry Norman (cox.) was ironed to a stanchion with his hands behind him for having the key of a pair of the *Florida's* irons in his pocket. He, as well as all the other men on the *Wachusett*, was ironed with the irons belonging to her (the *Wachusett*). John Brogan (fireman) was kept in the sweat-box. Dr. Emory reported to me that he was sick and could not stand such treatment. I asked Captain Collins to tell me why he was so treated. His reply was that Brogan was seen talking, and that when his master-at-arms came up he stopped. He also said that Brogan had, the day the *Florida* was captured cursed one of his engineers, who tried to get him to show him something about our engines. He said, though, that he had ordered his release two days before, and thought he had been taken out. This was about three weeks after our capture. Brogan informed me afterwards that he had been confined there for several days, and eighteen nights. A few days before going into St. Thomas, I went to Captain Collins and told him that on a previous occasion he had informed me that he was going to put our men ashore at Pernambuco, and that as we would be in port a few days, I would like to know if he still intended to put them ashore, at the same time telling him that I thought the *Florida* would be given up by his Government, and that I thought any honorable man would try to return the ship and crew as nearly in the condition in which he found her as he could. His reply was, "I have not thought of it—I have not thought of it to-day." After further conversation I left him, believing that he would not try to break up the crew. But before leaving St. Thomas our men were informed that all of them who wished to go ashore could do so, and that Master George D. Bryan and one other officer would meet them to look out for them. They asked what was to become of their money, which had been taken from them, and were told that Mr. Bryan would take it ashore for them. A number of them thought this was a trick to get rid of them, and would not go, but eighteen were foolish enough to believe it, and had their irons taken off on the berth-deck, and were put in a boat from the bow port, and allowed to go ashore. The first Mr. Bryan heard of his part of the affair was

when we left the *Wachusett* and had an opportunity of talking to the other men. After the men had time to get ashore, the commander of the *Wachusett* called away his boats, and sent an armed force after the boat in which our men had left. So anxious was he to get them ashore, that he sent them when the quarantine flag was flying at his fore in consequence of having the small-pox on board. The United States steamer *Keasarge* left St. Thomas while we were there, and Dr. Charlton and the eighteen men on the *Florida* were transferred to her. When we arrived at Fortress Monroe, we were sent up to Point Lookout Prison, and there the officers were separated from the men, and sent to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington. But in three or four days we were sent back to the *Wachusett* at Fortress Monroe to go to Fort Warren, Boston. On our return to Fortress Monroe, I heard that the *Florida's* money-chest had been opened, and I went to Captain Collins and reminded him that soon after we were captured, I informed him that there were three hundred and twenty dollars in it which belonged to the wardroom mess, which I had given to the paymaster the evening before we were captured, to keep till the caterer, Lieutenant Stone, should return from shore. He told me that he had mentioned it to Rear-Admiral Porter, but that the Admiral refused to give it to us. We saw the *Florida* before we left. She had lost her jibboom by a steam-tug running into her. A Lieutenant-Commander told me that if the United States Government determined to give her up, the officers of the navy would destroy her. Several other of our officers were told the same. Whilst in Fort Warren we heard these threats were carried out.

From Hampton Roads we were carried in the *Wachusett* to Boston, but before we were sent to Fort Warren, Lieutenant-Commander Beardsly went to the men and informed them that he was sent by Captain Collins to tell them that if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government they would be released. He, meeting with no success, was succeeded by the master-at-arms of the vessel, and a sergeant from the Fort, who told them that all the men but five of those who had come from St. Thomas on the *Keasarge* had taken the oath. I do not know by whose orders this was told them; but we found on arriving at the fort that it had no more truth in it than the report they gave the men at St. Thomas, that Mr. Bryan was to meet them on shore. I am happy to say that but one of the crew deserted his flag, and he did it the day we were captured. When we arrived at Fort Warren, the men were all put in one room, and the eleven officers were put into one with thirty-two other pris-

oners. These rooms were casemates, and were fifty feet long and about eighteen feet wide. At sunset we were locked up in these casemates, and released after sunrise, and allowed to promenade the extent of five such rooms. At 8 A. M. we were marched around to the cookhouse, and were all given one loaf of bread each, weighing fourteen ounces. After twelve we were marched around again, and were given our dinner, which consisted of about eight ounces of cooked meat, with half a pint of thin soup, three days, and two potatoes, some beans or hominy the other days. This was all we received each day. Many of the prisoners by economizing found this enough to appease their hunger, but a great many others were hungry all the time. If we had been allowed to buy sugar and coffee, and bread and cheese, a great many would have been able to do so, and divide with some of their friends who had no means, but we were allowed to buy nothing to eat without a certificate from the Post Surgeon that we were sick. There is an arrangement between our government and that of the United States, that prisoners-of-war may be allowed to receive boxes of provisions and clothing from their friends at home, but the United States Government now interprets this to mean that all boxes must come by a flag of truce. As half of the Confederate prisoners have their homes within what is now the United States military lines, this agreement works almost entirely for the Federals and against us. Half of the *Florida's* officers were in this situation, and they were compelled to decline the offers of their friends. On the 24th December all the *Florida's* officers except Dr. Charlton and fourteen other prisoners were locked up in a casemate, and kept in close confinement both day and night. We were not allowed to go out under any circumstances, except that for the first four days we were marched under a heavy guard to the cookhouse twice a day. After that our dinner was brought to us, and two of us were marched around to get the bread for all of those confined. This was for discussing a plan to capture the fort, which one of the prison spies, who pretends to be a Lieutenant-Colonel in our army, and a Lieutenant in the English army, revealed to the authorities. We were kept in close confinement until the 19th of January, when Lieutenant Woodman, of the United States army, sent for me, and told me that he had an order from the Secretary of the Navy to release the officers and crew of the *Florida* from Fort Warren, and that as such was the case he would release all of us from close confinement. He showed me the order from the Secretary of the Navy, which was that we would be released on condition that we signed a parole to leave the United

States within ten days. I asked him if we would be given the money and our swords, and other articles captured on the *Florida*, which had not been sunk with her. He said that he knew nothing about them, but if I wished to write to Mr. Welles, he would send the communication. I then gave him a copy of the following note, which he assured me was sent the same day:

"To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy:

"FORT WARREN, *January 19th, 1863.*

"SIR,—I have just been informed by the commanding officer of this fort that the officers and crew of the Confederate States steamer *Florida* will be released on condition of leaving the United States within ten days. We will accept a parole to leave at any time when we are put on board any steamer going to Europe, but we would prefer to go to Richmond. We would call your attention to the fact that there were somewhere about thirteen thousand dollars in gold on the *Florida* when she was captured, which was taken out of her by order of Rear-Admiral Porter. And to leave the United States it will be necessary to have that to take us out, unless the United States Government send us away as they brought us in. If you will give us our money we would prefer remaining here till a steamer leaves here for Europe, or we would ask for a guard till we are put on one in New York, as so many of us being together might be the cause of an unnecessary disturbance, of which we would be the sufferers.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS K. PORTER,

"*First-Lieutenant, Confederate States Navy.*"

Mr. Welles made no reply to this. After waiting a week and finding that the United States Government neither intended to pay our passage away, nor to give us the money belonging to our government, and not even our private money, I sent Lieutenant Stone to Boston with directions to procure a passage in the British and North American steamer *Canada*, or if he failed in that, to get us out of the United States in any manner possible. He succeeded in getting passage for all of us on the *Canada*, by my giving a draft to be paid at Liverpool. And on the 1st of February we signed the following parole: "We,

the undersigned officers and crew of the steamer *Florida*, in consideration of being released from confinement in Fort Warren, do jointly and severally pledge our sacred word of honor that we will leave the United States within ten days from date of release, and that while in the United States we will commit no hostile act," and I left the fort for the steamer *Canada*. It may be of importance to state that we were officially informed by Major Gibson, commanding the post part of the time we were there, that we could hold no communication with the Brazilian authorities.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS K. PORTER,
First-Lieutenant, Confederate States Navy.

Correction as to the Composition of Reynolds's Brigade—Correspondence
Between Governor Porter and Major Sykes.

NASHVILLE, November 12, 1883.

Major E. T. Sykes:

DEAR SIR,—In your sketch of General Bragg's campaigns, published in the November number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, it is stated in note on page 496, in regard to the battle of Mission Ridge, that "Brigadier-General Alexander W. Reynolds's brigade of East Tennesseans were the first to give way, and could not be rallied."

I claim some familiarity with the distribution of the troops from this State, and I am positive that there was not a Tennessean in Reynolds's brigade. Will you please furnish me with your authority for the statement referred to.

Very respectfully,

JAMES D. PORTER.

COLUMBUS, MISS., November 14, 1883.

Governor James D. Porter, Nashville, Tenn.:

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 12th instant reached me to-day, and I hasten to reply, saying that my authority for the statement in the

note on page 496, of the November number, 1883, of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, that Brigadier-General Alexander W. Reynolds's Brigade of East Tennesseans were the first to give way at Mission Ridge, and could not be rallied, is the late General Bragg. In the preparation of the sketch, General Bragg furnished me many of his private papers, "preserved from the general wreck," and wrote me several letters in answer to certain questions at different times asked of him. The statement to which you called my attention was furnished in answer to one of these questions, but did not reach me until the sketch had been published in our city paper, the *Columbus Index*, then edited by our mutual friend, General J. H. Sharp. I appended the statement, and other information furnished me by General Bragg, in the form of notes, intending at some future time to elaborate more at length; but on the visit here last winter of General George D. Johnston, agent of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, he heard of the papers in my possession, and asked to read them, and then made the request that I furnish them to the Society at Richmond. In the following (last) February I received from Rev. J. William Jones, of the Society, a very urgent letter requesting copies of my papers. Not having the time to make copies, I sent him the original papers by express on the 13th of February last, and heard no more from them until I saw the first installment of the "Sketch" published in the PAPERS.

The original autograph letter of General Bragg, dated February 8, 1873, containing the statement of which you complain, is quite lengthy, and written entirely with pencil; and, along with the other letters, is in the possession of the Southern Historical Society, where you can, I presume, by writing to the Secretary, obtain a copy. It was in a good state of preservation when forwarded by me.

In his report of the battle of Mission Ridge you will observe that General Bragg charges Anderson's division with first giving way and permitting the enemy to pierce our centre; but you can see by reading the letter of February 8, 1873, a copy of which is now before me, he makes the following unqualified declaration:

"I have always believed our disasters at Mission Ridge were due immediately to misconduct of a brigade of Buckner's troops from East Tennessee, commanded by Brigadier-General Alexander W. Reynolds, which first gave way and could not be rallied."

You will find in said letter many startling revelations, which I would not, for obvious reasons, allude to in the "sketch."

So far as I personally know, this brigade may or may not have

been composed of Tennesseans. It may not have had a single Tennessee regiment or company in it. I only state what was given to me as a fact by one who was presumed to know. I trust that you will consider me as desiring only to chronicle the truths of history as furnished by what I considered the most reliable source of information. And certainly the General of the army should be presumed to be the best repository of all important information touching the army under his command. At least I feel that you will relieve me of any motive or disposition to mistake important facts, when it is seen that the statements I make are backed by the authority of the General commanding. I wished only to speak of the facts as they were represented to me, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Very respectfully,

E. T. SYKES.

NASHVILLE, November 20, 1883.

Major E. T. Sykes:

DEAR SIR,—I inclose a communication from General M. J. Wright, of the War Records Office, Washington, D. C., in which he gives the organization of Reynolds's brigade from the records of the Confederate States War Department. You will see from this that there were no Tennessee troops in Reynolds's brigade. I also enclose a letter from General Frank Cheatham to the same effect; and to-day I was informed by ex-Governor John C. Brown that he had personal knowledge of the fact that Reynolds's brigade was formed of regiments from North Carolina and Virginia. My own opinion is that Reynolds's brigade was in no wise responsible for the disaster at Mission Ridge; but you will understand that my object just now is to ask you to examine the evidence I furnish and to make the correction due to Tennessee.

Very respectfully,

JAMES D. PORTER.

COLUMBUS, MISS., November 22, 1883.

Governor James D. Porter, Nashville, Tenn.:

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 20th instant, with inclosures, reached me to-day, and, as requested therein, I hasten to reply. From your statement, fully indorsed and supported by the statements

of Generals Cheatham and Wright, and ex-Governor John C. Brown, all of whom commanded Tennessee troops under General Bragg, I am convinced that there was no Tennessee organization in the brigade of General Alexander W. Reynolds during the Mission Ridge fight, or at any other time. The evidence furnished by you and them make it certain that Reynolds's brigade was composed of the Fifty-fourth and Sixty-third Virginia, Fifty-eighth and Sixtieth North Carolina infantry regiments; hence, the statement in the note on page 496, of the November number, 1883, of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, that "Brigadier-General Alexander W. Reynolds's brigade of East Tennesseans were the first to give way, and could not be rallied," does injustice to the gallant troops from your State.

The authority for the statement in the note referred to is given in my letter to you of the 14th instant, which in justice to us both should be published along with this. It may be that General Bragg intended to convey the idea that Reynolds's brigade had just been serving in East Tennessee under Buckner, and had recently joined him; but I submit that his language, quoted in mine of the 14th instant, conveys the impression that was made use of by me.

Not wishing to do injustice, or be guilty of a seeming wrong to any one, I take pleasure in authorizing you to make such use of our correspondence as will put the question in its true light.

Yours truly,

E. T. SYKES.

The Story of the Arkansas.

By GEORGE W. GIFT.

No. I.

[We are glad to be able to put in our records the interesting "story of the Arkansas" as told by the gallant and lamented Gift, who did so much to "*make the history*" which he so admirably "*tells as it was.*"]

The 15th day of July, 1862, was a warm day, literally and figuratively, for some two hundred persons cooped up in the famous Confederate steamer *Arkansas*.

Our good ship had been gotten up under the peculiar circum-

stances of haste and incompetency, which so frequently characterized our Confederate navy. What she was designed for no man probably knows. I imagine that she was intended for a powerful iron-clad gun boat, with an iron beak for poking, and several heavy guns for shooting. But, before she had arrived at anything like a state of completion, the plan was altered, and she was made into an hermaprodite-iron-clad. That is to say (I am speaking for the benefit of those learned in naval matters), instead of finishing the ship with an ordinary rail and bulwark all round, her sides were "built on" amidships for fifty or sixty feet in length, so as to give an apology for protection to three guns in each broadside. The sides, it must be understood, were perpendicular. The ends of this "castle," or "gun-box," as Captain Brown dubbed it, were sloping or inclined, from which were thrust four more guns, two at each end. This gave us a battery of ten guns, which, by the way, were of all sizes and descriptions—to-wit: two eight-inch Columbiads; one eight-inch shell gun; two nine-inch shell guns; one smooth bore, 32 pounder, (63 cwt.,) and four rifle-guns, formerly 32-pounders, but now altered, three banded and one unbanded. Four of the carriages were mounted on railroad iron *chassis*; the six broadside guns were on carriages constructed at Canton, Miss., by parties who never saw or heard of such things before. The timber had not left the stump ten days when we received the carriages on board. But we are getting ahead too fast. The ship was built at Fort Pickering, a short distance below Memphis, by Captain John T. Shirley, as contractor, and Prime Emmerson, constructor. Her engines were built (or botched, rather,) at a foundry on Adams street, and the timber of which she was composed grew in our vicinity. The Confederate Congress, in the plenitude of their wisdom, appropriated \$125,000 to build *two rams to defend the upper Mississippi*. The *Arkansas* was the first constructed under the act, and was towed up the Yazoo after the fall of New Orleans. I will not take the reader through all the disappointments and crosses during the six or eight weeks preceding the fifteenth of July we started out with. It is sufficient that we had the craft, incomplete and rough as she was, with railroad bars on her hull and sides and ends of the "gun-box." We have a crew and an officer for every gun, and on the aforesaid morning we are steaming down the Yazoo river, bound to Mobile. Our orders were to pass Vicksburg shortly after dawn; proceed from thence down the river, destroying any stray vessels of the enemy in the road; coal-ship at New Orleans; pass Forts Jackson and St. Philip at night, and proceed to Mobile Bay

and raise the blockade! A programme as easy of accomplishment as it was superb and glorious, had not the pilot miscalculated his distance, and sunrise found us in the Yazoo river, with more than twenty ships barring our way to the goal of our hopes and ambition, instead of our being twenty miles below Vicksburg, with the batteries there driving back any foolish fellows who might think of chasing us. However, we were in for it—yes, in for one of the most desperate fights any one ship ever sustained since ships were first made.

Some time after midnight we lifted our anchor from in front of Haynes's Bluff, on the Yazoo, and steamed down the river. Just before daylight we stopped the ship and sent a boat on shore to obtain information from a plantation. Lieutenant Charles W. Read was dispatched in charge of the boat. The expedition was fruitless, as the people had taken alarm and fled on hearing a steamer in the river and a boat approaching their landing. An old negro woman alone remained to guard the house. Read made inquiry concerning the whereabouts of the people. She could not tell. "They have but just left," he insisted, "for the beds are yet warm." "Dunno 'bout dat," said the aunty, "an' if I did, I wouldn't tell." "Do you take me for a Yankee? Don't you see I wear a gray coat," said the Lieutenant. "Sartin you's a Yankee. Our folks ain't got none dem gun-boats."

Getting no satisfaction, we proceeded; and when the sun rose we were still in the Yazoo.

As it is now daylight, let me describe the scene on a man-of-war's deck, cleared for action, or at least that man-of-war, on that occasion. Many of the men had stripped off their shirts and were bare to the waists, with handkerchiefs bound round their heads, and some of the officers had removed their coats and stood in their undershirts. The decks had been thoroughly sanded to prevent slipping after the blood should become plentiful. Tourniquets were served out to division officers by the surgeons, with directions for use. The division tubs were filled with water to drink; fire buckets were in place; cutlasses and pistols strapped on; rifles loaded and bayonets fixed; spare breechings for the guns, and other implements made ready. The magazines and shell-rooms forward and aft were open, and the men inspected in their places. Before getting underway, coffee (or an apology therefor) had been served to the crew, and daylight found us a grim, determined set of fellows, grouped about our guns, anxiously waiting to get sight of the enemy.

Shortly after sunrise, the smoke from several steamers was discov-

ered by Captain Brown, who, with the First Lieutenant, Henry K. Stevens,* stood on a platform entirely exposed to the enemy's fire. This was the signal for fresh girding up, last inspections and final arrangements for battle. Lieutenant John Grimball and myself divided the honor of commanding the eight-inch Columbiads. He fought the starboard and I the port gun. Midshipman Dabney M. Scales was his Lieutenant, and a youngster named John Wilson, of Baltimore, was mine. Lieutenant A. D. Wharton, of Nashville, came next on the starboard broadside, with Midshipman R. H. Bacot for his assistant. Lieutenant Charles W. Read, of Mississippi, had the two stern chasers, both rifles, to himself, and the remaining two guns on the port side were under command of Lieutenant Alphonse Barbot (recently died in New York). Each Lieutenant had two guns. Grimball and myself had each a bow-chaser and a broadside gun. The two Masters, John L. Phillips and Samuel Milliken, were in charge of the two powder divisions. Stephens busied himself passing about the ship, cool and smiling, giving advice here and encouragement there. Our commander, Lieutenant Isaac Newton Brown, passed around the ship, and after making one of his sharp, pithy speeches, returned to his post with glass in hand to get the first sight of the approaching enemy. In a few moments we see *three* gunboats round a point in full view, steaming towards us gallantly and saucily, with colors streaming in the wind. The iron-clad *Carondelet*, of twelve guns, commanded by Lieutenant Walke (a renegade Virginian), was on the right. The *A. O. Tyler*, the vessel which annoyed our troops at Shiloh, commanded by Lieutenant Gwin,† my classmate, was in the centre, and the unlucky river-ram, *Queen of the West*, commanded by an army "mustang" named Hunter, was on the left. It is quite probable that they imagined we would take to our heels when we saw the odds which were against us. They were mistaken. Owing to the fact that our bow-ports were quite small, we could train our guns laterally very little; and as our head was looking to the right of the enemy's line, we were compelled to allow them to begin the action, which was quite agreeable, as we had levelled all our guns with a spirit-level the day before, marked the trunnions, and agreed that we would not fire until we were sure of hitting an enemy direct, without elevation. The gunnery of the enemy was excellent, and his rifle bolts soon began to ring on our iron front,

*Afterward killed on board steamer *Cotton*, in Bayou Teche, La.

†Killed at Haynes's Bluff the succeeding year.

digging into and warping up the bars, but not penetrating. Twice he struck near my port, and still we could not "see" him. The first blood was drawn from my division. An Irishman, with more curiosity than prudence, stuck his head out the broadside port, and was killed by a heavy rifle bolt which had missed the ship. Stevens was with me at the time; and, fearing that the sight of the mangled corpse and blood might demoralize the guns' crew, sprang forward to throw the body out of the port, and called upon the man nearest him to assist. "Oh! I can't do it, sir," the poor fellow replied, "it's my brother." The body was thrown overboard. This incident of the brother was related to me by Stevens afterwards, for by that time I had enough to do ahead. As soon as we could point straight for the enemy, with safety from grounding, the pilot steered direct for the *Tyler*, and I got the first shot, with an eight-inch shell with five-second fuse. It struck him fair and square, killing a pilot in its flight and bursting in the engine-room. She reported seventeen killed and fourteen wounded, and I think this shell did the better part of the day's work on her. Unfortunately the gun recoiled off its *chassis*, and I was out of the action for five or ten minutes. However, Grimbald made up for it. He had the best gun Captain—Robert McCalla—in the ship, and a superb crew, and his gun seemed to be continually going out and recoiling in again. The broadside guns thus far were not engaged; but they were not to remain entirely idle. The "mustang," summoning courage, shot up as though he would poke us gently in our starboard ribs. Captain Brown divined his intent, and gave notice in time. The starboard battery was trained sharp forward, and as the *Queen* ranged up, Scales gave her the first shell, followed quick by Wharton and Bacot. This settled the account on that side. The Lieutenant-Colonel had business down the river, and straightway went to attend to it; that is to say, to quote Gwin, he "fled ingloriously." This left us with the *Tyler*, now getting pretty sick, and the *Carondelet* to deal with.

It was, I think, somewhere about this stage of the fight that a bolt entered the pilot-house and mortally wounded John Hodges, Mississippi pilot, and disabled Mr. Shacklett, Yazoo river pilot, and broke the forward rim of the wheel. James Brady, the remaining Mississippi pilot, took charge, however, and by his admirable judgment and coolness kept the vessel in deep water until she got into the Mississippi, where he knew what he was about. The fight had been an advance on our part; we had never slowed the engines, but stood forward as though we held such small fry in contempt. Gwin handled

and fought the *Tyler* with skill as long as there was any hope; but he finally took to his heels, badly crippled, and went after the "mustang." What Walke did in the *Carondelet*, in the first part of the engagement, I am not competent to say, as I was mounting my gun, but I think he was "hacked" quite early, and did but little. At any rate, when I came on the scene again (not more than ten minutes had elapsed from the first gun), and ran out my gun, the *Carondelet* was right ahead of us, distant about one hundred yards, and paddling down stream for dear life. Her armor had been pierced four times by Grimball, and we were running after her to use our ram, having the advantage of speed. Opposite to me a man was standing outside on the port-sill loading the stern chaser. He was so near that I could readily have recognized him had he been an acquaintance. I pointed the Columbiad for that port and pulled the lock-string. I have seen nothing of the man or gun since. We were now using fifteen-pound charges of powder and solid shot, which latter were hastily made in Canton, and had *very* little windage; so that I think we bored the fellow through and through from end to end. It was an exceedingly good thing we had. If his stern guns were not dismantled the crews had deserted them, for they were not used after my gun came into action the second time. I think I had hit four times, and our beak was nearly up to him, when Brady discovered that he was taking to shoal water with the hope of our grounding—we drew four feet more water than she. Therefore, we sheered off, and passed so close that it would have been easy to have jumped on board. Stevens passed rapidly along the port broadside, and saw the guns depressed to their utmost, and bid us wait for a good chance and fire down through his bottom. As we lapped up alongside, and almost touching, we poured in our broadside, which went crashing and plunging through his timbers and bottom. Although his four broadside guns—one more than we had—were run out and ready, *he did not fire them*. We were running near the left or Vicksburg side of the river (we are now in what is called Old River), and, as soon as passed, we headed for the middle of the stream, which gave Read his first opportunity—and right well did he use it. His rifles "spoke" to the purpose, for the enemy *hailed down his colors*. In an instant Captain Brown announced the fact from the deck, and ordered the firing to cease; but the ship still swinging, gave Wharton and the others a chance at her with the starboard guns before it was known that he had surrendered. White flags now appeared at her ports, and the news of our victory was known all over the ship in a moment.

Talk about yelling and cheering; you should have heard it at the

moment on the deck of the *Arkansas* to have appreciated it. In fifteen minutes, without being checked in our progress, we had thrashed three of the enemy's vessels—one carrying arms as good as ours and two more guns than we, and one of the others was a famous ram, whilst the third, though of but little account, gave moral support to the others. It was glorious. For it was the first and *only* square, fair, *equal* stand-up and knock-down fight between the two navies in which the Confederates came out first best. From the beginning our ship was handled with more pluck, decision, and judgment than theirs (the *Tyler* excepted); our guns were better fought and better served. Not an officer or man doubted the result from the beginning. We went in to win, and we *won*. We now had no time to stop to secure our prize, as the enemy would be apprised of our coming and swarm in the river like bees if we did not hurry. These fellows we had beaten were but skirmishers of a main army. Consequently, we pushed down the river, and the *Carondelet* sank on a sand-bar on the right side.

I have been very explicit in regard to this battle with the *Carondelet*, inasmuch as her commander afterwards stated to Lieutenant John W. Dunnington, of the Confederate navy, that he was not pierced by a single shot from the *Arkansas* that day; that he had no men killed or wounded, and did not strike his colors. I challenge him to print his official report of the day's proceedings from the files of the Navy Department. It was carefully suppressed during the war. And as for striking his colors, that will be sworn to by a dozen men; and that he did sink can be proven by hundreds who saw steamers at work raising the vessel.

Official Reports of Actions with Federal Gunboats, Ironclads and Vessels of the U. S. Navy, During the War Between the States, by Officers of Field Artillery P. A. C. S.

NO. I.

QUARTERS "FARIES'S BATTERY," P. L. A.,
First Brigade Infantry, (Mouton's),
Forces South of Red River, Bisland Plantation,
Bayou Teche, La., November 10th, 1862.

Capt. R. C. Bond, Chief of Artillery:

SIR,—I have the honor to report that on the afternoon of the 3d November, instant, the right section of this battery, consisting of two three-inch rifled guns, Parrott pattern, commanded by First Lieut. B. F. Winchester, having taken position at Cornay's residence,

on the right and a short distance in advance of the Confederate States gunboat "J. A. Cotton" (four guns), commanding the *obstructions* at the bridge just below that place; opened fire about 4 o'clock on the four gunboats of the enemy then approaching, engaging three boats following each other in succession, for about thirty minutes, under a severe fire from their heavy guns, *at short range and unsupported*, but in battery with a section of Capt. O. J. Semmes's battery, consisting of two James Rifles (bronze twelve-pounders), under First Lieut. J. A. West. Both sections then fell back to the Bayou Teche road, in the rear of and above their first position, where after firing ten to fifteen minutes, retired in good order and returned to this camp.

The nature of the ground and cover in our out-front (guns being in battery among a number of large live oak trees) prevented the effect of all the shots being observed, it has been ascertained, however, and believed that two of the gunboats retired badly crippled, and from the cries heard on board, a number of the enemy must have been wounded.

Being the *first engagement* for this section and for most of the men, all behaved well under fire. The horses for new ones were remarkably quiet.

I have no casualties to report.

The distance fired from the first position was about 300 yards. The number of shell (fuse) fired by this section was fifty-eight.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. A. FARIES,

Capt. Comd'g Battery, Mouton's Brigade.

NOTES.—The following particulars of the fight from the Federals were received through the lines after this report was written:

"The U. S. S. 'Kinsman' had the brunt of the combat, she received fifty-four shot and shell in her hull and upper works; had one man killed and five wounded.

"The U. S. S. 'Estrella' received three shot; had two men killed and one mortally wounded.

"The U. S. S. 'Calhoun' was struck by eight shot or shell; received no serious damage; no casualties reported.

"The U. S. S. 'Diana' received three shell, her rudder was rendered useless, being badly shattered; she had to be towed back to Berwick's Bay."

The C. S. S. "J. A. Cotton" was armed with one thirty-two pounder, smooth bore, and two twenty-four pounders, smooth bore,

in casemate, covered with railroad iron. On her upper or hurricane deck she had one nine-pounder, rifled piece, on field carriage; her casemate extended aft sufficiently to protect her boilers and engines. She was the finest boat that had been built for the Bayou Sara route; her cabin was one of the most elegant on the Mississippi river; her engines were compound, high and low pressure. In the month of January following it became necessary to burn her to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

The Federal gunboat "Diana" was armed with one thirty-two pounder Parrott rifle on her open bow and one or two twelve-pounder bronze Dahlgren rifled boat howitzers. Several months after the fight of November 3d, while making a reconnoissance a few miles lower down, she was engaged by the "Valverde" battery, Captain Sayres, C. S. A. (attached to Sibley's Texas brigade), and a detachment of cavalry. After a great slaughter among her crew she was captured with nearly two hundred infantry aboard. The boilers of the "Diana" were protected by two thicknesses of wrought bar iron, four inches by one and a-quarter inches, laid flat on a wood backing, built at an angle of thirty to forty degrees. The solid shot from Captain Sayres's six-pounder bronze smooth-bore guns penetrated this wrought iron in several places, making indentations of three-quarters to one inch in depth, one six-pound solid shot passing entirely through the double iron plating into the wood backing. Distance fired by the field artillery was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards.

The pilot-house was protected by scantling placed upright edge-wise, arranged like a vertical, fixed Venetian blind, through the narrow open spaces of which the pilot could see in four directions and be protected from the fire of small arms. The Captain and pilot occupied the pilot-house on this occasion. The captain was killed by the side of the pilot, who jumped overboard, and, swimming to the marsh on the left bank of the Teche, made his way to Berwick's Bay and reported the loss of the boat.

The "Diana" was repaired and was posted in the centre of the Confederate line at the battle of "Bisland," April 12th and 13th, 1863. Captain O. J. Semmes, of the field artillery, was detached from his battery and placed in command of her for the occasion, fighting her with his characteristic gallantry. She was disabled by the fire of the three or four Federal gunboats in the bayou in the rear of the Federal line of battle. Later, when Major-General R. Taylor, the commander-in-chief, fell back up the bayou, the gallant Semmes, to prevent her

recovery by the enemy, after landing his crew applied the torch to her, and she blew up soon after.

The pilot who was detailed from Faries's battery for the "Diana" after she became a Confederate gunboat, and the pilot who escaped when she was captured from the Federals, *both* occupied the pilot-house of the steamer "W. S. Pike," a Bayou Sara packet, some thirteen years after the events referred to.

The United States gunboat "Diana" was captured in Bayou Teche, La., March 28, 1863. F.

(Federal Army Correspondent's Account.)

FIGHT NEAR BRASHEAR CITY.

The New Orleans *Delta* of November 6th, 1862, contains the following relative to a naval expedition which started from New Orleans, and having made the trip by sea, arrived at the pier at Berwick's Bay too late to prevent the Confederate forces under Brigadier-General Alfred Mouton from crossing, a day or two after his engagement with General Weitzel, on Bayou Lafourche, at "Texana":

"The Confederates crossed the bay to the Berwick side at the extremity of the Opelousas railroad, and marched up to a point fourteen miles above the bay, and there *obstructed* the bayou. They had destroyed the railroad bridge at Bayou Bœuf, some eight miles below Brashear City. Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont regiment, is now repairing it. From Thibodeaux to Brashear City it is twenty-nine miles. One portion of General Weitzel's corps d'armee is at Tigerville, half way between these two points, and as soon as the communications are established, he will be able to throw his forces in a few hours on any point he wishes. We know that the Bayou Teche falls into the Atchafalaya very near Berwick's Bay, and by this bayou you penetrate through all the parts of Attakapas. Opelousas, *Vermilionville*, St. Martinsville and Franklin are on its banks."

The correspondent of the *Delta* states that "the 'flotilla' arrived on the 1st of November, at night, in view of Brashear City. The steamer Kinsman drawing too much water, Lieutenant Buchanan tried to pass the steamer Estrella with his supplementary force, but the Estrella grounding, he came to the entrance of the bay and gave chase to the Confederate States steamer Hart (transport), but without catching her. The next day (2d) the Estrella got off, and arrived with the St. Mary. The day following came the steamers Calhoun and Diana. The night of our arrival we chased the gunboat Cotton;

she being of superior speed, made her escape. The same night we took the Rebel steamer A. B. Segur, a little steamboat having about the dimensions of the fancy Natchez; she is of great service to us. On the 3d of November *all the* gunboats went up the Bayou Teche and *passed the obstructions* that the Rebels had made to stop the passage. Fourteen miles from its mouth we met the Rebels. The engagement lasted *two hours*; the Rebels *dispersed*, and the Cotton disappeared.

"The Kinsman received the brunt of the engagement. She received fifty-four shots in her wood and upper works, and had one man killed and five wounded. Little John Bellins had his leg fractured, and died to-day from the effects of amputation. The Estrella received three shots; had two soldiers killed, and one man mortally wounded. The Diana received three shots; as her rudder was badly shattered, she had to be towed back to the bay.

"The *Calhoun* was struck eight times without serious damage. Captain Wiggins behaved nobly; the position of his vessel exposed him at once to the fire of the artillery on shore and the guns of the *Cotton*. He *silenced one* and answered the *other*. All the *Rebel army was there*, amounting, it is said, to from *three to four thousand men*, and, we are assured, *seventy pieces of light artillery*. We are advised to-day that they suffered greatly, and the steamer *Cotton* careened. They had made, on the right side of the bayou, a mud fort, but evacuated it before our arrival. We *tried to remove the obstructions*—without success. We will succeed when General Weitzel arrives, and will protect the banks from the sharpshooters of the enemy.

"The enemy destroyed a thousand hogsheads of sugar, a lot of molasses, and burnt ninety cars and some locomotives. The *Cotton* is an iron-clad, and her guns work perfectly. She *has a long 32-pounder, four 24's, and ten 6-pounder long-range guns*.* The iron covering of the *Diana* and *Kinsman* resisted perfectly *their* fire. Captain McLoefflin was ——— on the *Calhoun* with his company. He came on shore with his men and tried to get opposite the *Cotton*,

*The mud fort referred to—"Battery Fuselier"—was several miles above the *obstructions*. Four pieces of field artillery, rifled 10 and 12-pounders, and the *four* guns of the *Cotton*, *unsupported* by cavalry or infantry, composed the entire force on the Confederate side. Such exaggerated accounts of engagements during the late war has had its influence on Northern historians; and it is not surprising when a writer magnifies *four* pieces of artillery into *seventy*. They tried to remove the obstructions, *without success, after they had passed them*.

but this boat had left when he arrived. We will take her if she is not sunk. Yesterday (5th November) Lieutenant Buchanan returned from another trip up the Bayou Teche with the *Estrella*. He had three men killed by bullets. The *Cotton* was *there*. The Rebels placed a battery on each side of the bayou, but he succeeded in *chasing them away*. I believe the *Cotton* is casemated, for our shells *ricochet* on her. We could see clearly our shot strike her, but she fights with her bow to the front."

"Degrading Influence of Slavery"—Reply of Judge Critcher to Mr. Hoar.

In the debate on Education in the House of Representatives, Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, remarked that slavery in the South was not so observable in the degradation of the slave as in the depravity of the master.

Mr. Critcher, of Virginia, replied: Reminding the gentleman from Massachusetts that every signer of the Declaration of Independence, except those from his State, and perhaps one or two others, were slave-owners, he would venture to make a bold assertion; he would venture to say that he could name more eminent men from the parish of his residence, than the gentleman could name from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He would proceed to name them, and yield the floor to the gentleman to match them if he could. On one side of his estate is Wakefield, the birth-place of Washington. On the other side is Stratford, the residence of Light Horse Harry Lee, of glorious Revolutionary memory. Adjoining Stratford is Chantilly, the residence of Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the Declaration of Independence, and the Cicero of the American Revolution. There lived Francis Lightfoot Lee, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Charles Lee, at one time Washington's Attorney-General; and Arthur Lee, the accomplished negotiator of the treaty of commerce and alliance between the Colonies and France in 1777. Returning, as said before, you come first to the birth-place of Washington; another hour's drive will bring you to the birth-place of Monroe; another hour's drive to the birth-place of Madison, and if the gentleman supposes that the present generation is unworthy of their illustrious ancestors, he has but to stand on the same estate to see the massive chimneys of the baronial mansion that witnessed the birth of Robert E. Lee. These are some of the eminent men from the parish of his residence, and he yielded the floor, that the gentleman might match them, if he could, from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Agreement between the United States Government and South Carolina as to
"Preserving the Status" of the Forts at Charleston.

Letter from GENERAL E. CAPERS *and Statement of* EX-GOVERNOR ORR, *of*
South Carolina.

The following statement was made to me by Governor James L. Orr at the request of General T. W. Crawford, U. S. A.

Governor Orr dictated the statement and I wrote it down.

General Crawford had written to ask me if I could procure from Governor Orr any information respecting the reputed agreement between the United States Government and the State of South Carolina in reference to a fixed status of the forts in Charleston harbor at the time of the State's secession.

Governor Orr was at the time of making the statement Judge of the Circuit Court and holding court in Greenville, S. C.

ELLISON CAPERS.

STATEMENT OF JAMES L. ORR.

I retired from Congress on the 4th of March, 1859, hence was not present as a member when the arrangement was made between Mr. Buchanan and the South Carolina delegation with reference to the forts in Charleston harbor, early in December, 1860.

Immediately after the passage of the ordinance of secession by the South Carolina Convention that body elected Messrs. Barnwell, Adams and Orr commissioners to go to Washington to arrange for a peaceable secession of the State, and for an arrangement by which the State should pay her proportion of the public debt of the United States and receive likewise her proportion of all the public property.

Before the Commission left Charleston, where the Convention was in session, Mr. Miles, one of the delegates, and also a member of Congress, announced to the Convention the arrangement which had been made between Mr. Buchanan and the delegation, securing a fixed military status in the harbor. He stated, and produced a memorandum to the effect, that the authorities of South Carolina should make no demonstration upon the forts or troops of the United States until notice should be given the President; and he, on his part, stipulated that the garrison in Charleston harbor should not be reinforced, or the status of the situation changed without notice to the authorities of South Carolina.

The Commissioners went on to Washington and opened negotiations with the President.

A day or two after they reached there they received a telegram (the first that reached the city) that Major Anderson had in the night-time evacuated Fort Moultrie, and occupied Fort Sumter.

This movement was in direct violation of the stipulations before referred to. A few moments afterwards General Floyd, the Secretary of War, called to pay his respects to the Commissioners.

He was handed immediately the telegram, and when he read it he expressed the utmost surprise and indignation at the movement of Major Anderson.

He said that it was entirely voluntary on the part of Major Anderson; that he had received no orders from him to take any such step; that he was aware of the arrangement made between the President and the South Carolina delegation with reference to the status of the troops and forts in Charleston harbor; that it was a violation of that arrangement; and that he would see the President immediately and order Major Anderson to return with his forces to Fort Moultrie.

He left the commissioners, saying that he would see the President immediately. The commissioners ascertained that day, or the next, that the President hesitated about ordering Anderson to reoccupy Moultrie, and they proposed to fix an hour to call upon the President with reference to this matter. He informed them that he could not receive them in their official capacity, but would give them an audience at the hour designated as leading and distinguished citizens of South Carolina.

The commissioners called at the hour appointed, and had a long and earnest interview with the President, reaching nearly two hours in length. Mr. Barnwell was the chairman of the commission. He brought to the attention of the President the arrangement which had been made early in December between his Excellency and the South Carolina delegation; that it had been observed in good faith by the people of South Carolina, who could at any time after the arrangement was made, up to the night when Major Anderson removed to Sumter, have occupied Fort Sumter, and captured Moultrie with all of its command; that the removal of Major Anderson violated that agreement on the part of the Government of the United States; and that the faith of the President and Government had been thereby forfeited.

The President made various excuses why he should be allowed time to decide the question, whether Anderson should be ordered back to Moultrie and the former status restored. Mr. Barnwell pressed him with great zeal and earnestness to issue the order at once. Mr.

Buchanan still hesitated, and Mr. Barnwell said to him at least three times during the interview: "But, Mr. President, your personal honor is involved in this matter; the faith you pledged has been violated, and your personal honor requires you to issue the order." Mr. Barnwell pressed him so hard upon this point, that the President said: "You must give me time to consider; this is a grave question."

Mr Barnwell repeated to him for the third time: "But, Mr. President, your personal honor is involved in this arrangement." Whereupon, Mr. Buchanan, with great earnestness, said: "Mr. Barnwell, you are pressing me too importunately—you don't give me time to consider—you don't give me time to say my prayers; I always say my prayers when required to act upon any great state affair."

The interview terminated without getting an order to restore the status of the troops in Charleston harbor.

The commissioners the next day addressed him a communication more plain than diplomatic, in which they reviewed very fully his pledges not to allow any change in the status of the forts in Charleston harbor. After reading their communication, he returned it to them with an endorsement: The communication was not respectful; that he would not receive it.

General Floyd declared when he first heard of Anderson's removal that if the President did not order him back to Moultrie that he would resign his position as Secretary of War, and he did resign before the commission left Washington.

The circumstances which transpired during the eventful week that the commission was in Washington satisfied us that General Floyd never gave Major Anderson any orders to remove, and that if such orders were communicated to him in Floyd's name, or from the War Department, such orders were issued clandestinely and without General Floyd's knowledge. * * * *

There was no formal vote passed in the Convention with reference to the course that was to be pursued by the State towards the forts in Charleston harbor as to occupying them. After the communication already referred to, by Mr. Miles to the Convention, it was tacitly endorsed; many members of the Convention believed that the commissioners to Washington would be able to negotiate amicable terms of separation between South Carolina and the United States. It was supposed that such negotiations might occupy several weeks, and not until the commissioners reported a failure in the purposes of the mission did the Governor or any member of the Convention con-

template armed or other violence against the troops or forts of the United States in Charleston harbor.

Mr. Buchanan, in his last communication to the commissioners, states that he never contemplated for a single moment issuing an order requiring Anderson to return to Fort Moultrie. During the two or three days when that matter was under consideration and discussion several of the Southern Senators waited upon the President and urged him to issue the order; and without perhaps making any positive pledge that he would do so, his conversation and promises left the impression upon the minds of many of them that the order would be issued.

Messrs. Hunter, of Virginia, Toombs, of Georgia, Mallory and Yulee, Davis, Slidell and Benjamin are among those who conferred with the President, and most of them after such conference were left with the impression that Anderson would be ordered back by the President.

Mansion House, Greenville, S. C., September 19, 1871.

The above is an accurate copy of the original statement as I took it down when given to me by Governor Orr. I sent a copy to General T. W. Crawford, and have his letter acknowledging its receipt.

ELLISON CAPERS.

Christ Church Rectory, Greenville, November 20, 1883.

Battle of Secessionville.

REPORT OF COLONEL JOHNSON HAYGOOD.

[We are under many obligations to the gallant soldier and distinguished citizen, Governor Johnson Haygood, of South Carolina, for the use of a number of original papers, which should have been copied and published ere this, but for the pressure upon our time. We give now the first instalment, to be followed by others.]

HEADQUARTERS ADVANCED FORCES,
JAMES ISLAND, June 18th, 1862.

CAPTAIN,—I am required to report the operations of the troops under my command on the 16th instant.

Some days previously I had had the honor to be placed in command of a corps composed of the First and Twenty-fourth South

Carolina, the entire battalion, and McEnery's Louisiana battalion, to which were assigned the duties of the advanced guard.

The force at Secessionville, however, continued to keep out in front of that position its own outposts, which were not under my command, and made no direct report to me. This has since been changed. On the nights of the 15th and 16th the troops on the outposts of duty under my command consisted of seven (7) companies of Stevens's Twenty-fourth South Carolina Regiment, six (6) companies of Hagood's First South Carolina, and one company of the Forty-seventh Georgia, all under the immediate charge of Colonel Stevens. They covered the whole front of our lines from the Secessionville road to New Town cut. The picket from Secessionville covered the space from the Secessionville road to the marsh on the left of our lines. At 4:30 A. M., on the 16th instant, I received a dispatch from Colonel Stevens, that the Secessionville pickets had been driven in, and that the enemy were advancing in force upon that position. I immediately ordered under arms that portion of the First Regiment not on picket, and Colonel Simonton's Eutaw battalion, directing them to proceed down the Battery Island road, in front of our intrenchments, to the flank of the enemy's advance: and ordered Colonel McEnery's Louisiana battalion to proceed in rear by the bridge to Secessionville—delivering these orders in person.

Proceeding in advance down the Battery Island road, I ordered forward one of the two six pounders of Boyce's battery, stationed at the crossing of the Fort Johnson road, and arriving at the scene of action, found the enemy making their second advance upon the post at Secessionville. A thicket of felled trees ran parallel with their line of advance and about four hundred yards west of it, on the edge of which next to the enemy, Colonel Stevens had deployed about one hundred men, who had been on picket duty near that point. These men were from the companies of Captains Tompkins, Pearson, Lieutenant Hammoter, commanding, and Gooding, Lieutenant Beckham, commanding, of the 24th Regiment, S. C. The Battery Island road was so obstructed, as to be impassible by troops or vehicles, ran between this felled thicket and a dense wood stretching towards Grimbball's on the Stono. Simonton's battalion coming up was placed behind the felled thicket in line of battle, its right resting near the Battery Island road, and the detachment of the First regiment was placed in reserve in the Battery Island road, throwing out a strong line of skimishers towards the Stono (which runs nearly parallel with this road), to guard against an advance from that point. Boyce's piece under Lieutenant Jeter was

placed on Simonton's left, at the extremity of the felled thicket.

The object of this disposition was chiefly defensive, as a general advance upon our lines seemed imminent. Three regiments of infantry advanced in front of us, but beyond musket-range, to attack the west flank of the work at Secessionville, being supported by a battery of field artillery, near the Battery Island road, in front of and beyond Simonton's right. Lieutenant Jeter was directed to open upon these regiments, which he did with effect. I immediately sent to the General Commanding, asking to be supported in making an attack upon the rear and flank of these regiments. When the permission to attack and the assurance of support arrived the enemy had retreated. In the meanwhile the fire of Jeter's piece drew upon us a heavy fire from the enemy's field battery, which, from the sheltered position of our troops, did but little damage, and four companies of the Third Rhode Island Regiment were sent in as skirmishers to seize the felled woods and capture the piece. Stevens's skirmishers gallantly repulsed them. A portion of the enemy, however, penetrated to Simonton's line of battle, and one of his companies was for a few moments engaged in driving them back. A few casualties in other portions of his line occurred from the random fire of the enemy engaged with our skirmishers, and one man in the detachment from the First Regiment was wounded in the same way.

The enemy in retiring were seen carrying off their wounded. Six men were left dead in front of our skirmishers, twelve were left dead farther on towards Secessionville, where the three regiments spoken of were fired upon by Lieutenant Jeter, making their loss in this part of the field eighteen killed. Eleven prisoners were captured, of whom eight were wounded. Sixty-eight small arms, mostly Enfield rifles were abandoned by them and recovered by this command. Our loss was eight killed, twenty-two wounded, two missing.

Appended is a detailed list of casualties.

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD,

Colonel 1st S. C. V., Commanding Advanced Forces.

Capt. Mallory P. King, A. A. G., James Island.

HEADQUARTERS JAMES ISLAND,
June 22, 1862.

Colonel Hagood, Commanding Advanced Line, East Division, James Island:

COLONEL,—In the absence of General Evans, first in command on the 16th instant, allow me to thank *you for your distinguished services on that day*, and through you *to thank Colonel Stevens, Colonel Simonton and the other gallant officers and men under your command, for their noble and gallant service at that time.* Please make known my views to your command.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

WM. DUNCAN SMITH,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Contributions to the History of the Confederate Ordnance Department.

[We have long desired to secure a series of papers on Confederate Ordnance—the great obstacles with which our Government had to contend, the able and efficient means employed to overcome these obstacles, and the splendid results achieved in the face of difficulties which would have appalled men of less nerve and defeated officers of less skill.

Our gallant and accomplished friend, General I. M. St. John, who was so long the chief of the Nitre and Mining Bureau, had promised to secure us such a series of papers from those who were in position to know the facts, and was at work on it with his accustomed energy when death deprived us of his invaluable services.

General Gorgas, the able chief of the Department, had promised to make his contribution, when his lamented death ended a long and useful career.

We count ourselves, therefore, especially fortunate that the following paper from General Gorgas has been preserved—that other interesting and valuable papers have been promised—and that Colonel William Allan, the accomplished Chief of Ordnance of the old Second Corps Army Northern Virginia, has kindly consented to edit them for us.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY COLONEL WILLIAM ALLAN.

McDONOUGH, MD., January, 1884.

Probably no better illustration of the difficulties which lay in the way of organizing and supplying the large armies kept in the field by the Confederate Government, and of the skill and energy by which these difficulties were surmounted, is to be found than in the history of the Confederate Ordnance Department. A full account of its operations would constitute one of the most creditable and interesting chapters in the history of the Confederacy. Much of the data for such a narrative has perished, and what remains is widely scattered. It has been proposed to save what is left by means of a series of "Contributions to the History of the Confederate States Ordnance Department," to consist of such facts as surviving officers of that Department may be able to furnish.

It is greatly to be regretted that General Gorgas, to whose energy, zeal, and executive ability, more than to any other one cause, the remarkable efficiency of the Ordnance Department was due, did not prepare a full narrative of its operations. His lamented death prevented this, and deprives us of the further service he might thus have added to a most honorable and useful career. Among his papers were found, however, the following most valuable historical memoranda. Mrs. Gorgas has kindly consented to the publication of this paper, with the statement that these notes were informal, and not intended by General Gorgas for publication in their present unfinished shape.

We believe that even in its present shape this paper contains the best and most reliable sketch of the work of the Confederate Ordnance Department that is now attainable. It is offered as the first of the "Contributions," with the hope and expectation that subsequent papers may supplement and fill out subjects too briefly touched upon by General Gorgas.

W. ALLAN.

PAPER I.

[Found among the papers of the late General Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance of the Confederate States.]

Notes on the Ordnance Department of the Confederate Government.

SMALL ARMS.

At the formation of the government, or at the beginning of the war, the arms at command were distributed as follows, as nearly as I can recollect:

	<i>Rifles.</i>	<i>Muskets.</i>
At Richmond, Va. (about).....	4,000
Fayetteville Arsenal, North Carolina (about)..	2,000	25,000
Charleston Arsenal, South Carolina (about)...	2,000	20,000
Augusta Arsenal, Georgia (about).....	3,000	28,000
Mount Vernon Arsenal, Alabama.....	2,000	20,000
Baton Rouge Arsenal, Louisiana.....	2,000	27,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	15,000	120,000

There were at Richmond about 60,000 old, worthless flint muskets, and at Baton Rouge about 10,000 old Hall's rifles and carbines.

Besides the foregoing, there were at Little Rock, Ark., a few thousand stands, and some few at the Texas arsenals, increasing the aggregate of serviceable arms to, say, 143,000. To these must be added the arms owned by the several States and by military organizations throughout the country, giving, say, 150,000 in all for the use of the armies of the Confederacy. The rifles were of the calibre 54, known as Mississippi rifles, except those at Richmond, taken from Harper's Ferry, which were calibre 58; the muskets were the old flint-lock, calibre 69, altered to percussion. Of sabres there were a few boxes at each arsenal, and some short artillery swords. A few hundred holster pistols were scattered here and there. There were no revolvers.

AMMUNITION, POWDER AND LEAD.

There was little ammunition of any kind, or powder, at the arsenals in the South, and that little relics of the Mexican war, stored principally at Baton Rouge and Mount Vernon arsenals. I doubt whether there were a million rounds of small-arm cartridges in the Confederacy. Lead there was none in store. Of powder the chief supply was that captured at Norfolk, though there was a small quantity at each of the Southern arsenals, say 60,000 pounds in all, chiefly old cannon powder. The stock of percussion caps could not have exceeded one-quarter of a million.

ARTILLERY.

There were no batteries of serviceable field artillery at any of the Southern arsenals. A few old iron guns, mounted on Gribeaural carriages, fabricated about the time of the war of 1812, composed nearly the entire park which the Confederate States fell heir to. There were

some serviceable batteries belonging to the States, and some which belonged to volunteer companies. There were neither harness, saddles, bridles, blankets, nor other artillery or cavalry equipments.

Thus to furnish 150,000 men on both sides of the Mississippi, on say the 1st of May, 1861, there were on hand no infantry accoutrements, no cavalry arms or equipments—no artillery and, above all, no ammunition; nothing save small arms, and these almost wholly smooth-bore, altered from flint to percussion. Let us see what means we had for producing these supplies.

ARSENALS, WORKSHOPS, FOUNDRIES, ETC.

Within the limits of the Confederate States, there were no arsenals at which any of the material of war was constructed. No arsenal, except that at Fayetteville, N. C., had a single machine above a foot-lathe. Such arsenals as there were, had been used only as depots. All the work of preparation of material had been carried on at the North; not an arm,* not a gun, not a gun carriage, and except during the Mexican war—scarcely a round of ammunition had, for fifty years, been prepared in the Confederate States. There were consequently no workmen, or very few of them, skilled in these arts. No powder, save perhaps for blasting, had been made at the South; and there was no saltpetre in store at any point; it was stored wholly at the North. There was no lead nor any mines of it, except on the Northern limit of the Confederacy, in Virginia, and the situation of that made its product precarious. Only one cannon foundry existed: at Richmond. Copper, so necessary for field artillery and for percussion caps, was just being produced in East Tennessee. There was no rolling mill for bar iron south of Richmond; and but few blast furnaces, and these small, and with trifling exceptions in the border States of Virginia and Tennessee.

Such were the supplies and such the situation when I took charge of the Ordnance Department on the 8th of April, 1861.

The first thing to be attended to was the supply of powder. Large orders had been sent to the North, both by the Confederate Government and some of the States, and these were being rapidly filled at the date of the attack on Fort Sumter. The entire product of one large Northern mill was being received at a Southern port. Of course all the ports were soon sealed to such importations from the North. Attention was at once turned to the production of nitre in North

*See note on transfer of arms to the South.

Alabama and in Tennessee—in the latter State under the energetic supervision of its Ordnance Department. An adequate supply of sulphur was found in New Orleans, where large quantities were in store to be used in sugar-refining. The entire stock was secured, amounting to some four or five hundred tons.

The erection of a large powder-mill was early pressed by President Davis, and about the middle of June, 1861, he directed me to detail an officer to select a site and begin the work. The day after this order was given Colonel G. W. Rains, a graduate of West Point, in every way qualified for this service, arrived in Richmond, through the blockade, and at once set out under written instructions from me to carry out the President's wishes. He, however, went first to East Tennessee to supervise and systematize the operations of two small private mills, which were then at work for the State of Tennessee.

Thus, in respect to powder and our means of making it, we had, perhaps, at this time (June 1st, 1861,) 250,000 pounds, chiefly cannon, at Norfolk and in Georgia, and as much more nitre (mainly imported by the State of Georgia). We had no powder-mills, except the two rude ones just referred to, and no experience in making powder or in getting nitre. All had to be learned.

As to a further supply of arms, steps had been taken by the President to import these and other ordnance stores from Europe; and Major Caleb Huse, a graduate of West Point, and at that moment professor in the University of Alabama, was selected to go abroad and secure them. He left Montgomery under instructions early in April, with a credit of £10,000 (!) from Mr. Memminger. The appointment proved a happy one; for he succeeded, with a very little money, in buying a good supply, and in running the Ordnance Department into debt for nearly half a million sterling—the very best proof of his fitness for his place, and of a financial ability which supplemented the narrowness of Mr. Memminger's purse.

Before this, and immediately upon the formation of the Confederate Government, Admiral Semmes had been sent to the North by President Davis as purchasing agent of arms and other ordnance stores, and succeeded in making contracts for, and purchases of, powder, percussion caps, cap machinery (never delivered), revolvers, &c. He also procured drawings for a bullet-pressing machine, and other valuable information.

The sets of machinery for making the rifle with sword bayonet, and the rifle-musket model of 1855, had been seized at Harper's Ferry by the State of Virginia. That for the rifle-musket was being

transferred by the State to her ancient armory at Richmond, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, an officer in the service of Virginia, whose experience in the armories of the United States and in the erection of the works at Enfield, near London, qualified him above all for the work. The other set of machines was sent to Fayetteville, N. C., by consent of the State of Virginia, to be there re-erected, as there was at that point an arsenal with steam power, and some good buildings, which had heretofore never been put to any use. These two sets of machinery—capable, if worked with but one set of hands to each, of producing 2,000 to 2,500 stands per month in all—were the only prospective resources at home. With additional workmen, and some extension of the machinery, much larger results could be obtained. But the workmen were not to be had. As it was, it would take many months to put it in working order. Parts were missing, and some injury done in the hasty transfer (partly under fire*) from Harper's Ferry. There were no private armories at the South; nor was there any inducement, prior to the war, to turn capital in that direction. Thus, the class of skilled operatives needed were unknown to this region. In New Orleans the Brothers Cook were embarking in the business of making small arms, assisted by the purses and encouraged by the sympathy of patriotic citizens.

In *field artillery* the production was confined almost entirely to the Tredegar Works, in Richmond. Some castings were made in New Orleans, and foundries were rapidly acquiring the necessary experience to produce good bronze castings. The Ordnance Department of Tennessee was also turning its attention to the manufacture of field and siege artillery at Nashville. At Rome, Ga., a foundry—Noble & Son—was induced to undertake the casting of three-inch rifles, after drawings furnished at Montgomery; but the progress made was necessarily slow. The State of Virginia possessed a number of old four-pounder iron guns, which were reamed out to get a good bore,

*The saving of this machinery from the flames, was due to the heroic conduct of the operatives themselves, headed by Mr. Ball, the master armorer, who clung to his machinery, and by the greatest efforts, continued often under fire, saved almost the entire "plant." The names of Mr. Copeland and Major W. S. Downer are also mentioned in this connection. The older brother, Frederick, was a most competent mechanic, and a man of decided administrative ability. He was almost the only one who succeeded in producing a good service arm. He was finally killed in the trenches at Savannah, fighting with a command composed of his own operatives.

and were rifled with three grooves, after the manner of Parrott. The army in observation at Harper's Ferry, and that at Manassas, were supplied with old batteries of six-pounder guns and twelve-pounder Howitzers. A few Parrott guns purchased by the State of Virginia were with Magruder at Big Bethel.

For the ammunition and equipments required for the infantry and artillery a good laboratory and shops had been established at Richmond by the State, but none of the Southern arsenals were yet in a condition to do much work. The arsenal at Augusta, Ga., was directed to organize for the preparation of ammunition and the making of knapsacks, of which there were none wherewith to equip the troops now daily taking the field. The arsenal at Charleston and the depot at Savannah were occupied chiefly with local work. The arsenal at Baton Rouge was rapidly getting under way; and that at Mt. Vernon, Ala., was also being prepared for work. None of them had had facilities for the work usually done at an arsenal. Fayetteville, N. C. was in the hands of that State, and was occupied chiefly in repairing some arms, and in making up a small amount of small arm ammunition. Little artillery ammunition was being made up, except for local purposes, save at Richmond.

Such was the general condition of supplies when the Government, quitting Montgomery, established itself at Richmond.

PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURE.

Colonel Rains, in the course of the Summer of 1861, established a refinery of saltpetre at or near Nashville, and to this point chiefly were sent the nitre, obtained from the State of Georgia, and that derived from caves in East and Middle Tennessee. He supplied the two powder mills in that State with nitre, properly refined, and good powder was thus produced. A small portion of the Georgia nitre was sent to two small mills in South Carolina,—at Pendleton and Walhalla—and a powder produced, inferior at first, but afterwards improved. The State of North Carolina established a mill near Raleigh, under contract with certain parties to whom the State was to furnish the nitre, of which a great part was derived from caves in Georgia. A stamping mill was also put up near New Orleans, and powder produced before the fall of the city. Small quantities of powder were also received through the blockade from Wilmington to Galveston, some of it of very inferior quality. The great quantity of artillery placed in position from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, re-

quired a vast supply of powder (there was no immediate want of projectiles) to furnish even the scant allowance of fifty rounds to each gun. I think we may safely estimate that on the 1st of January, 1862, there were 1,500 sea coast guns of various calibres in position, from Evansport on the Potomac to Fort Brown on the Rio Grande. If we average their calibre at thirty-two pounders, and the charge at five pounds, it will at forty rounds per gun, give us 600,000 pounds of powder for these. The field-artillery—say 300 guns—with 200 rounds to the piece, would require, say 125,000 pounds, and the small arm cartridges, 10,000,000, would consume 125,000 pounds more—making in all 850,000 pounds. If we deduct 250,000 pounds, supposed to be on hand, in various shapes, at the beginning of the war, we have an increment of 600,000 pounds. Of this, perhaps 200,000 pounds had been made at the Tennessee and other mills, leaving 400,000 to have been supplied through the blockade, and before the commencement of actual hostilities.

The site of the Government Powder-Mills was fixed at Augusta, Georgia, on the report of Colonel Rains, and progress was made on the work in this year. There were two large buildings, in the Norman (castellated) style of architecture; one contained the refinery and store-rooms—the other being the mills, twelve in number. They were arranged in the best way on the canal which supplied water-power to Augusta. This canal served as the means of transport for the material from point to point of its manufacture, though the mills were driven by steam. All the machinery, including the very heavy rollers, was made in the Confederate States. The various qualities of powder purchased, captured and produced were sources of irregularity in the ranges of our artillery and small arms—unavoidably so of course. We were only too glad to take any sort of powder; and we bought some brought into Florida, the best range of which scarcely exceeded one hundred and sixty yards with the *eprouvette*.

Contracts were made abroad for the delivery of *nitre* through the blockade, and for producing it at home from caves. The amount of the latter delivered by contracts was considerable—chiefly in Tennessee.

The consumption of *lead* was in part met by the Virginia lead mines (Wytheville), the yield from which was from 100,000 to 150,000 pounds per month. A laboratory for the smelting of other ores, from the Silver Hill mines, North Carolina, and Jonesboro, East Tennessee, was put up at Petersburg, under the direction of Dr. Piggott, of Baltimore. It was very well constructed; was capable of smelting a good many thousand pounds per day, and was in operation before

midsummer of 1862. Mines were opened on account of Government in East Tennessee, near the State line of Virginia. They were never valuable, and were soon abandoned. Lead was collected in considerable quantities throughout the country by the laborious exertions of agents employed for this purpose. The battle-field of Bull Run was fully gleaned, and much lead collected.

By the close of 1861 the following arsenals and depots were at work, having been supplied with some machinery and facilities, and were producing the various munitions and equipments required: Augusta, Ga.; Charleston, S. C.; Fayetteville, N. C.; Richmond, Va.; Savannah, Ga.; Nashville, Tenn.; Memphis, Tenn.; Mount Vernon, Ala.; Baton Rouge, La.; Montgomery, Ala.; Little Rock, Ark.; and San Antonio, Texas—altogether eight arsenals and four depots. It would, of course, have been better, had it been practicable, to have condensed our work and to have had fewer places of manufacture; but the country was deficient in the transportation which would have been required to place the raw material at a few arsenals. In this way only could we avail ourselves of local resources, both of labor and material. Thus by the close of 1861 a good deal had been done in the way of organization to produce the material of war needed by an army, as far as our means permitted. But our troops were still very poorly armed and equipped. The old smooth-bore musket was still the principal weapon of the infantry; the artillery had the six-pounder gun and twelve-pounder howitzer chiefly; and the cavalry were armed with anything they could get—sabres, horse-pistols, revolvers, Sharp's carbines, musketoons, short Enfield rifles, Hale's carbines (a wretched apology), muskets cut off, etc., etc. Equipments were in many cases made of stout domestic, stitched in triple folds and covered with paint or rubber, varnished.

But poor as were our arms, we had not enough of these to equip the troops which were pressing to the front in July and August, 1861. In the winter of 1861-'2, while McClellan was preparing his great army near Alexandria, we resorted to the making of *pikes* for the infantry and lances for the cavalry; many thousands of the former were made at the various arsenals, but were little used. No access of enthusiasm could induce our people to rush to the field armed with *pikes*. I remember a formidable weapon, which was invented at this time, in the shape of a stout wooden sheath containing a two-edged straight sword some two feet long. The sheath or truncheon could be levelled, and the sword, liberated from the compression of a strong spring by touching a trigger, leaped out with sufficient force to transfix an opponent.

About December, 1861, arms began to come in through the purchases of Major Huse, and we had a good many Enfield rifles in the hands of our troops at Shiloh, which were received in time for use there through the blockade. Major Huse had found the market pretty well cleaned of arms by the late war in Europe, but he had succeeded in making contracts with private manufacturers, of which these arms were the result.

I will not attempt to *trace* the development of our work in its order, as I at first intended, but will note simply what I can recollect, paying some attention to the succession of events.

The winter of 1861-'2 was the darkest period of my department. Powder was called for on every hand—Bragg, at Pensacola, for his big ten-inch Columbiads; Lovell, at New Orleans, for his extended defences, and especially for his inadequate artillery at Forts Jackson and St. Phillips; Polk, at Columbus, Kentucky; Johnston, for his numerous batteries on the Potomac; Magruder, at Yorktown. All these were deemed most important points. Then came Wilmington, Georgetown, Port Royal, and Fernandina. Not a few of these places sent representatives to press their claims—Mr. Yulee from Fernandina, and Colonel Gonzales from Charleston. Heavy guns, too, were called for in all directions—the largest guns for the smallest places.

The abandonment of the line of the Potomac, and of the upper Mississippi from Columbus to Memphis; the evacuation of the works below Pensacola, and of Yorktown, somewhat relieved us from the pressure for heavy artillery; and after the powder-mills at Augusta went into operation in the fall of 1862, we had little trouble in supplying ammunition.

To obtain the iron needed for cannon and projectiles, it became necessary to stimulate its production in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. To this end, contracts were made with iron-masters in these States on liberal terms, and advances of money made to them, to be refunded in products. These contracts were difficult to arrange, as so much had to be done for the contractor. He must have details from the army and the privilege of transport of provisions and other supplies over the railroads. And then the question of the currency was a continually recurring problem. Mr. Benjamin, who succeeded Mr. Walker in the War Department, gave me great assistance in the matter of making contracts, and seemed quite at home in arranging these details. His power of work was amazing to me; and he appeared as fresh at 12 o'clock at night, after a hard day's work, as he had been at 9 o'clock in the morning.

About May, 1862, finding that the production of nitre and of iron must be systematically pursued, and to this end thoroughly organized, I sought for the right person to place in charge of this vital duty. My choice fell on Colonel I. M. St. John (afterwards Commissary-General of Subsistence), and was eminently fortunate. He had the gift of organization, and I placed him in charge of the whole subject of producing nitre from caves and from other sources, and of the formation of nitre beds, which had already been begun in Richmond. Under his supervision beds were instituted at Columbia S. C., Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Mobile, Selma, and various other points. We never extracted nitre from these beds, except for trial; but they were carefully attended to, enriched and extended, and were becoming quite valuable. At the close of 1864 we had, according to General St. John, 2,800,000 cubic feet of earth collected and in various stages of nitrification, of which a large proportion was prepared to yield one and a half pounds of nitre per foot of earth, including all the nitre-beds from Richmond to Florida.

Through Colonel St. John, the whole nitre-bearing area of country was laid off into districts; each district in charge of an officer, who made his monthly reports to the office at Richmond. These officers procured details of workmen, generally from those subject to military duty in the mountain regions where disaffection existed, and carried on extended works in their several districts. In this way we brought up the nitre production, in the course of a year, to something like half our total consumption of nitre. It was a rude, wild sort of service; and the officers in charge of these districts, especially in East Tennessee, North Carolina, and North Alabama, had to show much firmness in their dealings with the turbulent people among whom, and by whose aid, they worked. It is a curious fact that the district on which we could rely for the most constant yield of nitre, having its headquarters at Greensboro', N. C., had no nitre-caves in it. The nitre was produced by the lixiviation of nitrous earth dug from under old houses, barns, &c.

The nitre production thus organized, there was added to the Nitre Bureau the duty of supervising the production of iron, lead, copper, and, in fine, all the minerals which needed development, including the making of sulphuric and nitric acids; which latter we had to manufacture to insure a supply of fulminate of mercury for our percussion caps. To give an idea of the extent of the duty thus performed: Colonel Morton, Chief of the Nitre and Mining Bureau, after the transfer of General St. John, writes: "We were aiding and managing some twenty to thirty furnaces, with an annual yield of 50,000 tons

or more of pig metal. We had erected lead and copper smelting furnaces [at Petersburg, before referred to] with a capacity sufficient for all our wants, and had succeeded in smelting zinc of good quality at the same place." The Chemical Works were placed at Charlotte, N. C., where a pretty large leaden chamber for sulphuric acid was put up. Our chief supply of chemicals continued to come, however, from abroad, through the blockade, and these works, as well as our nitraries, were as much preparation against the day when the blockade might seal all foreign supply, as for present use. These constituted our reserves, for final conflict.

We had not omitted to have a pretty thorough, though general exploration of the mountain regions from Virginia to Alabama, with the hope of finding new deposits of lead. One of the earliest of these searches was made by Dr. Maupin, of the University of Virginia. No favorable results came from it. I remember an anecdote he told touching one of his researches. An old settler showed the Doctor a small lump of lead which he had extracted from ore like some he had in his possession. There was the lead and here was the ore, but it was not an ore of lead. The Doctor cross-examined: "Did he smelt it himself?" "Yes." "What in?" "An iron ladle," such as is used for running lead balls. "Was there nothing in the ladle but this sort of ore?" "No, nothing." "Nothing at all? No addition—no flux?" "No, nothing but a little handful of common shot, thrown in to make it melt more easy!"

Much of the nitre region was close to the lines of the enemy, and here and there along its great extent became debatable ground. Not seldom the whole working force had to be suddenly withdrawn on the approach of the enemy, the "plant" hurried off, to be again returned and work resumed when the enemy had retired. Much of the work, too, lay in "Union" districts, where our cause was unpopular and where obstacles of all kinds had to be encountered and overcome. It was no holiday duty, this nitre digging, although the service was a good deal decried by such as knew nothing of its nature.

MANUFACTURE OF INFANTRY, ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY EQUIPMENTS.

In equipping the armies first sent into the field the supply of these accessories was amazingly scant; and these deficiencies were felt more keenly, perhaps than the more important want of arms. We had arms, such as they were, for over 100,000 men; but we had no accoutrements nor equipments; and these had to be extemporized

in a great measure. In time, knapsacks were little thought of by the troops and we at last contented ourselves with supplying haversacks, which the women (Heaven reward their labors) could make, and for which we could get cotton cloth. But cartridge boxes we *must* have: and as leather was also needed for artillery harness and for cavalry saddles, we had to divide the stock of leather the country could produce, among these much needed articles. But soldier's shoes were even more needed than some of these; so that as all could not be fully provided, a scale of preference was established. Shoes and cartridge boxes were most needed, and then saddles and bridles. The President, whose practical sagacity was rarely at fault, early reduced these interests to logical sequence. He said, "For the infantry, men must first be fed, next armed, and even clothing must follow these; for if they are fed and have arms and ammunition they can fight." Thus the Subsistence Department had in a general way, a preference for its requisitions on the Treasury; my department came next, and the Quarter-master's followed. Of course the Medical Department had in some things the lead of all, for its duties referred to the men themselves, and it was necessary first of all to keep the hospitals empty and the ranks full.

To economize leather, the cartridge-boxes and waist-belts were made of prepared cotton cloth, stitched in three or four thicknesses. Bridle-reins were also so made, and even cartridge-boxes covered with it, except the flap. Saddle-skirts, too, were sometimes made in this way, heavily stitched. An ardent admirer of the South came over from Washington to offer his patent for making soldiers' shoes with no leather except the soles. The shoes were approved by all except those who wore them. The soldiers exchanged them with the first prostrate enemy who no longer needed his leathern articles. To get leather, each Department bargained for its own hides—made contracts with the tanner—procured hands for him by exemption from the army—got transportation over the railroads for the hides and for supplies—and finally, assisted the tanner to procure food for his hands, and other supplies for his tannery. One can readily see from this instance how the labors of the heads of the departments became extended. Nothing but thorough organization could accomplish these multiplied and varied duties. We even established a fishery on the Cape Fear river to get oil for mechanical purposes, getting from the sturgeon *beef* at the same time for our workmen.

In cavalry equipments, the main thing was to get a good saddle—one that did not ruin the back of the horse; for that, and not the rider's seat is the point to be achieved. The rider soon accommo-

dates himself to the seat provided for him. Not so the animal's back, which suffers from a bad saddle. We adopted Jenifer's tree, which did very well while the horses were in good condition, and was praised by that prince of cavalymen, General J. E. B. Stuart; but it came down on the horses backbone and withers as soon as the cushion of fat and muscle dwindled. The McClellan tree did better on the whole, and we finally succeeded in making a pretty good saddle of that kind—comfortable enough, but not as durable as the Federal article. In this branch of the service, one of the most difficult wants to supply was the horseshoe for cavalry and artillery. The want of iron and labor both were felt. Of course such a thing as a horseshoe machine, to turn out thousands an hour, was not to be dreamed of; besides, we would have had little store of iron wherewith to feed it. Nor could we set up such machinery without much prevision; for to concentrate all work on one machine required the transportation of the iron to one point, and the distribution of the shoes from it to all the armies. But the railroads were greatly over-tasked, and we were compelled to consider this point. Thus we were led to employ every wayside blacksmith shop accessible, especially those in and near the theatre of operations. These, again, had to be looked after, supplied with material, and exempted from service.

BUREAU OF FOREIGN SUPPLIES.

It soon became obvious that in the Ordnance Department we must rely greatly on the introduction of articles of prime necessity through the blockade ports. As before stated, President Davis early saw this, and had an officer detailed to go abroad as the agent of the department. To systematize the introduction of the purchases, it was soon found advisable to own and run our own steamers. Major Huse made the suggestion also from that side of the water. Accordingly, he purchased and sent in the *Robert E. Lee* at a cost of £30,000, a vessel capable of stowing six hundred and fifty bales of cotton. This vessel was kept running between Bermuda and Wilmington, and made some fifteen to eighteen successive trips before she was finally captured—the first twelve with the regularity of a packet. She was commanded first by Captain Wilkinson, of the navy. Soon the *Cornubia*, named the *Lady Davis*, was added, and ran as successfully as the *R. E. Lee*. She had the capacity of about four hundred and fifty bales, and was during the latter part of her career commanded also by a former navy officer, Captain R. H. Gayle. These vessels were long, low and rather narrow, built for swiftness, and with their lights

out and with fuel that made little smoke they contrived to slip in and out of Wilmington at pleasure, in spite of a cordon of Federal cruisers eager for the spoils of a blockade-runner. Other vessels—the *Eugenia*, a beautiful ship, the *Stag*, and several others were added, all devoted to carrying ordnance supplies, and finally general supplies. To supervise shipments at Bermuda, to which point they were brought by neutrals, either by steam or sail, Major Norman Walker was sent there by Mr. Secretary Randolph about midsummer, 1862. Later, an army officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith Stansbury, was detached to take charge of the stores accumulated there. Depots were likewise made at Nassau and Havana. Thus much of the foreign organization.

But the organization of the business outside of our own soil was much the simplest part of the service. The home administration involved a variety of work so foreign to my other duties that I soon looked about for the proper person to discharge them in the most effective manner by exclusive devotion to them; and I had Lieutenant-Colonel Bayne detailed to my office for this duty. He had been wounded at Shiloh, and on his recovery joined me about September, 1862.

It was soon found necessary, in order that the vessels coming in through the blockade might have their lading promptly on their arrival, that the Bureau should undertake the procuring and shipment of cotton to Wilmington, Charleston, and other points, for we had vessels arriving at half-a-dozen ports, from Wilmington to Galveston. This necessitated the establishment of a steam compress at Wilmington, and, affiliated with it, agents to procure the cotton in the interior and see it to its destination; for the railroads were now so overtasked that it was only by placing positive orders from the Secretary of War in the hands of a selected agent that the cotton could be certainly forwarded over the various roads. The steam press was kept fully at work, in charge of Captain James M. Seixas (Washington artillery). The necessity for transportation over the railroads brought us in contact with them, and gave them claim on us for assistance in the matter of supplies, such as steel, iron, copper, &c., and especially for work at the various foundries and machine-shops, in which precedence was of course claimed for army work, and which were therefore in great part controlled by the Ordnance Department. The foreign supplies were not all conveyed through steamers. Contracts were out for supplies through Texas from Mexico.

Finding that the other departments of the Government would naturally claim a share in this avenue for supplies, which had been opened

chiefly through my Bureau, it was detached at my own instance, but remained in charge of Colonel Bayne, with a good staff of officers and agents as a separate Bureau.

Thus the Ordnance Department consisted of a Bureau proper of Ordnance having its officers in the field and at the arsenals and depots; of the Nitre and Mining Bureau, and of the Bureau of Foreign Supplies.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARSENALS, ARMORIES AND OTHER PLACES
OF MANUFACTURE OF ORDNANCE STORES.

The arsenal at Richmond soon grew into very large dimensions, and produced all the ordnance stores that an army may require, except cannon and small arms in quantities sufficient to supply the forces in that part of the field. I have by accident preserved a copy of the last number of the Richmond *Enquirer*, published under Confederate rule. It is dated April 1st, 1865, and contains the following "Statement of the principal issues from the Richmond arsenal, from July 1st, 1861, to January 1st, 1865."

341 Columbiads and seige guns (these were made at the Tredegar works, but issued from the arsenal); 1,306 field-pieces, made chiefly at Tredegar works or captured; 1,375 gun carriages; 875 caissons; 152 forges; 6,852 sets of artillery-harness; 921,441 rounds field, seige, and sea-coast ammunition; 1,456,190 friction primer; 1,110,966 fuzes; 17,423 port-fires; 3,985 rockets; 323,231 infantry arms (most of these were turned in from the army, from battle-fields and from the Richmond armory); 34,067 cavalry arms (same remark); 44,877 swords and sabres (from army, battle-field and contractors); 375,510 sets of infantry and cavalry accoutrements; 180,181 knapsacks; 328,977 canteens and straps; 72,413,854 small arm cartridges; 115,087 gun and carbine slings; 146,901,250 percussion caps; 69,418 cavalry-saddles; 85,139 cavalry-bridles; 75,611 cavalry-halters; 35,464 saddle-blankets; 59,624 pairs spurs; 42,285 horse-brushes; 56,903 curry-combs.

This "statement" appears as an editorial, but the items were furnished from the office of the arsenal, and may be relied on. Its Commandant at this time was Lieutenant-Colonel LeRoy Broun, of Virginia. In the items of cavalry-saddles, bridles, harness, infantry accoutrements, canteens and other articles of this character much assistance was received from contractors. A small part of the percussion caps also came from other arsenals. When we reflect that the arsenal grew to these great dimensions in a little over two years, it must be

confessed that good use was made of the time. The laboratory attached to the arsenal was well conducted and did much work. It covered the island known as Green Island, which was connected with the shore by a bridge, built by the Engineer Department, especially for the service of this laboratory.

Besides the cap machinery, which was a very large and improved plant, machinery for pressing balls, for driving time fuzes, for drawing friction primers and metallic cartridges, and other labor saving machines were invented, made and used with effect. In all respects the establishment, though extemporized, and lodged in a cluster of tobacco warehouses, was equal to the first-class arsenals of the United States in extent and facilities.

The arsenal of Augusta, Ga., was in great part organized in the city, where suitable buildings were obtained, and did much the same class of work done at Richmond, though on a smaller scale. It was very serviceable to the armies serving in the South and West, and turned out a good deal of field artillery complete, the castings being excellent. Colonel George W. Rains, in charge of arsenal and powder works, found that the fusion of a small per cent. of iron with the copper and tin improved the strength of the bronze castings very much.

The powder mills at Augusta, Ga., which I have already mentioned as the direct result of the order of President Davis, were wonderfully successful and never met with serious accident—a safe indication of the goodness of its arrangements. It showed, too, that under able direction the resources of Southern workshops and the skill of its artisans had already become equal to the execution of great enterprises involving high mechanical skill.

The arsenal and workshops at Charleston were also enlarged, steam introduced, and good work done in various departments.

The arsenal at Mount Vernon, now furnished with steam power and having a good deal of machinery, was considered out of position after the fall of New Orleans, and was moved to Selma, Ala., where it grew into a large, well-ordered arsenal of the best class, under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel White. It was relied on to a great extent for the equipment of the troops and fortifications in the southern part of the Confederacy.

Attracted by the deposits of fine ore immediately north of Selma, made accessible by the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, the War Department accepted the proposition of Mr. Colin McRae to undertake the erection at Selma of a large foundry for the casting of cannon of the heaviest calibre. A large contract was made with him and

advances of money made from time to time as the work progressed. After a time Mr. McRae was called on by President Davis to go abroad in connection with Confederate finances. He made it a condition that he should be relieved of his works and contract at Selma without pecuniary loss to himself. The works were thereupon assumed by the War and Navy Departments jointly, and placed at first under the charge of Colonel Rains as general superintendent, while an officer of less rank took immediate charge. Subsequently it was agreed by the War Department that the Navy should take sole charge and use the works for its own purposes. It was here that Commander Brooke made many of his formidable banded and rifled guns.

The foundry and rolling-mills then grew into large proportions, supplied by the iron and coal of that region. Had the Confederacy survived, Selma bid fair to become the Pittsburgh of the South. The iron obtained from the brown haematite at the furnaces in Bibb county (Brierfield), and from the Shelby Works, was admirable, the former being of unusual strength.

Mount Vernon Arsenal was still continued, after being in a great measure dismantled, and was utilized to get lumber and timber for use elsewhere, and to gather and prepare moss for making saddle-blankets.

At Montgomery shops were kept up for the repair of small arms, and for the manufacture of articles of leather, of which some supplies were obtained in that region.

There were many other small establishments and depots, some of them connected immediately with the army, as at Dublin, Southwest Va.; Knoxville, Tenn.; and Jackson, Miss. Some shops at Lynchburg, Va., were moved to Danville, near the south line of Virginia, and it grew into a place of some value for repairs, &c.

The Ordnance shops at Nashville had been hurriedly transferred to Atlanta, Ga., on the fall of Fort Donelson; and when Atlanta was seriously threatened by the operations of Sherman the Arsenal there, which had become very important, was moved to Columbus, Ga., where there was the nucleus of an Ordnance establishment. Colonel M. H. Wright soon made this nearly as valuable as his arsenal at Atlanta had been.

ARMORIES AND SMALL ARMS.

Besides the Arsenals, a brief account of which has just been given, we had the armories at Richmond and Fayetteville, N. C.; and arms were also made at other points.

The State of Virginia claimed all the machinery captured at Harper's Ferry, and was bringing it all to Richmond. It was agreed, however, with the State of North Carolina, that that part of the machinery which was specially adapted to make the Mississippi rifle (calibre 54) should go to Fayetteville, where there was an arsenal with good steam-power, the machinery to be returned at the close of the war to the State of Virginia. Colonel Burton, an admirably-educated machinist, superintended the re-erection of the works at Richmond. He was subsequently made Superintendent of Armories, and given full charge of the entire subject of manufacture of arms in the Confederacy. The machinery of the rifle-musket (calibre 58), retained at Richmond, got to work as early as September, 1861. If we had possessed the necessary number of workmen this "plant" could have been so filled in as to have easily produced 5000 stands per month, working night and day. As it was, I don't think it ever turned out more than 1,500 in any one month. Fayetteville did not get to work until the spring of 1862, and did not average 400 per month, for want of hands.

To supplement this scarcity of operatives, Colonel Huse was authorized to engage for us a number of skilled workmen, used to work on small arms, and to pay their passage over. They came in through the blockade at Wilmington without difficulty, but we could do nothing with them. They had been engaged to be paid in gold, which meantime had risen to such a price as to make their pay enormous, and would have produced utter disintegration among our own operatives. I offered to pay one-half of the wages promised them in gold, to their families in England, if they would take the remainder in Confederate money, which would support them here. I brought the British Consul to confer with them. But they stood upon their bond; and, foreseeing that their presence would do more harm than good, I simply, with their consent, reshipped them by the next steamer, and paid their passage back. The experiment cost us something like £2,000 in gold, and made us shy of foreign workmen, especially English. I think the Treasury Department did succeed in getting engravers and printers for their purposes at Columbia, S. C., to some extent, by importation; but my impression is they were not English. Of all obstinate animals I have ever come in contact with, these English workmen were the most unreasonable.

The Cook Brothers had, as heretofore stated, undertaken the making of rifle-muskets in New Orleans at the very commencement of the war. On the fall of New Orleans their machinery was hurriedly taken off by boats up the Mississippi. They finally selected Athens,

Georgia, as their point of manufacture, and under a contract with me, and assisted with funds under that contract, proceeded to reorganize and extend their "plant." They were reasonably successful.

The want of cavalry arms caused me to make a contract with parties in Richmond to make the Sharp's carbine—at that time the best cavalry arm we had. A set of machinery capable of turning out one hundred arms a day was driven to completion in less than a year, nearly all the machinery being built up "from the stumps." The arms were never perfect, chiefly for want of nice workmanship about the "cut-off." It was not gas-tight. We soon bought out the establishment, and converted it into a manufactory of rifle-carbines, calibre 58, as the best arm our skill would enable us to supply to the cavalry.

Recognizing the necessity of some great central establishment for the production of small arms, plans of buildings and estimates of machinery were made for such an one, to be built at Macon, Georgia—a point of easy access and near to a fertile corn region, out of the way of the enemy. Colonel Burton went to England and easily negotiated for the machinery, which was to have been of sufficient capacity to turn out about 10,000 arms per month. Buildings were immediately obtained for some machinery for pistols, which was transferred there; and Colonel Burton had made good progress in erecting ample buildings for the new machinery, part of which had arrived at Bermuda and Nassau when the Confederacy fell. But about six months before the close of the war, finding that the blockade had become so stringent that the introduction of machinery would be very difficult, and reflecting, too, that as long as the war continued this extended machinery would be of but little use to us for want of workmen, I got the authority of the Secretary of War to set it up at some point abroad and bring in the arms, which would be less difficult than to bring in the machinery and train the workmen. Colonel Burton was abroad on this duty when the war closed. Had the war been prolonged, we should in twelve months have been making our own arms in a foreign land, under the sanction of a private name. After the war it was proposed to transfer the entire "plant" to the buildings which were in course of construction for it at Macon. Peace would have then found us in possession of a great armory, which I much desired.

One of the earliest difficulties forced upon us in the manufacture of arms was to find an iron fit for the barrels. The "skelps" found at Harper's Ferry served for awhile, and when these were exhausted Colonel Burton selected an iron produced at a forge in Patrick

county, Va., and by placing a skilled workman over the rolling process at the Tredegar Works he soon produced "skelps" with which he was satisfied. We found that almost any of the good brown hæmatite ores produced an iron of ample strength for the purpose, and the even grain and toughness could be attained by careful re-rolling.

Besides the larger armories at Richmond and Fayetteville, smaller establishments grew up at Asheville, N. C., and at Tallassee, Ala. The former was the development of a private enterprise undertaken to repair and fit up old arms, by a citizen (Mr. Pullem) resident there, and afterwards as a matter of necessity assumed by the Confederate Government. Most of the machinery was moved before the close of the war to Columbia, S. C., whither, as a place of safety, other arms-manufacturing machinery was moved from other points. Tallassee was selected as a good manufacturing point, a large building having been offered to us by the proprietors of the cotton mills there, and some machinery for making pistols moved thither from Columbus, Georgia.

A great part of the work of our armories consisted in repairing arms brought in from the battle-field or sent in from the armies in too damaged a condition to be effectually repaired at the arsenals. In this way only could we utilize all the gleanings of the battle-fields. My recollection is that we saved nearly ten thousand stands of arms from the field of Bull Run, and that the battle-fields about Richmond in 1862 gave us about twenty-five thousand excellent arms through the labors of the armory at Richmond.

The original stock of arms it will be remembered, consisted almost wholly of smooth-bore muskets, altered from flint to percussion, using ounce-balls (cal. 69). There were some 15,000 to 20,000 Mississippi rifles; and then some irregular arms, like Hall's rifles and carbines—some short carbines smooth-bore; and there were even some of the old flint lock muskets. All this original stock disappeared almost wholly from our armies in the first two years of the war, and were replaced by a better class of arms, rifled and percussioned. It is pretty safe to assume that we had altogether, east and west of the Mississippi, 300,000 infantry, pretty well-armed, by the middle of 1863. We must therefore have procured at least that number for our troops. But we must also have supplied the inevitable waste of two years of active warfare. Placing the good arms thus lost at the moderate estimate of 100,000, we must have received from various sources 400,000 stands of infantry arms in the two years of fighting, ending July 1st, 1863. I can only estimate from memory the several sources from which this supply was derived, as follows:

Good rifled arms on hand at the beginning of the war (this includes the arms in the hands of volunteer companies),	25,000
New arms manufactured in the Confederacy and in private establishments.....	40,000
Arms received from the battle-fields and put in good order (this includes the great number of arms picked up by the soldiers).....	150,000
Imported from January 1st, 1862, to July 1st, 1863.....	185,000
Total.....	400,000

This estimate does not include pistols and sabres, of which a small supply was imported.

To account for the very large number obtained from the enemy (rather an under than an over estimate), it must be remembered that in some fights, where our troops were not finally successful, they were so at first; and swept over the camps and positions of the enemy. Whenever a Confederate soldier saw a weapon better than his own, he took it and left his inferior arm; and although he may have been finally driven back, he kept his improved musket. So, too, on every field there were partial successes which in the early part of the war resulted in improved weapons; and although on another part of the field there may have been a reverse; the enemy had not the same advantage; the Confederate arms being generally inferior to those of their adversaries. The difference of arms was not so marked at a later day except in cavalry arms, in which we were always at a disadvantage, the celebrated Spencer carbine being generally in the hands of the enemy's cavalry during the last two years of the war.

A CENTRAL LABORATORY.

The unavoidable variation in the ammunition made at the different arsenals pointed out, early in the war, that there should be a general superintendent of all the laboratories, invested with authority to inspect and supervise their manipulations and materials. To this end Lieutenant-Colonel Mallet, a chemist and scientist of distinction, who had for some years been professor in the University of Alabama, was selected, and placed in charge of this delicate and important duty. I attribute much of the improvement in our ammunition to this happy selection. A more earnest and capable officer I cannot imagine. What a set of men we would have had after the war out of which to form an Ordnance Department, had we been successful! Rains, St. John, Mallet, Burton, Wright, White, Baldwin, Rhett, Ellicott, An-

drews, Childs, DeLagnel, Hutter, and others, who would have remained in the service. Then there were some no less admirable, like LeRoy Broun, Allan, Wiley Browne, Morton, Colston, Bayne, Cuyler, E. B. Smith, &c., who would doubtless have returned to their civil avocations.

Among the obvious necessities of a well-regulated service, was one large, central laboratory, where all ammunition should be made—thus securing absolute uniformity where uniformity was vital. The policy of dissemination so necessary to husband our transportation, and to utilize the labor of non-combatants, must here yield to the greater necessity of obtaining our ammunition uniform in quality and in dimensions. Authority was, therefore, obtained from the War Department to concentrate this species of work at some central laboratory. Macon, Ga., was selected, and Colonel Mallet placed in charge of the Central Laboratory, as Burton was later placed in charge of a National Armory. Plans of the buildings and of the machinery required were submitted to the Secretary of War, approved, and the work begun with energy. This pile of buildings had a façade of 600 feet, was designed with taste, and comprehended every possible appliance for good and well-organized work. The buildings were nearly ready for occupation at the close of the war, and some of the machinery had arrived at Bermuda. In point of time, this project preceded that of the National Armory, and was much nearer completion. These, with our admirable powder-mills at Augusta, would have completed a set of works for the Ordnance Department; and in them we would have been in condition to supply arms and munitions to 300,000 men. To these would have been added a foundry for heavy guns at Selma or Brierfield, Ala.; at which latter place the strongest cast-iron in the country was produced, and where we had already purchased and were carrying on a furnace for the production of cold-blast charcoal pig for this special purpose. All these establishments were in the heart of the country, not readily reached by the enemy; and were, in fact, never reached by them until just at the close of the war. Being in or near an excellent agricultural region, they would have had the advantage of cheap living for operatives; and they had all sufficient facilities for transportation, being situated on main lines of railroad.

SUMMARY.

I have thus, from memory, faintly traced the development of the means and resources by which our large armies were supplied with arms and ammunition. This involved manufacturing, mining and

importation. The last two were confided in time to sub-bureaus created *ex-necessitate*, which were subsequently detached. The first was carried on by the armories, arsenals, laboratories and depots above mentioned. We began in April, 1861, without an arsenal, laboratory or powder mill of any capacity, and with no foundry or rolling mill, except at Richmond, and before the close of 1863, in little over two years, we had built up, during all the harrassments of war, holding our own in the field defiantly and successfully against a powerful and determined enemy. Crippled as we were by a depreciated currency; throttled with a blockade that deprived us of nearly all means of getting material or workmen; obliged to send almost every able-bodied man to the field; unable to use the slave labor with which we were abundantly supplied, except in the most unskilled departments of production; hampered by want of transportation even of the commonest supplies of food; with no stock on hand even of the articles, such as steel, copper, lead, iron, leather, which we must have to build up our establishments; and in spite of these deficiencies we persevered at home as determinedly as did our troops in the field against a more tangible opposition, and in a little over two years created, almost literally out of the ground, foundries and rolling mills (at Selma, Richmond, Atlanta, and Macon), smelting works (at Petersburg), chemical works (at Charlotte, N. C.), a powder mill far superior to any in the United States and unsurpassed by any across the ocean, and a chain of arsenals, armories and laboratories equal in their capacity and their improved appointments to the best of those in the United States, stretching link by link from Virginia to Alabama. Our people are justly proud of the valor and constancy of the troops which bore their banners bravely in the front of the enemy; but they will also reflect that these creations of skill and labor were the monuments which represented the patience, industry and perseverance of the devoted and patriotic citizens; for of the success which attended the operations of any department of the Confederate Government the larger moiety was due to the co-operation of the body of the people—a co-operation founded in their hearty sympathy with and their entire faith in the cause which that government represented.

ORGANIZATION.

The Ordnance Bureau, as finally organized, consisted of one Brigadier-General, one Colonel, and of such additional number of field-officers, Captains, and First Lieutenants as the service required. They were artillery officers on ordnance duty.

Appointments to these positions were at first made by selection, on nomination by the Ordnance Bureau ; but about October, 1862, Congress created fifty officers of artillery especially for ordnance duty, to which two hundred more were subsequently added. As selection for these offices involved much political contrivance, I obtained the order of the Secretary of War to hold examinations for appointment to the grade of Captain and First Lieutenant. This plan succeeded entirely, and relieved us from a thousand personal solicitations. The first examination was held at Richmond. Of some five hundred applications found on file for ordnance officers, less than one hundred came to the examination, and of these only some forty or fifty passed. The examination for Captain involved a fair knowledge of a college course of mathematics, and none, I believe, passed this except the M. A.'s of the University of Virginia. That for First Lieutenant embraced only an ordinary English education, with a full examination on the Ordnance Manual. This gave us an excellent set of officers—educated men ; and although a few of them were, as was said, “ Virginia school-masters,” and cannot be said to have distinguished themselves professionally, yet they were all respectable on account of their education ; and I am sure there never were in any army a better class of such officers.

These examinations were extended, and were held at the headquarters of each army in the field by a commission, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Le Roy Broun and Lieutenant-Colonel S. Stansbury, Colonel T. A. Rhett and Major J. Wilcox Browne were the chief members. These, or one of them, went to an army and associated with themselves one or more officers detailed by the General at headquarters. In order to provide for that class of valuable officers distinguished for excellent qualities developed by service on the field, but not prepared for a somewhat technical examination, each General of an army designated one or two of this class, who were appointed on his recommendation alone.

Officers in the field were distributed as follows : To each army a “ chief ordnance officer,” with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel ; to each army corps, an ordnance officer with the rank of Major ; to each division a Captain, and to each brigade a First Lieutenant : all these attached to the staff of their respective Generals, but reporting also, directly if necessary, to the ordnance officer, through his superior, in the field, and receiving instructions as to special duties through the same channel. Every regiment had an ordnance Sergeant, charged with the care of the ordnance wagon, which contained the spare arms and the ammunition of each regiment.

The officers in command of the greater ordnance establishments—such as Richmond and Augusta, &c.—had the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel, like the “chief ordnance officers” of armies in the field, while at the lesser establishments the officers had rank according to the gravity of the duties devolving on them.

The Superintendent of Armories, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, and the Superintendent of Laboratories, Lieutenant-Colonel Mallet, had also the grade of the higher officers on duty in the field.

The labors and responsibilities of my department closed practically at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the 26th of April, when the President left that place with an escort for the trans-Mississippi. My last stated official duty, that I can recall, was to examine a cadet in the Confederate service for promotion to commissioned officer. On the afternoon of the 25th of April I received due formal notice from the Adjutant-General's office that General Lawton, Quartermaster-General, General Gilmer, Chief Engineer, and I were constituted a Board of Examiners on Cadet —. We met a little before sundown, in the ample upper story of a warehouse in Charlotte, North Carolina, and by the waning light of the last day of the Confederate Government, we went through all the stages of an examination of an expectant Lieutenant of the Confederate armies. Lawton, I think, took him on geography and history, Gilmer on the mathematics, while I probably tested his English grammar. He passed the ordeal in triumph and got his commission, which I dare say he prizes very highly, as he ought to do, considering the august body that signed the certificate which pronounced him qualified for it. Altogether there is no little incident in my Confederate career that I have mused over oftener than that twilight examination of the last Confederate cadet.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

Consumption of Small-Arm Cartridges.

It appears that the Richmond laboratory made 72,000,000 cartridges in three and a-half years, say one thousand working days. As this laboratory made nearly as much as all the others combined, we may safely place the entire production at 150,000,000, or 150,000 per day. As our reserves remained nearly the same, being but slightly increased toward the latter part of the war, there must have been only a little less than this consumption in the field, say half a cartridge per man per day for the average force of 300,000 men, to cover all the accidents and expenditures of service in the field. An average, then,

of half a cartridge per day per man would be a safe assumption for protracted warfare.

In examining the returns of ordnance officers after heavy actions, I found that the reduction of ammunition amounted to from about nineteen to twenty-six rounds per man. At Gettysburg the reports of a few days before the battle and a short time after showed a difference of twenty-five or twenty-six rounds on the average. This was the heaviest consumption to which my attention was called. When our troops first took the field commanders were very nervous because they had only fifty to seventy rounds per man instead of the two hundred rounds prescribed by the ordnance manual. Later we raised it to about eighty or ninety rounds. The results of battles show that with proper dispositions for transfer from one corps to another there need be no scarcity with sixty rounds on hand, or even fifty.

Our soldiers were, however, in the habit of supplying themselves with ammunition by throwing away their empty cartridge-boxes and taking any well-supplied one that they might espy with the proper cartridges. What splendid fellows they were, taking even better care of their powder and lead than of themselves or of their rations. They were in downright earnest.

Consumption and Supply of Lead.

Allowing for waste, 150,000,000 of cartridges would require 10,000,000 pounds of lead for these alone, to say nothing of other needs. Where did all this lead come from? I make the following rough calculation:

	<i>Pounds.</i>
From trans-Mississippi mines (early in the war)	400,000
From the mines in Virginia (60,000 lbs. per month)	2,160,000
On hand at arsenals, &c.	140,000
Imported (not over)	2,000,000
Picked up through the country and on battle-fields.....	5,300,000
	<hr/>
	10,000,000

This leads to the surprising conclusion that we must have picked up throughout the country over 5,300,000 pounds of lead during the four years of the war. I remember that the window-weights and loose lead about houses yielded 200,000 pounds in Charleston alone; while the disused lead water-pipes in Mobile supplied, if I am not mistaken, as much more. So that these two items alone supplied one-thirteenth of this vast gleaning of the country.

TRANSFER OF ARMS TO THE SOUTH.

It was a charge often repeated against Governor Floyd that, as Secretary of War, he had with traitorous intent abused his office by sending arms to the South just before the secession of the States. The transactions which gave rise to this accusation were in the ordinary course of an economical administration of the War Department. After it had been determined to change the old flint-lock musket, which the United States possessed, to percussion, it was deemed cheaper to bring all the flint-lock arms in store at Southern arsenals to the Northern arsenals and armories for alteration, rather than to send the necessary machinery and workmen to the South. Consequently the Southern arsenals were stripped of their deposits, which were sent to Springfield, Watervet, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Frankfort, Pa., and other points. After the conversion had been completed the denuded Southern arsenals were again supplied with about the same numbers, perhaps slightly augmented, that had formerly been stored there. The quota deposited at the Charleston arsenal, where I was stationed in 1860, arrived there full a year before the opening of the war.

THE NAPOLEON FIELD-GUN.

I think I will be sustained by the artillery in saying that on the whole, this gun became the favorite for field service: perhaps because our rifle-shells with percussion fuzes, were, as stated by General Alexander less successful than those of the enemy. When copper became scarce, we fabricated an iron Napoleon with a wrought iron jacket, weighing in all 1,250 pounds, which was entirely satisfactory; and was cheerfully accorded by the artillery companionship with their bronze favorites. The simplicity and certainty of the ammunition of this smooth-bore, its capacity for grape and canister, its good range, and its moderate draught, as it was not too heavy for four horses, were certainly strong reasons in its favor. At the distance at which the serious work of the artillery was done, it was an over-match for rifled artillery.

HEAVY GUNS.

It was of course a matter of keen regret to me that we could not rapidly produce guns of heavy calibre for points, the defence of which against men-of-war, was of vital importance. But the ten-inch Columbiad could only be cast at the Tredegar Works, and although this establishment was in able hands and responded nobly to the calls made

upon it, yet tasked as it was to produce artillery of all calibres; especially field-artillery, we could but slowly answer the appeals made with equal vehemence from Pensacola, Yorktown, Charleston and New Orleans.

About the close of 1863, Major Huse sent in two Blakely rifles of about thirteen inch calibre, splendid looking, superbly mounted, and of fearful cost! £10,000 for the two in England, with fifty rounds each. Charleston claimed them on their arrival at Wilmington, and I was glad to strengthen General Beauregard's hands. Unfortunately one of them cracked in some trial firing, with comparatively weak charges. The full charge which was never reached, was fifty pounds of powder, and a solid rifle-shell, of say 450 pounds. These guns were built up of a wrought iron cylinder, closed at the breach with a brass-screw plug, some thirty-inch long and chambered to seven inches. This cylinder had three successive jackets, each shorter than its predecessor, so that from muzzle to breech the thickness of the gun increased by steps of about three and a-half inches. The object of the seven-inch chamber in the brass plug was to afford an air or gas space which would diminish the strain on the gun. Such was the theory. General Ripley, however, cut down the big cartridge bags of ten or eleven inch in diameter, so as to introduce the charge into the brass chamber. This not being over three inches thick, cracked, and the crack, I believe, extended into the cylinder. On a report of the facts direct from Charleston to Captain Blakeley, he attributed the bursting to the high elevation given, though the highest, I think had been only about 150; an impotent conclusion for a scientific artillerist to reach. The fact of the introduction of the charge into the air space may have been omitted in the narrative to him, and thus he may have been drawn into this helpless conclusion. I never saw the drawings of the gun until after the report of the accident. Captain Brooke, Chief of Ordnance of the Navy, with me then looked over the drawings and evolved the design of the air-chamber. After this the gun was fired, and with moderate elevations attained fair, but not remarkable ranges, as I was advised. The cracked gun was skillfully repaired at Charleston, and restored to a reliable condition.

Just before the war closed the Tredegar Works had cast its first twelve-inch gun, after the method of Rodman—cast on a hollow core with water kept flowing in and out of it to cool the castings from the inside. This method of cooling has been found to give a marked increase of strength, and greater hardness and consequent smoothness to the finished bore.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN THE ISSUE OF OUR JANUARY NUMBER was caused by the pressure of work on our worthy printers, and in consequence of this delay we combine the January and February numbers under one cover.

We are sure that our readers will not object to this, especially as we present them a number of more than ordinary variety, interest and value.

RENEWALS have been coming in with gratifying progress, but there are many of our friends from whom we have not yet heard. We send this number to many whose subscriptions have expired, in the confident expectation that they will *promptly send us \$3 for 1884*. But if we should be disappointed in this, and any, from whatever cause, decline to renew, we hope they will at least have the grace to *notify us of the fact, and return (or pay for) the numbers to which they are not entitled*.

SEVERAL MODEL LETTERS, selected at random from the large number we are daily receiving, will serve to show something of the appreciation of our friends for the work in which we are engaged.

A reverend friend, who did faithful and warmly appreciated work in one of the brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia, writes as follows on a postal card:

"ST. LOUIS, December 26, 1883.

"Have not the most remote idea of not renewing my subscription. Will remit early in January. Fraternally, — — —."

Another gallant soldier writes as follows:

"ATLANTA, GA., December 14th, 1883.

"Rev. J. William Jones, D. D.,

"Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

"Dear Sir,—Inclosed I hand you draft for ten dollars (\$10), to be placed to my credit for subscription to the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS. I know I am in arrears, but do not know how much. One thing I do know, and that is I do not want to be denied the pleasure of reading the PAPERS every month. Whenever I am behind, jog me up.

"If the enclosed is worthy a place among the PAPERS it is at your service. Or if it will better grace the waste basket, I am agreeable.

"Very truly yours, — — —."

We need scarcely add that the article sent will find an early place in our PAPERS.

The following has the "true ring":

"ST. LOUIS, December 29th, 1883.

"Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary:

"Dear Sir,—Your card of 17th inst. just received. I at once enclose and

send you \$3.00 currency, renewal subscription for PAPERS and membership.

"I wore the 'Gray' from May, 1861, to April, 1865, so am very naturally anxious to see the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY a success.

"Yours truly, — — —."

The following from a distinguished soldier who "wore the Blue" will be appreciated, as his sentiments are cordially reciprocated:

"BOSTON, January 16th, 1884.

"*My Dear Secretary*,—Enclosed please find \$3.00 in payment subscription for 1884, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS.

"Let me congratulate you and the Society on the success of your PAPERS.

"The only way to get a correct and full history of the great civil war is to receive the statements of brave men who fought the battles and to *hear from both sides*.

With kind regards, I am,

"Yours truly, — — —."

"*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary*."

And of like spirit is the following, from a gallant soldier of "the other side."

"TRENTON, N. J., January 11, 1884.

"*My Dear Sir*,—I have this moment discovered that I failed in December to send my subscription for the valuable PAPERS of your Historical Society and at once enclose my check.

"Very truly yours, — — —."

"*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary*."

WE might multiply these letters almost indefinitely; but these must suffice, and if any complain that we have gone into the "blowing business" we have only to call on our readers to bear us witness that we have not often indulged in that direction, and that the moral of it all is that *we want more renewals and new subscribers*.

A MOST HIGHLY APPRECIATED MEMENTO, in the shape of a cane-head made of wood taken from the house in which Stonewall Jackson was born, has been sent us (through Rev. Dr. A. E. Dickinson) by Mr. J. W. Odell, of Clarksburg, West Va. We return our hearty thanks.

JACK WHITE, ONE OF THE HEROES OF SABINE PASS, is not dead, as reported in the extract we published in the October number, but is living at Houston, Texas, "hale and hearty," as one of our subscribers there, kindly informs us.

By the way we have from a Federal officer who participated in the fight at Sabine Pass a very different version of it from the one we have published. We regret that this, as well as other very interesting articles, was crowded out of this number, but it shall duly appear, and then we hope to have an account from some *Confederate* participant.



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., March, 1884.

Nos. 3.

Last Letters and Telegrams of the Confederacy—Correspondence of
General John C. Breckinridge.

[We are indebted to Hon. C. R. Breckinridge for copying and verifying from the originals the following letters and telegrams which were among the last in the official correspondence of his distinguished father, the last Secretary of War of the Confederacy :]

GREENSBORO', 25th.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge,—The officers named shall be sent.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

This paper is endorsed as follows in my father's handwriting :

"Mill. Papers, April, 1865." "They did not come."

GREENSBORO', Apl. 26, 7 A. M.

General J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary War,—I am going to meet General Sherman at the same place.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

GREENSBORO', April 24th.

Hon. Jno. C. Breckinridge, Sec. War,—I telegraphed you yes-

terday that Gen'l Sherman informed me he expected his messenger to return from Washington to-day. Please answer.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

GREENSBORO', Apl. 24th.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge,—Gen'l Johnston directs me to remain in this office to ascertain if you can decipher the telegram. You will please notify me, that I may report to him.

D. S. RYAN, Opr. for Gen'l J.

GREENSBORO, Apl. 25th, 11:30 A. M.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Sec'y of War,—I have proposed to Gen'l Sherman military negotiations in regard to this army.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

GREENSBORO, April 25, 10 A. M.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Sec. War,—Your dispatch received. We have to save the people, save the blood of the army, and save the high civil functionaries. Your plan, I think, can only do the last. We ought to prevent invasion, make terms for our troops, and give an escort of our best cavalry to the President, who ought to move without loss of a moment. Commanders believe the troops will not fight again. We think your plan impracticable. Major-General Wilson, U. S. A., has captured Macon, with Major-Generals Cobb and G. W. Smith, Brigadiers Mackall, Mercer, and the garrison. Federal papers announce capture of Mobile, with three thousand prisoners.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Gen'l.

[Cypher.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 24, 1865, 11 P. M.

Gen'l J. E. Johnston, Greensboro, N. C.,—Does not your suggestion about disbanding refer to the infantry and most of the artillery? If it be necessary to disband these, they might still save their small arms and find their way to some appointed rendezvous. Can you not bring off the cavalry, and all the men you can mount from the transportation and other animals, with some light field pieces? Such a force could march away from Sherman, and be strong enough to encounter anything between us and the southwest. If this course be possible, carry it out, and telegraph your intended route.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Sec. of War.

The above is all my father's hand, and is endorsed by him simply
"Mill. Papers—April, 1865." C. R. B.

MAY 3d, 1865—Half mile west of Savannah Bridge, 8 P. M.

Dear Sir,—I have not heard from you in answer to my note of this day, and the condition of things here, together with great fatigue, have prevented my going forward.

Nothing can be done with the bulk of this command. It has been with difficulty that anything has been kept in shape. I am having the silver paid to the troops, and will in any event save the gold and have it brought forward in the morning, when I hope Judge Reagan will take it.

Many of the men have thrown away their arms. Most of them have resolved to remain here under Vaughn and Dibrell, and will make terms. A few hundred men will move on and may be depended on for the object we spoke of yesterday. I would respectfully and earnestly repeat the suggestions I then made. Let me know if you desire me to adopt any other course than that proposed. If you are at Washington, or this side, I can ride forward in the morning to see you.

Yours very truly,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Sec. of War.

To President Davis.

Official: *Wm. J. Davis*, A. A. G.

P. S.—9 P. M.—Your note of 3:15 P. M. this date just received. What I have written above explains condition of affairs. The specie train could not have been moved on but for the course adopted. Out of nearly four thousand men present but a few hundred could be relied on, and they were intermixed with the mass. Threats have just reached me to seize the whole amount, but I hope the guard at hand will be sufficient.

(Signed)

J. C. B.

This paper is endorsed in the same hand as the paper itself, which, I presume is that of Major Davis: "Copy of communication from Sec'y of War to the President. May, 3rd, 1865."

C. R. B.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
War Department, 1½ Miles west of Savannah Bridge, Geo., }
May 3, '65. }

[Extract Special Order No. —.]

Maj. E. C. White, Senior Q. M., will take charge of silver (in

specie and bullion) belonging to the Government, and estimated at one hundred and eight thousand, three hundred and twenty-two $\frac{90}{100}$ dollars (\$108,322.90).

He will distribute the specie, proportionably, to the troops present upon certified returns of the strength of their commands by the several brigade commanders. He will correctly estimate the value of the bullion in coin; and will pay in gold, placed in his hands for the purpose, as above required for the distribution of the silver in specie.

By command of the Sec'y of War.

(Signed)

W. J. DAVIS, A. A. G.

For Maj. White, Q. M.

This is endorsed in the same hand as the previous paper, No. 8, and as follows: "War Dep't C. S., May 3rd, 1865. Extract Special Order No. —. (Copy.) Directs Maj. White, Q. M., to take charge of Gov't silver, and pay to troops, &c. A true copy—Wm. J. Davis, A. A. G."

The signature confirms that this and other papers are correctly construed as Maj. D—'s handwriting.

C. R. B.

GREENSBORO', 23 April.

Gen'l J. C. Breckinridge,—Gen. Sherman writes that he expects the return of his officer from Washington to-morrow.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 23, 1865.

To His Excellency the President:

Sir,—In obedience to your request, I have the honor to submit my advice on the course you should take upon the memorandum or basis of agreement made on the 18th inst., by and between Gen. J. E. Johnston, of the Confederate States Army, and Gen. W. T. Sherman, of the United States Army, provided that paper should receive the approval of the Government of the United States.

The principal army of the Confederacy was recently lost in Virginia. Considerable bodies of troops not attached to that army have either dispersed or marched toward their homes, accompanied by many of their officers. Five days ago the effective force in infantry and artillery of General Johnston's army was but 14,770 men, and it continues to diminish. That officer thinks it wholly impossi-

ble for him to make any head against the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Our ports are closed and the sources of foreign supply lost to us. The enemy occupy all or the greater part of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, and move almost at will through the other States to the east of the Mississippi. They have recently taken Selma, Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, and other important towns, depriving us of large depots of supplies and of munitions of war. Of the small force still at command many are unarmed, and the ordnance department cannot furnish 5,000 stand of small arms. I do not think it would be possible to assemble, equip and maintain an army of 30,000 men at any point east of the Mississippi. The contest, if continued after this paper is rejected, will be likely to lose entirely the dignity of regular warfare. Many of the States will make such terms as they may; in others, separate and ineffective hostilities may be prosecuted, while war, wherever waged, will probably degenerate into that irregular and secondary stage out of which greater evils will flow to the South than to the enemy.

For these, and for other reasons which need not now be stated, I think we can no longer contend with a reasonable hope of success. It seems to me the time has arrived when, in a large and clear view of the situation, prompt steps should be taken to put a stop to the war. The terms proposed are not wholly unsuited to the altered condition of affairs. The States are preserved, certain essential rights secured, and the army rescued from degradation.

It may be said that the agreement of the 18th instant contains certain stipulations which you cannot perform. This is true, and it was well understood by General Sherman that only a part could be executed by the Confederate authorities. In any case, grave responsibilities must be met and assumed. If the necessity for peace be conceded, corresponding action must be taken. The modes of negotiation which we deem regular, and would prefer, are impracticable. The situation is anomalous, and cannot be solved upon principles of theoretical exactitude. In my opinion you are the only person who can meet the present necessities.

I respectfully advise—

1st. That you execute, so far as you can, the second article of the agreement of the 18th instant.

2d. That you recommend to the several States the acceptance of those parts of the agreement upon which they alone can act.

3d. Having maintained, with faithful and intrepid purpose, the

cause of the Confederate States while the means of organized resistance remained, that you return to the States and the people the trust which you are no longer able to defend.

Whatever course you pursue, opinions will be divided. Permit me to give mine. Should these or similar views accord with your own, I think the better judgment will be that you can have no higher title to the gratitude of your countrymen and the respect of mankind than will spring from the wisdom to see the path of duty at this time, and the courage to follow it, regardless alike of praise or blame.

Respectfully and truly your friend,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Sec. of War.

This paper is endorsed: "Charlotte, N. C., April 23, '65. Letter John C. Breckinridge to the President."

This is a copy of the original, and seems to be in the handwriting of Col. James Wilson. Here and there are a few small corrections in the handwriting of my father; as, for instance, an *and* is scratched and above it *or* is placed. This is next to the last word in the letter.

C. R. B.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE E. TENN. CAV. DIV'N.

Lincolnton, N. C., April 23rd, 1865.

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt by flag of truce from you of two communications addressed to Major-General Stoneman, one from Major-General Sherman and one from General J. E. Johnston.

These communications were immediately forwarded to General Stoneman through the Headquarters of this Cavalry Division, and I have no doubt that a reply will be sent by flag of truce within a few days.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,

Brevet Brigadier-General Commanding Brigade.

Major-General J. C. Breckinridge,

Secretary of War, Charlotte, N. C.

GREENSBORO', April 27th.

Brig.-Gen'l Z. York,—Your dispatch rec'd. Will communi-

cate with you. Forward following to Gen'l Breckinridge immediately.

WADE HAMPTON, Lt.-Gen'l.

GREENSBORO', 27th, 11 P. M.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge,—You gave me orders on 25th to move on my return on 26th. I found Military Convention. I think I am free from its terms by your previous order. Have notified Gen'l Johnston that I will abide by your decision. Am ready to move as ordered. Answer here or Lexington.

WADE HAMPTON, Lt.-Gen'l

This has no endorsement. You perceive, from certain abbreviations, which are not omissions of mine, that the communication was apparently written in haste.

C. R. B.

CATAWBA BRIDGE, April 28th, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War—My Dear Sir,—I send you a dispatch just received from General Hampton, by my A. A. G.

Have the kindness to send me two mounted couriers.

I sent you early this morning by my only courier two dispatches.

Yours, truly,

Z. YORK, Brig. General.

This is from Colonel Hoke, as follows :

HEADQUARTERS CHARLOTTE, April 27th, 1865.

General John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War : Dear Sir,—I send copy of telegram received at 11 o'clock to-day :

GREENSBORO, 27th April.

Brigadier-General Echols,—A military convention has been made by General Sherman and myself terminating hostilities between our commands. Send intelligence to Secretary of War, if you can, and give information to Major-General Stoneman.

(Signed)

J. E. JOHNSTON.

I have sent a flag of truce, with a letter of General Cooper, to General Stoneman.

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM J. HOKE,
Colonel Com. Post.

CATAWBA BRIDGE, 28th April, 1865.

Hon. Jno. C. Breckinridge, Sec'y of War: My Dear Sir,—I send you a dispatch just received with instructions to deliver it without delay. I have heard nothing from General Wade Hampton except what is mentioned in the enclosed dispatch.

I have answered him at every point along the line, informing that the ferry at this point was in good order and that you had ordered me to hold it till he (General Hampton) came, which I shall do regardless of consequences, unless relieved by your order.

Yours respectfully,

Z. YORK, Brig. Gen'l.

The following paper was first dated 14th April, is all in pencil, and the 1 of 14 was changed, in ink, at the top and bottom, and made a 2. Therefore it reads as follows. I will add that the alteration is evidently old, and may have been made by my father, as his endorsement on the back—"Mill. Papers, April, 1865"—is the only writing in ink contained in this paper. My father likewise endorsed on the back in pencil: "Telegram from General J. E. Johnston—ans'd."

C. R. B.

GREENSBORO', April 24—6:30 P. M.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Sec. War,—I have just rec'd dispatches from Gen. Sherman informing me that instructions from Washington direct him to limit his negotiations to my command, demanding its surrender on the terms granted to Gen. Lee, and notifying me of the termination of the truce in forty-eight hours from noon to-day. Have you (I presume he meant *your*—C. R. B.) instructions. We had better disband this small force to prevent devastation of country.

J. E. JOHNSTON, General.

HD. QRS. GILBERT'S HOUSE, May 2, 1865.

Major-Gen'l J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War: Sir,—For the purpose of executing the orders received from you this evening, it is necessary that I be supplied with public funds, the amount turned over to my disbursing officers having been exhausted. I respectfully request that a portion of the funds be furnished in specie, if practicable.

I have the honor to be, Gen'l, very respectfully your obt. svt.,

BRAXTON BRAGG, Gen'l.

Below appears the following addition in the same hand as the signature, which is different from the body of the communication, and I presume is made by General Bragg himself: C. R. B.

“My own money all in Confed. paper, and very limited.

“*B. B.*”

CHESTER, 27 Ap'l.

Gen. York,—Forward following dispatch by courier to Gen'l Breckinridge.

(Sig.)

WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Company Shops,—Some time ago I notified Gen'l Johnston not to include me in any surrender. You gave me orders to move on (25th). In return I find army surrendered. Think I am free. What is your decision? Answer here and Greensboro.

WADE HAMPTON, Lt. Gen'l.

This is in my father's hand-writing :

C. R. B.

LOVE'S FORD, BROAD RIVER, Ap'l 28th, 1865.

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton, Greensboro, Lexington, Salisbury, or any other point on line,—Your dispatches of 27th rec'd. The verbal directions to you contemplated your meeting Gen. Johnston, and his action before any convention with enemy. If my letter to him of 25th, which you carried, was not rec'd before completion of terms, the Gov't, with its imperfect knowledge of the facts, cannot interfere as to the body of the troops ; but, in regard to yourself, if not present nor consenting, it is the opinion of the Government that you, and others in like condition, are free to come out.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Sec. of War.

Memoir of General John Bankhead Magruder.

By GENERAL A. L. LONG.

As far back as 1848 the name of Colonel John Bankhead Magruder became familiar to me through the press. He had just returned from Mexico crowned with honor fairly won in the brilliant campaigns of General Scott. But it was not until 1851 that I became personally acquainted with him. He was then in command of Fort

Adams (the guardian of the harbor and town of Newport, Rhode Island). Here he enjoyed a fine field for exercising his high social qualities and fondness for military display. His princely hospitality and the brilliant show-drills with which he entained his visitors made Fort Adams one of the most attractive features of the most celebrated watering place in America. It was, however, not until some years later, when I came under his command, that I learned to appreciate the chivalric character and admire the military ability of Colonel Magruder. This was at Fort Leavenworth, in the fall of 1858, after the suppression of the political troubles in Kansas.

The assemblage of a considerable number of artillery companies at Fort Leavenworth suggested the establishment of a light artillery school at that place, on the plan of the school that had been created at Old Point. On this suggestion the Leavenworth school was established in the spring of 1859. Colonel Dimick, by virtue of his rank, became superintendent of this school. He was an officer remarkable for purity and integrity of character; through a long experience his valor and his piety shone alike conspicuous. Shortly after the establishment of the Leavenworth school, Colonel Dimick was removed to another sphere of duty, and Colonel Magruder became his successor. He was well-fitted for the position to which he had been assigned. His early career in the light artillery service, in companionship with Bragg, Duncan, and Ridgely, impressed upon him a character for dashing and bold qualities, so necessary for the light artillery officers. On the fields of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Buena Vista, and the Valley of Mexico, the brilliant exploits of the artillery filled the army with admiration. There it was that Magruder learned the lessons in artillery that so well fitted him to become the instructor in after-life. Magruder brought with him to Leavenworth the disposition which had characterized him at Newport. Although in the West the brilliant show-drills and dress-parades were often only witnessed by a group of frontiersmen, or a squad of Indians from the plains, he appeared as well satisfied as on similar occasions at Newport, when the spectators were the gay crowd of a fashionable watering-place. The sequel to his military exercises was usually a dinner, provided with all the taste of a connoisseur. There were others at our school entitled to a passing notice, both on account of their military reputation and social character. The great value of the artillery schools at Old Point and Leavenworth cannot be better be illustrated than by referring to some of the names which subsequent events have rendered distin-

guished, such as Bailey, Benson, and Grebble, who, in the brilliant display of their skill, were removed from the theatre of fame when honor was fast gathering about them, while there still remained Hunt, Barry, and some others, in the enjoyment of distinguished reputations.

The light artillery of the United States before the Mexican war was held in but small estimation, but the brilliant service of the batteries of Magruder, Bragg and Duncan during that war raised it to a high degree of popularity, and subsequently, through the influence of the military academy at West Point and the artillery schools at Old Point and Leavenworth, the Federal and Confederate artillery of America acquired a character that was unsurpassed by the artillery of any other nation. In the time of Bonaparte, France took the lead in the improvements of artillery, and during the gigantic wars that convulsed Europe in the reign of Napoleon the First the field artillery of France acquired an excellence that admitted of but little improvement for the succeeding fifty years. After the restoration of peace in Europe many of the leading nations made preparations for the cultivation of the science of war, but the decade from 1850 to 1860 was reserved to produce the most marked improvements in all kinds of artillery. The Crimean war was followed by numerous inventions for modeling and constructing the various implements of war. Among the field artillery of France appeared the twelve-pounder Napoleon gun, and about the same time the Lancaster gun made its appearance in England. The superiority of the Napoleon consists in its power to admit of the indiscriminate use of shell and solid shot, with an increase of metal insufficient to diminish its mobility. The Lancaster gun is constructed with the view of imparting a rotary motion to its projectile, in order to produce accuracy of fire with increased range. Although this gun was practically unsuccessful, it led to the introduction of the rifle cannon, from which immense range and much accuracy was obtained. While the improvements in cannon were in progress, their destructive power was greatly increased by the inventions of various kinds of explosive projectiles. While Europe was engaged in improving and inventing engines of war, America has not been behind in contributing her portion, especially in the improvement of naval and sea-coast guns, of which the Columbia, the Dalghren, the Brooke and Rodman guns are unsurpassed for destructiveness.

Magruder was not a tyrannical schoolmaster, but allowed the officers under his command to dispose of their leisure time as suited

their inclination, and was himself always ready to participate in the amusements of his subalterns.

It was soon evident that the instruction received at West Point, supplemented by that obtained at the Leavenworth and Old Point schools, had raised the United States artillery to a state of efficiency unsurpassed by that of any other nation, as was subsequently demonstrated on many a hard-fight field.

The Leavenworth school continued under the control of Colonel Magruder until it was disintegrated by the violent political excitement that preceded the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

At the first note of civil war, which soon followed that event, Colonel Magruder resigned his commission in the United States Army and repaired to his native State, and was seen among the first who offered their services for the defence of Virginia, and soon after he was entrusted with the defence of Yorktown and the peninsula embraced by York river and the James, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

In his new field of operation Magruder displayed great energy and ability in strengthening his position and disciplining his troops. His force, though necessarily small at this early stage of the war, under his masterly hand rose with such rapidity in efficiency that on the 8th of June he was able to encounter and defeat the enemy at Big Bethel in greatly superior numbers. This was the first conflict of arms since the fall of Fort Sumter, and although small in point of numbers, its moral effect was considerable by inspiring the Confederates with confidence, while it had a depressing influence upon the Federals.

After this affair the Federals made no other demonstration on the Peninsula until the ensuing spring; during which period Magruder applied himself with skill and industry to the completion of the defences of his position. He first occupied himself in securing the command of York river by the erection of strong batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, where the river is less than a mile wide; then completed his land defences to the Warwick, near its head, and subsequently extended them down that river to its mouth. The strip of land between the Warwick and the James, being marshy, could easily be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, for military movements by inundation, for which purpose dams were constructed on the Warwick.

Magruder's defences were so complete that when McClellan advanced against them on the 4th of April with his powerful army,

upon a personal examination, he found them too strong to be carried by assault, and therefore determined to reduce them by regular approaches. For that purpose he promptly commenced the erection of his primary batteries beyond the effective range of Magruder's guns (one and a half miles).

At this time Magruder's force did not exceed eleven thousand men, while that of his opponent numbered over a hundred thousand. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, Magruder, with matchless audacity, maintained his position for several weeks. Every advance of McClellan was met with such vigor and boldness that he was compelled to retire with loss. His force being evidently inadequate for the permanent maintenance of his position, strong re-enforcements were ordered to his assistance, and General Johnston was directed to assume command of the Peninsula. Magruder, in his report, says that with twenty-five thousand men he could have held his position. Judging from what had preceded, this was clearly no idle boast. It may be here remarked, in the face of his distinguished service, that the omission of Magruder's name is a matter of surprise, when reference is made to the Peninsula campaign.

After General Magruder had resigned the command of the Peninsula to General Johnston, he exhibited the same patriotic zeal as division commander that had characterized him while exercising an independent command. His division, which was trained under his own eye was unsurpassed in discipline and spirit by any other division in the army.

We will now follow General Magruder to the Chickahominy. For his heroic defence of the Peninsula he had been rewarded with the rank of Major-General. The day after the battle of Seven Pines I met Magruder for the first time since the commencement of the war. He did not then possess the dashing nonchalant air that characterized him at Newport, and which he particularly retained at Leavenworth, but he had the mien of a veteran who fully understood the importance of his position. General Lee had just assumed the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was occupied in the selection of a defensive line. The position that had been chosen by General Johnston with but slight alteration was adopted, and Magruder retained that position that had been previously occupied by his division, that being the one of greatest prominence.

From the 1st to the 25th of June the operations of both armies were of preparatory character. During that interval I was frequently on Magruder's line, and was always impressed with the supe-

rior character of his defences and the soldierly bearing of his troops. But it soon became obvious that Magruder belonged partly to that class of men whose genius, being unshackled, was capable of achieving the most brilliant results ; but when overshadowed by authority became paralyzed. This flaw in the character of Magruder became apparent when left in command of the defences before Richmond, while General Lee operated north of the Chickahominy against McClellan's right wing. On the 27th his martial spirit was aroused by the sound of battle from Gaines' Mill, and he boldly left his entrenchment, and made so formidable a demonstration that General McClellan felt it necessary to withhold the reinforcements he had intended to send General Porter at Gaines' Mill. But on the 28th the audacity which was so conspicuous on the Peninsula seemed to abandon him ; for he closely hugged his breastworks with thirty thousand men, while McClellan was in active preparations for retreat. The advantage thus gained could never be overcome. On the 29th, however, he became conscious of his mistake, and endeavored to correct it by a vigorous attack on the enemy's rear guard at Savage Station. And on the 31st, at Malvern Hill, Magruder assaulted, with splendid gallantry, the Federal position. His division, in the face of a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, broke through the enemy's line, but were obliged to yield the advantage it had won to overpowering numbers of fresh troops. The ground over which the terrible conflict raged was covered with the Confederate and Federal slain, lying side by side.

Soon after the battle General Magruder reported in person to General Lee, briefly saying : "My division made a heroic attack but gained nothing but glory. After carrying the enemy's position we had to give it up and retire before greatly superior numbers."

Shortly after the defeat of General McClellan, General Magruder was appointed to the command of the Department of Texas, which from its remoteness and extent was of great importance. This exhibition of confidence on the part of the Confederate Government furnishes undeniable proof of the high estimation in which Magruder was held, and the able manner in which he performed his duties shows that his ability was correctly estimated.

Magruder continued in the command of the Department of Texas to the end of the war. While exercising that important trust his patriotic zeal won for him the confidence and affection of the Texans, among whom a few years later he delivered up his gallant spirit into the hand that gave it.

"Within a Stone's Throw of Independence" at Gettysburg.

Our series of papers on Gettysburg—a *summing up* of which we may take an early opportunity of making—cannot be carefully studied by the unprejudiced student of history without an overwhelming conviction that if General Lee's orders had been properly carried out at Gettysburg, we would have won that field, crushed General Meade's army, rescued Maryland, captured Washington and Baltimore, and dictated terms of peace on Northern soil.

General Lee himself said, with a good deal of feeling, in conversation with some gentlemen in Lexington, Va., not long before his death: "*If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I should have won there a great victory, and if we had reaped the fruits within our reach, we should have established the Independence of the Confederacy.*"

We verily believe that the verdict of impartial History will be that the Confederates would have won Gettysburg, and Independence, but for the failure of *one man*.

But it is not generally known that just at this crisis England was on the eve of recognizing the Confederacy, and was only prevented from doing so by our defeat at Gettysburg. The story is thus told by an English statesman, as quoted by the *London Morning Advertiser*:

"I am able to speak with knowledge on this subject; and I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Disraeli, although never committing himself—as Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell did—to the principles for which the Southern Confederacy was fighting, always regarded 'recognition' as a possible card to play, and was quite prepared, at the proper moment, to play it. The moment seemed to have come when General Lee invaded the Federal States, after having shattered the strength of the Northern invasion. At that time it was notorious that the bulk of the Tory party and more than half of the Ministerialists were prepared for such a step. Mr. Lindsay's resolution on the subject had failed, Mr. Roebuck's eloquence had been equally ineffectual. But in the face of the repeated triumphs of the Southern army, and the possible occupation of the capital by General Lee's troops, it seemed hopeless to restrain the pent-up feelings of the House of Commons, and Mr. Disraeli saw his opportunity.

"I had frequent conversations with him on the subject, and I per-

factly recollect his saying to me that he thought the time had now come to move in the matter. 'But,' he said, 'it is of great importance that, if the move is to be made, it should not assume a party character, and it is of equal importance that the initiative should come from our (*i. e.*, the conservative) side. Now, Mr. Lindsay carries no weight. Lord Robert Cecil could handle the matter best, but he is an avowed partisan of the Confederacy and would arouse too much party feeling on the other side. If the thing is to be done, I must do it myself; and then, from all I hear and know, the resolution will be carried, Lord Palmerston being quite disposed to accept the declaration of Parliament in favor of a policy which he personally approves. 'But,' he continued, 'I cannot speak without more knowledge of the subject than I now possess, and I should be glad if you could give me a brief, furnishing the necessary statistics of the population, the institutions, the commercial and political prospects of the Southern States, in order that when the moment comes I may be fully armed.'

"I procured the necessary information from the best authorities, and placed it in his hands. Every day seemed to bring the moment for its use nearer, and the general feeling in the House of Commons was perfectly ripe for the motion in favor of 'recognition,' when the news of the battle of Gettysburg came like a thunder-clap upon the country. General Meade defeated Lee, and saved the Union, and from that day not another word was heard in Parliament about recognition. A few days afterward I saw Mr. Disraeli, and his exact words were: "We nearly put our foot in it."

"Now the leader of the Tory opposition may have been right or wrong in his judgment, but it was not he who controlled the Conservative party. The most powerful influences on the opposition side were undoubtedly the late Lord Derby, through his acquaintance with anti-slavery feeling in the manufacturing districts of the North, and the present Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, whose sympathies were always and avowedly with the Northern side. But these two noblemen would have been powerless against the overwhelming feeling of the bulk of the Tory party, and Mr. Disraeli, had Lee been triumphant at Gettysburg, would undoubtedly have carried the House of Commons and the country with him."

We believe that even after Gettysburg the Confederacy might and ought to have won; but we have not a shadow of doubt that we were "within a stone's throw of Independence" on that great field.

How they made South Carolina "Howl"—Letter from one of "Sherman's Bummers."

[From the Alderson Statesman, West Va., of October 29th, 1883.]

The following letter was found in the streets of Columbia after the army of General Sherman had left. The original is still preserved and can be shown and substantiated, if anybody desires. We are indebted to a distinguished lady of this city for a copy, sent with a request for publication. We can add nothing in the way of comment on such a document. It speaks for itself:

CAMP NEAR CAMDEN, S. C.,
February 26, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, etc., etc., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit the result of its operations at any given place—one-fifth and first choice falls to the commander-in-chief and staff, one-fifth to corps commander and staff, one-fifth to field officers, two-fifths to the company. Officers are not allowed to join in these expeditions unless disguised as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a suit of rough clothes from one of my men and was successful in this place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things an old silver milk pitcher) and a very fine gold watch from a Mr. De Saussure, of this place (Columbia). De Saussure is one of the F. F. V.'s of S. C., and was made to fork out liberally. Officers over the rank of Captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, the subordinate officers and privates keep everything back that they can carry about their persons—such as rings, ear-rings, breast-pins, etc., etc., of which, if I live to get home, I have a quart. I am not joking. I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls—and some No. 1 diamond pins and rings among them. General Sherman has gold and silver enough to start a bank. His

share in gold watches and chains alone, at Columbia, was two hundred and seventy-five.

But I said I could not go into particulars. All the general officers and many besides have valuables of every description, down to ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs. I have my share of them, too.

We took gold and silver enough from the d—d Rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. This (the currency) whenever we came across it we burned it, as we considered it utterly worthless.

I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the "Old Bay State." It would deck her out in glorious style; but, alas! it will be scattered all over the North and Middle States. The damned niggers, as a general thing, preferred to stay at home—particularly after they found out that we wanted only the able-bodied men, and, to tell the truth, the youngest and best looking women. Sometimes we took them off, by way of repaying influential secessionists. But the useless part of these we soon managed to lose—sometimes in crossing rivers—sometimes by other ways.

I shall write you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro', or some other place in North Carolina. The order to march has arrived and I must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother and Aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and the children. Don't show this letter out of the family.

Your affectionate husband,

THOMAS J. MYERS,

Lieutenant, etc.

P. S.—I will send this by the first flag of truce, to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Sallie I am saving a pearl bracelet and ear-rings for her. But Lambert got the necklace and breast-pin of the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found those on our trip through Georgia.

T. J. M.

This letter was addressed to Mrs. Thomas J. Myers, Boston, Mass.

The Story of the Arkansas.*By* GEORGE W. GIFT

No. 2.

We left the Carondelet sinking and pursued the Tyler and Queen of the West. Both were swifter vessels than the Arkansas, and in our efforts to overtake them we worked off steam too rapidly and the result was that when we entered the Mississippi river they had gained sufficiently on us to notify the fleets of Farragut and Davis of our approach, and that before we had come in sight around the point. The result was instant and rapid preparation by the squadrons for our reception. Steam was hurried up on all the river vessels, and they weighed or slipped, and took up such positions as would enable them to hit us and at the same time keep away from our powerful beak, if possible. On coming in sight of them the scene was one of intense interest. A dozen or more war vessels were steaming about in an uneasy, uncertain way, somewhat after the manner of a brood of chickens on the approach of a hawk. Tugs, transports and hospital vessels were smoking up or trying to hide. The heavy sloops-of-war and gunboats of Farragut's squadron were anchored in the middle of the stream with fires out, but with batteries manned and ready for battle. On the banks batteries of field artillery were run up and several thousands of soldiers prepared to shoot *Minie* balls into our ports. The "mustang" rams—the same that beat our "mustang," Montgomery, in front of Memphis a short time before—were under way also, but they did not come to the front too close, with a chap carrying guns and men who knew how to handle them. I think I do not over-estimate the force of the enemy when I say he had twenty pennants flying; and we were about to attack him in an unfinished and untried vessel, with engines totally and entirely unreliable. As we stood down to them there was a decided and painful pause. We were in range, but preferred to save our strength and ammunition for a close grapple. One of my best men was a tall, athletic young Irishman who had greatly distinguished himself for zeal and courage half an hour before. Putting his eye to the gun he peeped out ahead and saw the immense force assembled to oppose us. In an instant he was overcome, and exclaimed: "Holy mother, have mercy on us; we'll never get through there." I had been watching the changing panorama ahead with many doubts and misgivings. A half dozen I

would not have minded, but two dozen were rather more than we had bargained for. But we had ventured too far to think of backing out; through we must go. The first vessel which stood out to engage us was "No. 6" (Kineo), against which we had a particular grudge, inspired by Read, who desired us all to handle roughly any sea-going vessel we should see with "No. 6" on her smoke stack, as that vessel was engaging the McRae, above Forts Jackson and St. Philip when Lieutenant Commander Huger was killed. Read, who was First Lieutenant under Captain Huger, and devotedly attached to him, saw the "No. 6" by the flashes of the guns,* and had ever since treasured the hope of getting alongside the fellow some day. This "No. 6" came out like a game cock, steamed to the front to take the fire of a great monster from which "mustangs" and river iron-clads were hiding and fleeing. I sent my powder boy to Read with a message to come forward, as his friend was in sight. He came leisurely and carelessly, swinging a primer lanyard, and I think I have never looked at a person displaying such remarkable coolness and self-possession. On observing the numbers ahead his eye was as bright and his smile as genuine as if he had been about to join a company of friends instead of enemies. We were now getting close aboard "No. 6," and he sheered with his port helm and unmuzzled his eleven-inch pivot gun charged with grape. It was hastily pointed, and the charge fell too low to enter our ports, for which it was intended. This broke the terrible quiet which hung over us like a spell. Every man's nerves were strung up again, and we were ready for the second battle. With a sharp touch of the starboard helm Brady showed me "No. 6" straight ahead, and I gave him a shell through and through, and as we passed he got the port broadside. He did not follow us up. These two shots opened the engagement. Soon we were a target for a hundred or more guns, which poured in an unceasing and terrible fire. Generals Breckinridge, Van Dorn and others viewed the engagement from the top of the Courthouse in Vicksburg, and were appalled at the apparent rashness of attempting the passage. The fire of the enemy was almost unceasing, nor were we idle by any means. As we have said before, every gun was fully manned, and wherever we looked, in every direction, we saw gunboats. It was only necessary to load the guns and fire and we hit. The rams were taking up a position to come out and strike us as we passed. One of them, the Lancaster, was slowly moving across our path, and I

*The fight occurred about dawn.

heard Brady ask Captain Brown if he should cut that boat in two. The Captain returned an affirmative answer, and the game pilot steadied our ship for the ram. I had in a five-second shell, which I wished to get rid of before we got to the iron-clads, and so set it in motion. It struck his mud-drum, emptying the hot steam and water into the small barricaded engine room, where the crew and a company of sharp shooters were seeking protection, about a hundred of whom were killed. The poor fellows came pouring up the scuttles, tearing off their shirts and leaping overboard as soon as they reached the air. But that gave us no rest. The shot struck upon our sides as fast as sledge-hammer blows. Captain Brown was twice knocked off the platform stunned, his marine glass was broken in his hand, and he received a wound on his temple; but recovering himself, he gallantly—no, heroically—resumed his place, and continued to direct the movements of his ship from a position entirely exposed to the fire of not only great guns, but thousands of sharp-shooters, who were pattering the balls all around and about him. The man of steel never flinched, but carried us straight and clear through. I know that this great battle, and the great commander, have been ignored by the *sect* which ruled the navy, but when the history of our *corps* is written, Brown will rank first. Some one called out that the colors had been shot away. It reached the ear of Midshipman Dabney M. Scales, and in an instant the glorious fellow scrambled up the ladder past Captain Brown, and fearlessly treading the terrible path of death, which was being swept by a hurricane of shot and shell, deliberately bent on the colors again, knotted the halyards and hoisted them up, and when they were again knocked away would have replaced them had not he been forbidden by the Captain. Midshipman Clarence Tyler, aide to the Captain, was wounded at his post alongside the Captain. We were passing one of the large sloops-of-war when a heavy shot struck the side abreast of my bow-gun, the concussion knocking over a man who was engaged in taking a shot from the rack. He rubbed his hip, which had been hurt, and said they would “hardly strike twice in a place.” He was mistaken, poor fellow, for immediately a shell entered the breach made by the shot, and bedding itself in the cotton-bale lining on the inside of the bulwark proper, exploded with terrible effect. I found myself standing in a dense, suffocating smoke, with my cap gone and hair and beard singed. The smoke soon cleared away, and I found but one man (Quartermaster Curtis) left. Sixteen were killed and wounded by that shell, and the ship set on fire. Stevens, ever cool and thoughtful, ran to the engine-room

hatch, seized the hose and dragged it to the aperture. In a few moments the fire was extinguished, without an alarm having been created.

The Columbiad was fired but once after its crew was disabled. By the aid of an army Captain (whose name, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten), belonging to a Missouri battery, Curtis and myself succeeded in getting a shot down the gun, with which we struck the Benton. The ill luck which befell the crew of the bow gun was soon to be followed by a similar misfortune to the crew of my broad-side gun. An eleven-inch shot broke through immediately above the port, bringing with it a shower of iron and wooden splinters, which struck down every man at the gun. My Master's Mate, Mr. Wilson, was painfully wounded in the nose, and I had my left arm smashed. Curtis was the only sound man in the division when we mustered the crew at quarters, at Vicksburg. Nor did the mischief of the last shot end with my poor gun's crew. It passed across the deck, through the smoke-stack, and killed eight and wounded seven men at Scales's gun. Fortunately, he was untouched himself, and afterward did excellent service at Grimball's Columbiad. Stationed on the ladder leading to the berth-deck was a Quartermaster named Eaton. He was assigned the duty of passing shells from the forward shell-room, and also had a kind of superintendence over the boys who came for powder. Eaton was a character. He had thick, rough, red hair, an immense muscular frame, and a will and courage rarely encountered. Nothing daunted him, and the hotter the fight, the fiercer grew Eaton. From his one eye he glared furiously on all who seemed inclined to shirk, and his voice grew louder and more distinct as the shot rattled and crashed upon our mail.

At one instant you would hear him pass the word down the hatch: "Nine-inch shell, five-second fuse—here you are, my lad, with your rifle shell, take it and go back quick—what's the matter that you can't get that gun out?" and, like a cat, he would spring from his place and throw his weight on the side tackle, and the gun was sure to go out. "What are you doing here, wounded? Where are you hurt? Go back to your gun, or I'll murder you on the spot—here's your nine-inch shell—mind, shipmate (to a wounded man), the ladder is bloody, don't slip, let me help you."

I have thrown in this slight sketch to show that our men were beginning to straggle, so badly were we cut up. But still the ship was not disabled; seven guns were yet hammering away, and the engines were intact. But steam was down to a terribly low ebb. The party who fitted up the boilers had neglected to line the fire front with non-

conducting material; the consequence was that when a heavy fire of coal was put in the whole mass of iron about the boilers became red-hot and nearly roasted the firemen, who had also got a tub of ice-water, of which they drank freely. The result was that we had to hoist them all out of the fire-room during the action, and Grimball headed a party to supply their place. But I will not detain the reader. We got through, hammered and battered though. Our smokestack resembled an immense nutmeg grater, so often had it been struck, and the sides of the ship were as spotted as if she had been peppered. A shot had broken our cast-iron ram. Another had demolished a hawse-pipe. Our boats were shot away and dragging. But all this was to be expected and could be repaired. Not so on the inside. A great heap of mangled and ghastly slain lay on the gun deck, with rivulets of blood running away from them. There was a poor fellow torn asunder, another mashed flat, whilst in the "slaughter-house" brains, hair and blood were all about. Down below fifty or sixty wounded were groaning and complaining, or courageously bearing their ills without a murmur. All the army stood on the hills to see us round the point. The flag had been set up on a temporary pole, and we went out to return the cheers the soldiers gave us as we passed. The Generals came on board to embrace our Captain, bloody, yet game. This ends our second battle. We must fight another before we go to sleep on that 15th of July.

Operations Before Petersburg, May 6-11, 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD.

HEADQUARTERS HAGOOD'S SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE,
NEAR DREWRY'S BLUFF, VIRGINIA,
May 13, 1864.

Captain Foote, A. A. G. :

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to report the operations of my brigade in front of Petersburg.

On the 6th instant the Twenty-first regiment and three companies of the Twenty-fifth under Major Glover, the whole under Colonel Graham, of the Twenty-first, arrived at Port Walthal Junction, upon which the enemy were then advancing, and in a very short time were engaged. Colonel Graham formed his line east of the railroad, at a

distance of some three hundred yards and parallel to it. His position was well chosen in a sunken road, with his left resting upon a ravine and his right upon a wood. He succeeded in repulsing a considerably larger force than his own, accompanied by two pieces of artillery. From information received from prisoners the enemy were supposed to have been Hickman's brigade. Our troops, both officers and men, must have behaved with distinguished gallantry, and I beg leave respectfully to refer for particulars to the reports of Colonel Graham, enclosed.

At dark on that night I arrived at Petersburg with the balance of the Twenty-fifth regiment, and marched immediately from the cars to reinforce Colonel Graham. The Twenty-seventh arrived a little later and followed, the whole arriving at Port Walthal Junction before day. I found Brigadier-General Johnson also at that point with some eight hundred muskets. He informed me that hearing the firing of Graham's action he had marched from the direction of Drewry's Bluff to reinforce him, arriving after the repulse of the enemy. The General ranking me, I reported to him for orders.

When day broke it was discovered that the enemy had in the night retired from our front. I was ordered to take my three regiments and advance to feel for him. At 10 A. M. I moved and found his line of pickets about a mile and a half on our left front. The morning was spent in manœuvering and skirmishing, and finally the pressing of the enemy indicated an advance. I fell back under orders to the railroad, my left resting on the crossing of the turnpike and railroad; General Johnson's men on my right upon the railroad, and the Twenty-first regiment in reserve in rear of my centre and upon the turnpike.

The enemy appeared at 2 P. M., in two lines of battle with skirmishers well thrown out, and warmly engaged us. His line was oblique to mine and tending to overlap my left. After some half hour's fighting his second line was moved under cover of an intervening wood by right and appeared within musket range, approaching square upon my left, the left of this force being upon the prolongation of my left. The Twenty-First regiment had been ordered up into line upon my left in the beginning of the fight, and I was now compelled under a cross fire from two brigades to change my front. This necessitated great exposure of officers in effecting, but was happily done. The lives of some of the best and bravest of my command, of all grades, paying for its accomplishment. Soon after my new line was taken, I ordered an advance and the flanking brigade was driven back, not again reap-

pearing in that direction. My men now regained the railroad; their right, however, resting where their left had been in the morning. The enemy now massed heavily in my front and again advanced, but my men, sheltered by the railroad embankment, drove them back with but little loss to ourselves, and very heavy to them. Between four and five o'clock, the engagement ceased, except the firing of sharpshooters on either side, and before dark the enemy withdrew from the field.

I had an aggregate of 1,500 men engaged—the enemy at least two brigades. Our loss was 177—the enemy's estimated 1,000, and newspaper correspondents from the army of the enemy state that General Brooks with five brigades and one battery of artillery was in our front that day. In the action I was assisted at different times by two pieces of artillery, sent to me at my request from the right, but they did me but little good, getting twice out of ammunition, after very few discharges, and going a half mile to the rear to replenish. In the close of the action, they were not on the field. The Eleventh regiment and Seventh battalion arrived upon the battle field after nightfall, having been delayed upon the cars in coming from South Carolina.

At 12 o'clock that night our whole force at the Junction was withdrawn by General Johnson to the line of Swift Creek.

On the 9th I was ordered to take a part of my brigade and make a reconnoissance in front of this line. I took the Twenty-first, the Eleventh, and a detachment of the Twenty-fifth under Captain Carson. The object was accomplished, but from the broken and wooded nature of the ground, I became more heavily engaged than I desired with the heavy force in my front, and my loss was severe.

I append a statement of casualties in those actions:

Out of seven field officers taken into the action of the 7th, four were killed or wounded. The brave Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, of the Twenty-first, fell at the head of his men in the crisis of the fight on that day. Colonel Graham was there wounded in two places while cheering on his men. Lieutenant-Colonel Pressley fell at the same place, with a dangerous wound, and refused assistance, ordering forward into line the men who came to take him off the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Blake, of the Twenty-seventh, was slightly wounded. Captain Sellars, of the Twenty-fifth, was wounded and returned to the fight after his wound was dressed. My staff—Captain Molony, Lieutenant Martin, Lieutenant Mazyck, and Captain Stoney—were greatly exposed in the discharge of their duties, and behaved with

their usual gallantry. Captain Stoney was shot through the body, but still survives. Captain Carlos Tracy, of South Carolina, who was acting as volunteer aid upon my staff, behaved with much efficiency and gallantry.

Colonel Gaillard, Colonel Pressley, and Colonel Graham, commanding regiments, behaved with distinguished gallantry; and after the fall of the two latter, Major Glover and Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan did all that could be done in supplying their places. After Colonel Dargan was killed Captain Wilds efficiently commanded his regiment till the close of the day.

The following men have been mentioned for meritorious conduct by their regimental commanders: First-Sergeant Pickens, Butler Watts, Company F; Sergeant J. P. Gibbon and Corporal J. Boozer, same company; Sergeant J. B. Abney, Company E; and Private Armilius Irving, Company A, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment; and Lieutenants Moffett and Duc, Sergeant W. V. Izlar, and Private J. T. Shewmake, of the Twenty-fifth. No report of the kind was received from the Twenty-first, in consequence of the fall of the field officers and the succession of Captain Wilds to its command late in the action. There were, however, many instances of devotion in its ranks, and the bearing and service of Lieutenant Chappel conspicuously attracted the attention of the brigade commander. Private Vincent Bellingier, a cripple from wounds received at Secessionville, and on light duty with the commissary, quit the train when he heard the action was going against us, and came upon the field. Picking up the rifle of a fallen man, he joined a company and fought well during the remainder of the day.

Respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Brigadier-General.

REPORT OF COLONEL R. F. GRAHAM.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST S. C. V.,
PORT WALTHAL JUNCTION, *May 7th, 1864.*

Captain P. H. Mallory, A. A. G.:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to report that I arrived at Petersburg on yesterday, the 16th instant, with three companies of the Twenty-First S. C. V., and three companies of the Twenty-Fifth S. C. V., numbering about 300 men. That I was immediately ordered with this force to Port Walthal Junction by Major-General Pickett,

with instructions to defend the railroad at that point. I arrived at the Junction about 4:45 P. M., and there found three hundred men of the Twenty-First S. C. V., under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, who had arrived there from Drewy's Bluff about one hour previous.

I discovered soon after arriving that the enemy were in heavy force in front. I immediately chose my position, and formed my line of battle some 300 yards east of the railroad. I had hardly formed my line when I was attacked by a force estimated to be at least two brigades, with several pieces of artillery. They were driven back in confusion. They again formed for an attack, and attempted to turn my left flank. Perceiving this, I sent all my force that could be spared to this point. They were met with such a deadly fire, that they retreated in confusion from the field, leaving some of their dead and wounded on the field. I cannot fail to mention the gallant conduct of both officers and men. The right of the line was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, and the left by Major Glover, Twenty-Fifth S. C. V. I lost in this action thirty-three men, two killed and twenty-eight wounded of the Twenty-First S. C. V., and five wounded of the Twenty-Fifth S. C. V.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed,)

R. F. GRAHAM,

Colonel Twenty-First S. C. V., Commanding.

A Morning Call on General Kilpatrick.

By E. L. WELLS.

Probably there are very few great military reputations which rest upon a smaller foundation than that of General Sherman. In the popular imagination he figures as the mighty conqueror, whose campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas virtually ended the war between the States. His "March to the Sea" has been lauded and rhymed about until it has come to be deemed an achievement worthy to live for all time in "song and story." In point of fact it was nothing of the kind, but was, in a military point of view, a very commonplace affair. When the army which had barred his further progress before Atlanta had vanished on its ill-starred errand into Tennessee, there was no hostile force of any consequence before him, and this it re-

quired but the most ordinary intelligence on his part to perceive. Surely he must have possessed an intensely Falstaffian imagination to have conjured up many "men in buckram" in the deserted fields, the silent swamps and lonely pine woods through which his march would lie. And there is good ground for believing that even the idea of cutting loose from his base and making a huge raid through the country, which his admirers claim to have been a very "bold" conception, was not originated by him at all. Hereafter, when the effervescence of "patriotic" gush has evaporated, this campaign will, I think, be considered chiefly remarkable for the systematic and cruel destruction of the homes and the means of subsistence of non-combatants.

The principal agent to whom this devastation was entrusted, General Kilpatrick, commanded Sherman's cavalry. A brief interview with him is the *raison d'être* of the present article.

Butler's cavalry division had been detached from the Army of Northern Virginia in the latter part of December, 1864, and had been sent to South Carolina to operate against Sherman, a duty which it performed until the end of the war. Although a division in name, and consisting of two brigades, it numbered only some eight hundred men, and could, therefore, of course, oppose no effectual resistance to Sherman's overwhelming force, but its task was to confine to the smallest possible limits the area of his devastation. To hover by turns around his front, his flanks and his rear; to pounce upon his foraging parties, who were burning and harrying; to dash between his marching columns and cut off marauders; to save the lives and property, as far as practicable, of women and children; such were the chief occupations of our General during this campaign, and with indefatigable energy did he attend to them. The service was full of personal adventure and excitement for his followers; there were frequent little brushes with raiding parties, and now and then a lively time in eluding larger bodies, and this would be enlivened by almost hourly chases of "bummers," whose pockets were seldom found unsupplied with stolen jewelry and one or two baptismal cups, and the recapturing of farm animals laden with household spoils.

Occasionally an opportunity would occur of striking more important blows, and of these our leader was vigilant to avail himself.

Early one morning in March, 1865, I was sent to carry a dispatch to a distant command, and did not succeed in rejoining our division until about the middle of the night, having had rather a rough time of it all day dodging the enemy. I at last found it on the edge of

some wooded ground, just off a road near a point known at that time, I think, as Longstreet Church, some few miles distant from Fayetteville, N. C. The day had been very wet, and the night was rainy and black as ink. As my horse and I had eaten nothing since the evening of the previous day, I was naturally first interested in the ration question. Ah! bonnie little bay, who had to go supperless, and was so soon to brave a mortal wound unflinchingly until the fight was won, and then to sink to rest with a look so plaintive it was human-like! I could only obtain for myself, through the kindness of a comrade, a small piece of musty corn-bread. Having finished this not very exhilarating feast, and washed it down with a draught of water, that would have been more acceptable if it had been less pure, I was about attempting to kindle a fire when I was told in a whisper that doing so was prohibited by orders. I drew out my pipe to comfort myself with a puff, but this too was forbidden, to my disgust. I then observed that such of the men as I could make out in the darkness were close to their horses, and that the animals were saddled and bitted, ready to be mounted.

I soon discovered the explanation of all this. At dusk in the evening, in a drizzling rain, General Butler had been reconnoitering at some little distance in advance of his command, accompanied by only his staff and a few couriers. Riding at the head of this little band he was met by a body of horsemen coming from the opposite direction.

To his "Halt!" and "What command are you from?" it was replied:

"Picket from the —th Iowa."*

"All right," said the General. "Pass on, picket."

In the meantime a hint had been given to his escort, which they were not slow to comprehend. They separated on each side of the road, as if to allow the Federal picket to pass; but as the latter was doing so, the officer in command and the men in front were again halted, this time with the unwelcome addition, "Surrender; you are prisoners."

As point was given to this sudden information by the mute but eloquent muzzles of cocked revolvers covering them, the picket quietly accepted the situation without making themselves disagreeable. They were then marched forward until the advance-guard of our division was met, when they were duly turned over as prisoners. Of course these fellows were entirely unaware that they had been

* I think, but am not sure, the picket was from that State.

captured by a mere handful of men. They were literally "in the dark" about it, and believed themselves to have encountered the head of a column very much stronger than their own.

Scouts were sent out, and soon brought back the news that there was no picket now between the Federal camp, only a few hundred yards distant, and ourselves, the captured detachment having evidently been on its way to picket this approach to General Kilpatrick's cavalry camp.

The glad tidings were quickly dispatched to General Hampton, who was in command of all our cavalry, and in the meantime our division was halted in the road in profound silence. A few dismounted men were sent forward singly to secrete themselves along the roadside near the entrance of the Federal camp, to be ready to noiselessly take chage of any one from there who might intend visiting their picket that night.

The consequence of all this was that we were to make a call next morning, as soon as there was light enough, upon General Kilpatrick, dispensing with the formality of personal introductions, not even sending in our cards before our "surprise party" should be with him to an early breakfast. This, it was hoped, would induce him, "on hospitable thoughts intent," to give up his camp and as many of his men as he could spare to his enterprising guests; in short, his entire corps was to be wiped out before assistance could reach him from the infantry.

The night passed wearily enough as we sat huddled together in the mud among our sleepy horses, but at length the first faint light preceding the dawn was visible; then the command moved silently out of the wood and formed noiselessly on the road. The rain had by this time ceased, but the atmosphere was so obscured by mist that one could hardly realize the night was ended, and found the range of vision very limited. After some minutes a portion of the division, which was to lead in the attack, moved down the road on a slow walk in the direction of the Federal camp, and halted just outside of it. Here a few words were addressed to the men by the General in his quiet, clear, incisive voice, he looking, every inch of him, the beau ideal of a cavalier. Then he galloped to the head of the column and his order—"Follow me, men. Charge!" rang out for friend and foe to hear.

In a moment the cavalrymen were dashing with a magnificent Confederate yell through Kilpatrick's camp. All there were buried in the profound slumber of supposed security. The sleepy camp

guards and a few cooks busied about camp-fires attempted no resistance, and the troopers, thus rudely awakened, rubbed their eyes and peered out from under their canvas flaps in droll bewilderment at the row. It was very good fun at first, but the unwieldy number of prisoners was awkward; we could not "surround" them, as the Irishman said he did his dozen or more captives. Presently they began to rally in knots, and then the hand-to-hand skirmishing became pretty brisk, as compliments were being exchanged at close quarters. It was especially lively near a little house which loomed up through the mist and around which were tied many horses. On one of these barebacked animals jumped a brawny Federal, and with his revolver did as gallant fighting as one could wish to see. He and one of our men "tackled," and by common consent were left to fight it out alone for what seemed minutes, but which were doubtless only seconds. At length he fell under his horse's feet, having died pluckily, as a true soldier should, to save his chief; for that black horse he rode was Killpatrick's own, and within the little house were his headquarters.

Just then there bolted from the door a sorry-looking figure in his shirt and drawers. The fugitive made no fight, but cutting loose and springing astride a horse "tarried not on the order of his going," but sped for safety through the fog and powder-smoke as fast as a militiaman. No one stopped him, thinking it not worth while in presence of such abundance of better-seeming game. Only one man recognized in the humble runaway the quondam bumptious Major-General and future politician, and he gave chase. His pistol being empty he meant to ride him down, and would have done so, but unhappily his horse fell on the wet, slippery ground, and he had the mortification of seeing General Kilpatrick disappear.

A striking contrast to him was *our* General. Showing no weapon, but carrying a little riding-whip, with which he pointed here and there, directing the operations, he seemed the brain of the physical mass around him. It required no great stretch of imagination to fancy him the leader of a mighty orchestra, and his men the music makers. It used to be said his skin glanced bullets, and that it required a twelve-pounder to carry away that one leg in Virginia, and I often thought there must be something in it. What manner of man he was will best be understood from an answer he gave on one occasion when a courier galloped up in hot haste with a message from one of his Colonels, saying he was being "flanked" by the enemy. "Tell him to flank them back," was the General's laconic reply.

And now in wild alarm there emerged from the house, whose

weather-boards were fast being perforated by chance bullets, a strange apparition, one quite out of place in such wild scenes—a forlorn, forsaken damsel—one who was “neither maid, wife, nor widow,” and who was “attached” to headquarters. She looked for a moment disconsolately at her carriage, which was close at hand, as if with the vague idea in her dazed head that it was high time for her to be leaving, and then stood still in mute despair as it broke upon her that it could not move without horses. Seeing that she was in imminent danger from stray shots that were flying about, a cavalryman dismounted and conducted the poor thing, in all courtesy, to a drainage-ditch, within which she crouched in safety, as if it had been a rifle-pit. It was noticed, however, that, in spite of the risk thus incurred, she persisted in lifting her head from time to time and peered above the ditch to see what was going on, thus showing, as some one said, that female curiosity is stronger even than love of life.

The remainder of our division had come on to support the attacking detachment, and as they entered the camp a very sad and touching incident occurred. Some prisoners (they were chiefly worn-out stragglers from the infantry), whom Kilpatrick had with him, recognizing the splendid ring of the Confederate battle cry, burst from their guard, and frantic with joy, rushed forth to meet their deliverers. One poor fellow, the foremost of them all, ragged, half-starved, and lately wretched but now nearly crazed with delight, attempted to embrace a horse's neck, but mistaken in the obscurity for an assailant, met his death at the rider's hand. Perceiving too late his error, the slayer sprang to the ground and bent remorsefully over the corpse, only to recognize in the ghastly features of the dead a near neighbor and life-long friend.

There was another occurrence which had a ludicrous, as well as tragic side. A driver of a headquarter wagon was snoozing so soundly under the white topped cover, curled up snugly in the nice, warm straw within, that he did not awake until some little time after we had been in the camp. He must have been very much fatigued, from doing nothing, or perhaps had taken an over-heavy night-cap to guard against the dampness. At length, becoming aroused by all the din around him, he pushed aside the curtains and looked sleepily out, bleary-eyed and frowsy from his morning nap, at a loss to make out the meaning of such a hurly-burly, and with no idea of hurting any one.

Unluckily for him, his harmless intentions were not understood until too late, as there was no time then for long-winded inquiries and

explanations. One of our men happened to be riding by so near that the fellow almost touched him with his sleepy head as he popped it out between the curtains, and, startled by it into instinctive self-defence, promptly put an end to him, so that the poor wretch never got really well awake at all. It was much to be regretted, but the moral is, it is a bad thing to sleep too late in the mornings.

It was not long before the entire camp was in our possession, those who had not fled to the cover of the infantry or sought refuge in a swamp hard by having been slain or captured. The herd and its official leader had been from the outset completely demoralized, and the heroism of individuals could not redeem the situation. It only remained to hold what had been gained, but that was the difficulty. If it had not been for overwhelming masses of infantry near at hand Kilpatrick's corps, as an organized body, would have never again existed.

Most of our men were dismounted and thrown forward as infantry to hold the ground until the captured horses, artillery and wagons could be removed or destroyed. The programme had been for a portion of Wheeler's command to attack the camp on our right as soon as the firing indicated to them that the ball was opened, but owing to the swampy nature of the ground after the rain, and other reasons not necessary to mention, they unfortunately did not come up in time to answer the purpose intended. At length portions of the scattered Federal cavalry began to take heart and rally under the wing of their infantry, and it became necessary for our command to withdraw before the pressure of the latter. We carried away many hundred prisoners (nearly as many as the entire attacking force), and numbers of horses, among them three of Kilpatrick's private mounts, the gallant black already alluded to, a piebald, and a bay. When we had retired it was practicable for that General to return to his headquarters, which he had left in the rather abrupt manner that I have attempted to describe.

Thus terminated an affair which, as far as I know, has not been recorded, or even dignified by a name; yet it was not without brilliancy in conception and romantic dash in execution, and its results failed of being decisive simply from the vast disproportion of numbers. If it had occurred in the *first* American war for independence its achievements would have been chronicled with flourishes of the historic pen, and it might have supplied a theme for many a fervid centennial speaker.

Some weeks afterwards, when Johnston's army had been disbanded,

I passed over the ground of this fight, as I was making my way southward by night. I reached the house which had been Kilpatrick's headquarters at a late hour, and a more dismal, unearthly scene than I beheld it would be difficult to imagine. The dwelling was entirely deserted. Perhaps its owner, driven forth from her home with her little ones to make room for the Woman of the Ditch, had perished from hunger and exposure. At all events it was unoccupied by any living thing; the windows were without sashes, the front door broken from its hinges, and all fences and out-buildings had disappeared. Near the dilapidated piazza, to the railing of which several horses had been tied on the morning when the corps was stampeded, were some carcasses, and at a few paces distant, where many horses had been fastened to a fence, there were numerous skeletons of the poor brutes. From these the hides had been stripped and the bones picked bare, doubtless by vagrant curs and predatory vermin from the neighboring swamp. The human remains had been interred, but rain and wind, assisted probably by animals, had in many instances partially removed from them the earth, so that the fleshless faces peered up at one, and bony hands stretched forth as if to beckon. The effect was heightened by the faint moonlight. It was an uncanny place, and the least superstitious would have been likely to have experienced some strange feelings there. The skeleton hands seemed then, as I said, to beckon. Since that time I have thought they intended a different meaning; that they sought to implore the living not to forget the dead, but to keep alive forever the glory of each hero who bit the dust,

“——, facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods.”

Sabine Pass.

A FEDERAL ACCOUNT—LETTER FROM ADJUTANT-GENERAL FRED-ERIC SPEED.

[We cheerfully give place to the following letter, which is a different version from the account of Sabine Pass which has been received among Confederates, and is very different from the one which follows it. We publish without comments:]

VICKSBURG, MISS., September 27th, 1883.

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—In the October issue of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS you ask, "Who will send us a detailed sketch of the heroic defence of Sabine Pass?" and referring to the death of Jack White, quote from an unknown exchange the statement that White was one of the forty Irishmen who held Sabine Pass against the "entire" Federal fleet during the war, "and received the personal thanks of Mr. Davis," &c. The statement further goes on to say that the "Federal force consisted of three Federal brigades" "and a fleet of gun-boats," and adds, "the defeat of this force was probably the most heroic exploit of the war, and out of solid shame the Federal Government dropped the record thereof from their war annals."

I should not write you to call attention to the fact that the statement referred to contains more which is the result of a pure effort of the imagination than of the truth, if I did not credit your society with a sincere desire to publish facts, and not fiction, in making up the history of the war. That the defence of Sabine Pass was "heroic" I freely admit; the defenders were few in numbers, and exhibited coolness and skill; but that they were entitled to the extravagant praise of being denominated "the forty bravest men of the Confederacy" is all balderdash, and does the grossest injustice to the entire forces of the Confederacy; for I presume that there were none of them which on many occasions did not exhibit equal "bravery," and it is within my personal knowledge that thousands of Confederate soldiers far surpassed the valiant forty at Sabine Pass in the noble quality of the soldier.

That there was a large Federal force within sight is true; but with the exception of three gun-boats, the entire force would have proved quite as effective if it had remained at New Orleans, simply from the fact that it was impracticable to land the army, and the naval vessels drew so much water that with the exception of the gun-boats referred to it could not approach nearer than two and a half to three miles of Mr. Davis's "forty bravest men," who were as safe from harm in the earth-work as they would have been a thousand miles away. They did not probably know this, and their merit consists in the fact that they did not run away, as most men would have done under the circumstance, before finding out this important fact in the "engagement."

The three gun-boats engaged were the "Sachem," a canal-boat in appearance, and about as effective, selected, because of her light draft, to precede the "fleet." Her value was demonstrated by the fact that the first shot fired at her exploded her boiler and totally disabled her, scalding almost every man on board, and causing her to surrender without—if my memory serves me—firing a gun. The second gun-boat was a Staten Island ferry-boat, called the "Clifton," which grounded before reaching the earth-work, and at the third or fourth shot from the Confederates had her steam-chest struck, which not only disabled her, but was the cause of the scalding of many of her crew. The third gun-boat was the "Granite State," which drew too much water to get within effective distance, and she was not engaged. Distributed between the "Sachem" and "Clifton" were seventy-five infantry, who were blinded and scalded by the escaping steam, and did not fire a shot.

The balance of the Federal forces, owing to the heavy draft of the vessels, could not get within less than two miles of the fort; the nearest point at which any other vessel, than those named, succeeded in getting during the entire engagement was the Mississippi-river steamer "Laurel Hill," which drew eight feet of water, and the "R. W. Thomas," another Mississippi-river steamer, drawing a little more water. These vessels had about two thousand men on board, who, if a landing could have been effected, would have made short work of the "forty bravest men of the Confederacy." But as the "Clifton," drawing less water, ran aground before reaching the earth-work, and was rendered a helpless wreck by about three shots from the Confederate guns, the chances were that the Mississippi-river boats, with their exposed boilers and machinery, would suffer a similar fate, and at no time were they within such a distance of the earth-work that they could be fairly said to be a menace to the heroic garrison. On the other hand, a force of Confederate infantry, estimated by the number and crowded condition of the boats, by us at four thousand, arrived during the engagement, to reinforce the forty braves. A storm coming on during the night, the fleet, mostly composed of cockle-shells, was forced to run for shelter, and thus ended the demonstration in which forty men won imperishable honors. Of course it was a defeat for the Federals, whose object was to capture Sabine Pass, a feat which would have occasioned no very great difficulty if there had been found any spot where the army could have effected a landing, or the navy could have got one respectably constructed and equipped vessel within range. Such was not, however, the case, and it is as unfair

to the whole Confederate forces to speak of the garrison of the earth-work at Sabine Pass as the "forty bravest men of the Confederacy" as it is to insinuate that the Union naval and military forces, lying out in the Gulf of Mexico, have any reason to be ashamed of the failure to capture a place they could not reach in vessels drawing fourteen to twenty-five feet of water, which was the case with the exception of those I have named, and which experience demonstrated drew too much to navigate a channel in which there could not have been much more, if any, than seven feet.

Mr. Davis was undoubtedly misled, and did not know that if the garrison had abandoned their post at any time during the Federal reconnoissance—for that was all it was, in point of fact—they should have been courtmartialed for cowardice; because however meritorious their action in "holding the fort" may have been, it is absolutely certain that they were never exposed to any real danger of capture or injury from the Federals, who did not fire a dozen shots altogether, and from which the garrison was perfectly protected by the earth-work.

Very respectfully yours,

FREDERIC SPEED,

Formerly A. A. General 1st Division 19th Army Corps.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S ACCOUNT.

[In order that our readers may have "the other side," and that there may go into our record a full and authentic narrative of this heroic action, we copy the account given by President Davis in "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."]

The strategic importance to the enemy of the possession of Sabine river caused the organization of a large expedition of land and naval forces to enter and ascend the river. If successful, it gave the enemy short lines for operation against the interior of Texas, and relieved them of the discomfiture resulting from their expulsion from Galveston Harbor.

The fleet of the enemy numbered twenty-three vessels. The forces were estimated to be ten thousand men. No adequate provision had been made to resist such a force, and, under the circumstances, none might have been promptly made on which reliance could have been reasonably placed. A few miles above the entrance into the Sabine river a small earthwork had been constructed, garrisoned at the time

of the action by forty-two men and two lieutenants, with an armament of six guns. The officers and men were all Irishmen, and the company was called the "Davis Guards." The Captain, F. H. Odlum, was temporarily absent, so that the command devolved upon Lieutenant R. W. Dowling. Wishing to perpetuate the history of an affair in which I believe the brave garrison did more than an equal force had ever elsewhere performed, I asked General Magruder, when I met him after the war, to write out a full account of the event; he agreed to so, but died not long after I saw him, and before complying with my request. From the publications of the day I have obtained the main facts, as they were then printed in the Texas newspapers, and, being unwilling to summarize the reports, give them at length:

CAPTAIN F. H. ODLUM'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

"HEADQUARTERS, SABINE PASS,

"September 9, 1863.

"*Captain A. N. Mills, Assistant Adjutant-General:*

"SIR,—I have the honor to report that we had an engagement with the enemy yesterday and gained a handsome victory. We captured two of their gunboats, crippled a third, and drove the rest out of the Pass. We took eighteen fine guns, a quantity of smaller arms, ammunition and stores, killed about fifty, wounded several, and took one hundred and fifty prisoners, without the loss or injury of any one on our side or serious damage to the fort.

"Your most obedient servant,

F. H. ODLUM,

"*Captain, commanding Sabine Pass.*"

COMMODORE LEON SMITH'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

"*Captain E. P. Turner, Assistant Adjutant-General:*

"SIR,—After telegraphing the Major-General before leaving Beaumont, I took a horse and proceeded with all haste to Sabine Pass, from which direction I could distinctly hear a heavy firing. Arriving at the Pass at 3 P. M., I found the enemy off and inside the bar, with nineteen gunboats and steamships and other ships of war, carrying, as well as I could judge, fifteen thousand men. I proceeded

with Captain Odlum to the fort, and found Lieutenant Dowling and Lieutenant N. H. Smith, of the engineer corps, with forty-two men, defending the fort. Until 3 P. M. our men did not open on the enemy, as the range was too distant. The officers of the fort coolly held their fire until the enemy had approached near enough to reach them. But, when the enemy arrived within good range, our batteries were opened, and gallantly replied to a galling and most terrific fire from the enemy. As I entered the fort the gunboats Clifton, Arizona, Sachem, and Granite State, with several others, came boldly up to within one thousand yards, and opened their batteries, which were gallantly and effectively replied to by the Davis Guards. For one hour and thirty minutes a most terrific bombardment of grape, canister and shell was directed against our heroic and devoted little band within the fort. The shot struck in every direction, but, thanks be to God! not one of the noble Davis Guards was hurt. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Lieutenant Dowling, who displayed the utmost heroism in the discharge of the duty assigned him, and the defenders of the fort. God bless the Davis Guards, one and all! The honor of the country was in their hands, and nobly they sustained it. Every man stood at his post, regardless of the murderous fire that was poured upon them from every direction. The result of the battle, which lasted from 3:30 to 5 P. M., was the capturing of the Clifton and Sachem, eighteen heavy guns, and one hundred and fifty prisoners, and the killing and wounding of fifty men, and driving outside the bar the enemy's fleet, comprising twenty-three vessels in all. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

"LEON SMITH,

"Commanding Marine Department of Texas."

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF TEXAS,

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA, .

HOUSTON, TEXAS, September 9, 1863.

"(Special Order.)"

"Another glorious victory has been won by the heroism of Texans. The enemy, confident of overpowering the little garrison at Sabine Pass, boldly advanced to the work of capture. After a sharp contest he was entirely defeated, one gunboat hurrying off in a crippled condition, while two others, the Clifton and Sachem, with their armaments and crews, including the commander of the fleet, surrendered to the gallant defenders of the fort. The loss of the enemy has been heavy, while not a man on our side has been killed or wounded.

Though the enemy has been repulsed in his naval attacks, his land forces, reported as ten thousand strong, are still off the coast waiting an opportunity to land.

"The Major-General calls on every man able to bear arms to bring his guns or arms, no matter of what kind, and be prepared to make a sturdy resistance to the foe.

"Major-General J. B. MAGRUDER.

"*Edmund P. Turner*, Assistant Adjutant-General."

The *Daily Post*, of Houston, Texas, of August 22, 1880, has the following :

"A few days after the battle each man that participated in the fight was presented with a silver medal inscribed as follows: On one side 'D. G.,' for the Davis Guards, and on the reverse side, 'Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863.'

"Captain Odium and Lieutenant R. W. Dowling have gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns, and but few members of the heroic band are in the land of the living, and those few reside in the city of Houston, and often meet together and talk about the battle in which they participated on the memorable 8th of September, 1863.

"The following are the names of the company who manned the guns in Fort Grigsby, and to whom the credit is due for the glorious victory :

"Lieutenants R. W. Dowling and N. H. Smith ; Privates Timothy McDonough, Thomas Dougherty, David Fitzgerald, Michael Monahan, John Hassett, John McKeefer, Jack W. White, Patrick McDonnell, William Gleason, Michael Carr, Thomas Hagerty, Timothy Huggins, Alexander McCabe, James Flemming, Patrick Fitzgerald, Thomas McKernon, Edward Pritchard, Charles Rheins, Timothy Hurley, John McGrath, Matthew Walshe, Patrick Sullivan, Michael Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Patrick Clare, John Hennessey, Hugh Deagan, Maurice Powers, Abner Carter, Daniel McMurray, Patrick Malone, James Corcoran, Patrick Abbott, John McNealis, Michael Egan, Daniel Donovan, John Wesley, John Anderson, John Flood, Peter O'Hare, Michael Delaney, Terence Mulhern."

The inquiry may naturally arise how this small number of men could take charge of so large a body of prisoners. This required that to their valor they should add strategem. A few men were placed on the parapet as sentinels, the rest were marched out as a

guard to receive the prisoners and their arms. Thus was concealed the fact that the fort was empty. The report of the guns bombarding the fort had been heard, and soon after the close of the battle reinforcements arrived, which relieved the little garrison from its embarrassment.

Official reports of officers in the assaulting column, as published in the "Rebellion Record," vol. vii., page 425, *et seq.*, refer to another fort, and steamers in the river, co-operating in the defence of Fort Grigsby. The success of the single company which garrisoned the earthwork is without parallel in ancient or modern war. It was marvelous; but it is incredible—more than marvelous—that another garrison in another fort, with cruising steamers, aided in checking the advance of the enemy, yet silently permitted the forty-two men and two officers of Fort Grigsby to receive all the credit for the victory which was won. If this be supposable, how is it possible that Captain Odum, Commander Smith, General Magruder, and Lieutenant Dowling, who had been advised to abandon the work, and had consulted their men as to their willingness to defend it, should nowhere have mentioned the putative fort and co-operating steamers?

The names of the forty-four must go down to posterity unshorn of the honor which their contemporaries admiringly accorded.

Letters from Fort Sumter in 1862 and 1863.

By Lieut. IREDELL JONES, First Regiment S. C. Regulars.

No. 2.

FORT SUMTER, July 20, 1863.

My Dear Father,— * * Since my last to mother much of interest has transpired, and all before my eyes. I have seen a desperate battle fought, preceded, as it was, by one of the most furious bombardments of the war. About 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, the five monitors, the Ironsides, and five gunboats moved up in front of Wagner and immediately opened a most terrific shelling, and they had not fired long before the enemy's batteries (two in number) joined in, and all together poured forth their missiles of death for ten long hours on our little fort, containing only one gun with which we were able to reply. The rest of the guns in the fort are of light calibre and useful only against an assaulting party. Our men took refuge in their bomb-proofs, and, having sustained only a few casu-

alties, quietly awaited the time when they would be afforded an opportunity for taking revenge. That time came much sooner than they anticipated. About dusk the dark and dense columns were seen moving slowly down the beach. When they had reached the commencement of the open plain in front of and entirely commanded by the Battery, the first brigade, under Gen. Strong, being formed in two columns, made a dashing charge for our works. They reached the Battery, but were repulsed and driven back in confusion. Immediately the second brigade, under Col. Putnam, moved to the assault, and reached and took possession of the main portion of our works, but the ditch in front, filled with dead and dying, and the scattered dead and wounded across the whole plain, told how dearly they had paid for it.

The enemy kept possession of the portion they had taken for three-quarters of an hour, were there in force even after all the rest of their comrades had retreated, and but for a gallant charge of a handful of men from the Charleston Battalion, led by General Taliaferro in person, they would well nigh have taken our works. Our little band charged them at the point of the bayonet, and either killed, wounded, or took possession of the whole party. If the enemy had been supported, I believe the Battery would have fallen.

Thus ended one of the most desperate little battles of this war. It was really fought by about 500 of our men against twelve regiments of the enemy, numbering about 8,000 in all, in two brigades. I visited the Battery yesterday, and went all over the battle-field. The dead and wounded were piled up in a ditch together, sometimes fifty in a heap, and they were strewn all over the plain for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. They had two negro regiments, and they were slaughtered in every direction. One pile of negroes numbered thirty. Numbers of both whites and blacks were killed on top our breastworks, as well as inside. The negroes fought gallantly, and were headed by as brave a Colonel as ever lived. He mounted the breastworks, waving his sword, and at the head of his regiment, and he and a negro orderly sergeant fell dead over the inner crest of the works. The negroes were as fine looking set as I ever saw—large, strong, muscular fellows. They were splendidly uniformed; but they do not know what they are fighting for. They say they were forced into it. I learned from prisoners that they are held in contempt by the white soldiers, and not only so, but that the white officers who command them are despised also. They are made to do all the drudgery of the army.

The enemy's loss was, according to the best estimates, 600 killed and about the same number wounded and prisoners together, while our loss, all told, was not more than 150.

The Colonel of one of the negro regiments has been recognized as a very wealthy gentleman from Boston.

The enemy sent a flag of truce over yesterday morning, asking to be allowed to bury their dead, but General Hagood, who has relieved General Taliaferro for the present, replied that *we* would attend to that. There was a kind of mutual agreement, however, that all operations should be suspended for the day, and while I was on the field about fifty Yankees came over, and were circulating freely among our working parties, cracking jokes and "cutting" at each other. I did not speak to them myself, but in company with a Lieutenant from the Battery, went up nearly to the enemy's rifle pits, and was in about fifty yards of three or four hundred of them. I went up to try to see the strength of their stockade work, and depth of the ditch in front of us, together with the number of guns, &c., in their batteries, but was unable to make any discoveries.

During the fight we assisted with such a fire as old Sumter was able to give, and all the time during the day while the enemy were firing so furiously on the Battery, we kept up a slow fire at their batteries, and now and then gave their monitors a turn. We were at the Battery from 9 o'clock Saturday till 3 o'clock Sunday morning, without scarcely leaving it. Wagner is uninjured. All it needs is heavier guns to keep off the fleet, and our Generals won't send these to them, for fear of the Battery's being taken and the guns being lost. If they be *not* sent I believe the Battery will fall, for it is now almost encircled with gunboats and batteries. The garrison holds out bravely, and if assisted, as it deserves to be, Wagner cannot be taken.

It is now 3 o'clock P. M. The bombardment was recommenced to-day, and still continues. The enemy's batteries have just opened on Sumter, and for the first time. Several shells have fallen inside the fort. A drummer-boy was wounded by a fragment a few moments ago. * * * *

Your affectionate son,

IREDELL JONES.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ., our Vice-President for the District of Columbia, has again shown his appreciation for our work in a way which the following correspondence will explain:

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 6, 1884.

*Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary of the
Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:*

My Dear Sir,—I have just obtained a very interesting and valuable document—being the original “Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America,” bearing date February 8, 1861, and signed by the representatives of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and it affords me pleasure to present it to your Society, which seems to me to be the proper custodian of such a relic.

I forward the document by Adams’s Express Company to-day, and remain,
Very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

OFFICE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NO. 7, LIBRARY FLOOR STATE CAPITOL,
RICHMOND, VA., February 7, 1884,

*W. W. Corcoran, Esq., Vice-President
Southern Historical Society for District of Columbia:*

My Dear Sir,—I have to-day received your esteemed favor of the 6th instant, and the express this afternoon brought the interesting and valuable historic document to which it refers.

Allow me, in behalf of the Society, to return you our warm thanks for this renewed expression of the deep, practical, and liberal interest you have shown in our work ever since our organization.

It is a source of peculiar gratification to us that one whose princely munificence has carried sunshine into so many desolated Southern homes, gladness to so many sorrowing hearts, should manifest so hearty an interest in our efforts to collect, collate, preserve and publish the material for a true history of the Government and people whose original Constitution you now place in our archives, doing us the honor to say that the Southern Historical Society seems to you “to be the proper custodian of such a relic.”

We shall sacredly preserve this beautiful memento of the Confederacy, which

“—— rose so white and fair,
And fell so pure of crimes”;

and we shall not fail to suitably link with it the name of our honored benefactor, whose wise liberality enabled us first to begin the publication of our

records, and who has again and again contributed such valuable material to our collection.

You will be glad to know that we are hopefully working for the establishment of our Society on the firm basis of a fire-proof building for our archives, and a *permanent endowment*, which will ensure the carrying on of the work, after those of us who are now engaged in it shall have passed away; and we assure you that we are greatly cheered in our efforts by such practical sympathy on the part of one whose liberality is only equalled by the wisdom with which he is accustomed to bestow it.

With best wishes and most fervent prayers for your continued health, happiness and usefulness, I am, with sentiments of highest respect and esteem,

Very truly yours,

J. WILLIAM JONES,
Secretary Southern Historical Society.

The Constitution is beautifully engrossed on parchment, and has on it the autograph signatures of the members then composing the Provisional Congress, and the certificate of the clerk as to its genuineness.

It is indeed an interesting and valuable addition to the priceless collection of the Southern Historical Society, and makes another strong argument for giving the Society fire-proof quarters at the earliest possible day.

RENEWALS WERE NEVER MORE "IN ORDER" than at the present, and we beg again that our many friends who are in arrears will promptly forward the amount due us.

AN APPEAL THAT SHOULD BE HEEDED comes to us in the following, which we cordially publish, and most heartily endorse. We are glad to learn that responses are coming in very handsomely from every quarter, and that, with an expected appropriation from the Virginia Legislature, the scheme promises to be a splendid success:

R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. 1, CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
RICHMOND, VA., January 15th, 1884.

The above Camp of "OLD CONFEDS" see and feel the necessity for concentrated effort to aid and care for the disabled of our comrades, who have no Government to bestow bounty upon them, and who must rely on those who experienced the hardship of soldier life, and those who have sympathy for them. We have had kindly greetings from the "Boys in Blue"—who *were* on the other side—and call on those of the "Gray" who may be disposed and able to assist us.

We have determined to hold a grand Fair in this city for the purpose indicated in May next, or as soon as we can, and would be grateful for such

contributions of money or merchandise as will make our efforts a success.
Please make prompt reply if you can help us.

With soldierly greetings, we are,
Your old comrade Confeds,

R. H. FOX,
J. B. MCKENNY,
D. S. REDFORD,
J. T. FERRITER,
W. T. ASHBY,

Committee.

THE "MERCER CAVALRY," from Spotsylvania county, Virginia, commanded by *Lieutenant Waller*, and not the "Mercer county Cavalry," commanded by "Lieutenant Walker," as it was by some oversight put in Captain Frayser's account of Stuart's "Ride Around McClellan," was the company which charged with the Essex Dragoons when the lamented Latanè fell.

We are indebted for this correction to our gallant friend Captain Willie Campbell, of Essex.

CORRECTIONS IN THE ROSTER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, which we published in our January-February number, have come from several sources, and we solicit others, if errors are found.

General N. H. Harris writes as follows :

VICKSBURG, MISS., February 4th, 1884.

Rev. J. William Jones, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va :

My Dear Sir,—In the January number SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, just received, page 8, appears: "Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, August 31st, 1864, page 13, Mahone's division, it is stated that Colonel Joseph M. Jayne was in command of Harris's brigade. This is an error; I was in command of the brigade, and Colonel Joseph M. Jayne was in command of his regiment, the Forty-eighth Mississippi. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas B. Manlove, of the Forty-eighth regiment, by my assignment, was in command of the Twelfth regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth regiment, by my assignment was in command of the Sixteenth regiment.

If there are as many errors made as to other commands, the compilation is not a very valuable one. General Humphreys, in his "Virginia Campaign of 1864 and '65," Appendix C., page 416, is more accurate, though his

roster was evidently made upon returns dated about the first of the month of August, as the changes in my own command will show.

Yours very truly,

N. H. HARRIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our readers will remember the name of Mrs. Waller in connection with our report of the Reunion of Morgan's men last July. The following announces her death:

"CHICAGO, December 15th, 1883.

"Editor of Southern Historical Papers,

Richmond, Va.:

"It is with profound sorrow that I announce the sudden death of Mrs. Sarah Bell Waller, at her residence on Ashland avenue in this city about 8 o'clock P. M. Thursday the 13th.

"The thousands of Confederate prisoners of war who survive their confinement in camp Douglas near this city during the war, will remember this lady as one of the most active and efficient of those noble-hearted ladies who devoted themselves during the four long years of the existence of this noted prison-pen to the alleviation of their situation in providing for the sick, and clothing naked and destitute prisoners. The destitute prisoners of Fort Donelson—Island No. 10—Arkansas Post, &c., &c., have cause to remember with gratitude her kind and efficient ministrations to their necessities at that time, and it has been a matter of surprise to those who knew of her work in behalf of the prisoners, that recognition of her services has not been recorded in your PAPERS by some of those who were the beneficiaries of her labors, long, long ago.

"Yours truly,

"W. O. GEORGE."

In the recent death of Ex-Governor John Letcher, at his residence in Lexington, Virginia, there has passed away one of the ablest, most fearless and most incorruptible of the Confederate "War Governors."

He carried through life the soubriquet he won in the old United States Congress—"Honest John Letcher, the watch-dog of the treasury," and in his death Virginia has lost one of her ablest statesmen—one of her purest patriots.

"Peace to his ashes!"

GENERAL J. F. GILMER, the able and accomplished Chief of Engineers of the Confederacy, died at Savannah several weeks ago, and we have been waiting for a promised sketch of his distinguished services, which we regret has not come in time for this issue.

Literary Notices.

"SECRET SERVICE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES IN EUROPE." By Captain JAMES D. BULLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. Price \$6.

We have received this book (through Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond) and have only space to say now that it is of thrilling interest, and great historic value, and as the edition is limited we would advise all desiring a copy to procure it at once. We propose hereafter a full review.

We are indebted to *Mrs. De Renne*, of Savannah, for a really superb edition of Major Daniel's address at the unveiling of the Lee figure at Lexington. Following the example of her distinguished husband, Mrs. De Renne has had an edition of one hundred copies gotten up in the highest style of the book-maker's art, with beautiful engravings, fine binding, etc.

"CONTRIBUTIONS TO A HISTORY OF THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS. Pamphlet No. 2," is a worthy successor to No. 1, which we would advise all to secure by ordering at once from Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond, Va. We have not room to say more now.

THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1861 TO 1865, INCLUDING A BRIEF PERSONAL SKETCH AND A NARRATIVE OF HIS SERVICES IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO, 1846-8. By ALFRED ROMAN, formerly Colonel of the Eighteenth Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards Aide-de-Camp and Inspector-General on the Staff of General Beauregard. In two volumes, Volumes I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884. Sold only by subscription.

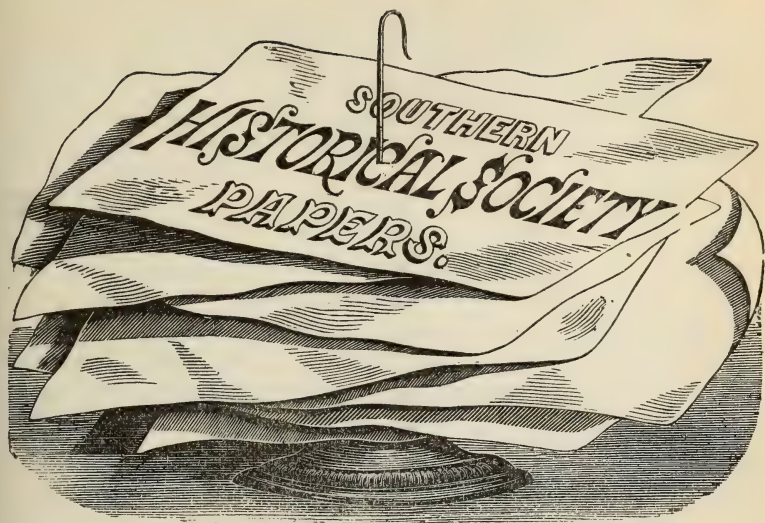
We have received our copy through *Rev. I. T. Wallace, Agent, Richmond, Va.*

We have not yet had time to give this book, as we propose doing, a careful reading, and we must reserve until then any full notice or review of it. But we may say now that no narrative of the "Military Operations of General Beauregard," even fairly well written, could fail to be of interest, while one written by the facile pen of Judge Roman, aided by General Beauregard's personal supervision, as well as by his papers, in its preparation, could not fail to be of absorbing interest and great historical value.

A gallant soldier and accomplished engineer in the old United States army, one of the brightest of the galaxy of young officers who so gallantly distinguished themselves in the Mexican war, and certainly among the most accomplished soldiers which the late war produced, General Beauregard's contribution to our history has been eagerly looked for, and will be widely read.

There will be, of course, honest differences of opinion as to some things which the book contains, and regret on the part of some of his warmest admirers that certain things had not been left unsaid; but General Beauregard is entitled to a hearing at the bar of history, and the book will find a place in Libraries generally, which pretend to anything like fullness in their historic collections.

The Harpers have gotten up the book in their usual beautiful style, and it is, in paper, type and binding, a fine specimen of the book-maker's art.



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., April, 1884.

No. 4.

Organization of the Army of Tennessee, General Braxton Bragg, Confederate States Army, Commanding, at the Battle of Chickamauga.^(a)

Compiled by the War-Records Office.

[Corrections earnestly solicited.]

RIGHT WING.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

CHEATHAM'S DIVISION.^(b)

Major-General B. F. Cheatham.

Escort.

Second Georgia Cavalry, Company G, Captain T. M. Merritt.

^(a) Compiled from the reports when not otherwise indicated.

^(b) Of Polk's corps.

Jackson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John K. Jackson.

First Georgia (Confed.), Second Georgia battalion, Major J. C. Gordon.

Fifth Georgia, Colonel C. P. Daniel.

Second Georgia Battalion (S. S.), Major R. H. Whiteley.

Fifth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Sykes and Major J. B. Herring.

Eighth Mississippi, Colonel J. C. Wilkinson.

Maney's Brigade.

Brigadier-General George Maney.

First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel H. R. Feild.

Fourth Tennessee (Prov. Army), Colonel J. A. McMurry, Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Lewis, Major O. A. Bradshaw, and Captain J. Bostick.

Sixth and Ninth Tennessee, Colonel George C. Porter.

Twenty-fourth Tennessee battalion, (S. S.), Major Frank Maney.

Smith's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Preston Smith—Colonel A. J. Vaughan, Jr.

Eleventh Tennessee, Colonel G. W. Gordo.

Twelfth and Forty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel W. M. Watkins.

Thirteenth and Fifteenth Tennessee, Colonel A. J. Vaughan, Jr., and Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Pitman.

Twenty-ninth Tennessee, Colonel Horace Rice.

Dawson's Battalion (c) Sharpshooters, Major J. W. Dawson and Major William Green.

Wright's Brigade.

Brigadier General Marcus J. Wright.

Eighth Tennessee, Colonel John H. Anderson.

Sixteenth Tennessee, Colonel D. M. Donnell.

Twenty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel S. S. Stanton.

Thirty-eighth Tennessee and Murry's (Tenn.) Battalion, Colonel J. C. Carter.

Fifty-first and Fifty-second Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Hall.

(c) Composed of two companies from the Eleventh Tennessee, two from the Twelfth and Forty-seventh (consolidated), and one from the One Hundredth and Fifty-fourth Senior Tennessee.

Strahl's Brigade.

Brigadier-General O. F. Strahl.

Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, Colonel J. J. Lamb.

Nineteenth Tennessee, Colonel F. M. Walker.

Twenty-fourth Tennessee, Colonel J. A. Wilson.

Thirty-first Tennessee, Colonel E. E. Tansil.

Thirty-third Tennessee, — — —.

Artillery.

Major Malanchton Smith.

Carnes's (Tennessee) Battery, Captain W. W. Carnes.

Scogin's (Georgia) Battery, Captain John Scogin.

Scott's (Tennessee) Battery, Lieutenants J. H. Marsh and A. T. Watson.

Smith's (Mississippi) Battery, Lieutenant William B. Turner.

Stanford's Battery, Captain T. J. Stanford.

HILL'S CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DANIEL H. HILL.

CLEBURNES'S DIVISION.

Major-General P. R. Cleburne.

Wood's Brigade.

Brigadier-General S. A. M. Wood.

Sixteenth Alabama, Major J. H. McGaughy and Captain F. A. Ashford.

Thirty-third Alabama, Colonel Samuel Adams.

Forty-fifth Alabama, Colonel E. B. Breedlove.

Eighteenth Alabama Battalion, Major J. H. Gibson and Colonel Samuel Adams.(a)

Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi, Colonel M. P. Lowrey.

Sharpshooters, Major A. T. Hawkins and Captain Daniel Coleman.

Polk's Brigade.

Brigadier-General L. E. Polk.

First Arkansas, Colonel J. W. Colquitt.

Third and Fifth Confederate, Colonel J. A. Smith.

Second Tennessee, Colonel W. D. Robison.

Thirty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel B. J. Hill.

Forty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel G. H. Nixon.

(a) Thirty third Alabama.

Deshler's Brigade.

Brigadier-General James Deshler—Colonel R. Q. Mills.

Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Hutchinson.

Sixth, Tenth, and Fifteenth^(a) Texas, Colonel R. Q. Mills and Lieutenant-Colonel T. Scott Anderson.

Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Texas,^(a) Colonel F. C. Wilkes, Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Coit, and Major W. A. Taylor.

Artillery.

Major T. R. Hotchkiss—Captain H. C. Semple.

Calvert's Battery, Lieutenant Thomas J. Key.

Douglas's Battery, Captain J. P. Douglas.

Semple's Battery, Captain H. C. Semple and Lieutenant R. W. Goldthwaite.

BRECKINRIDGE'S DIVISION,

Major-General John C. Breckinridge.

Helm's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Benjamin Hardin Helm—Colonel J. H. Lewis.

Forty-first Alabama, Colonel M. L. Stansel.

Second Kentucky, Colonel J. W. Hewitt and Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Moss.

Fourth Kentucky, Colonel Joseph P. Nuckols, Jr., and Major T. W. Thompson.

Sixth Kentucky, Colonel J. H. Lewis and Lieutenant-Colonel M. H. Cofer.

Ninth Kentucky, Colonel J. W. Caldwell and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Wickliffe.

Adams's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Daniel W. Adams—Colonel R. L. Gibson.

Thirty-second Alabama, Major J. C. Kimbell.

Thirteenth and Twentieth Louisiana, Colonels R. L. Gibson and Leon von Zinken and Captain E. M. Dubroca.

Sixteenth and Twenty-fifth Louisiana, Colonel D. Gober.

Nineteenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Turner, Major L. Butler, and Captain H. A. Kennedy.

Fourteenth Louisiana Battalion, Major J. E. Austin.

^(a) Thirty-third Alabama.

^(b) Dismounted cavalry.

Stovall's Brigade.

Brigadier-General M. A. Stovall.

First and Third Florida, Colonel W. S. Dilworth.

Fourth Florida, Colonel W. L. L. Bowen.

Forty-seventh Georgia, Captains William S. Phillips and Joseph S. Cone.

Sixtieth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Ray and Captain J. T. Weaver.

Artillery.

Major R. E. Graves.

Cobb's Battery, Captain Robert Cobb.

Mebane's Battery, Captain John W. Mebane.

Slocomb's Battery, Captain C. H. Slocomb.

RESERVE CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. T. WALKER.

WALKER'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General S. R. Gist.

Gist's Brigade.

Brigadier-General S. R. Gist.

Colonel P. H. Colquitt.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. Napier.

Forty-sixth Georgia, Colonel P. H. Colquitt and Major A. M. Speer.

Eighth Georgia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel L. Napier.

Sixteenth South Carolina, (a) Colonel J. McCullough.

Twenty-fourth South Carolina, Colonel C. H. Stevens and Lieutenant-Colonel E. Capers.

Wilson's Brigade.

Colonel C. C. Wilson.

Twenty-fifth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Williams.

Twenty-ninth Georgia, Lieutenant G. R. McRae.

Thirtieth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Boynton.

First Georgia Battalion (S. S.), — —.

Fourth Louisiana Battalion, — —.

(a) Not engaged; at Rome.

Ector's Brigade.

Brigadier-General M. D. Ector.

Stone's Alabama Battalion.

Pound's Mississippi Battalion.

Twenty-ninth North Carolina.

Ninth Texas.

Tenth, Fourteenth and Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry. (*b*)*Artillery.*Ferguson's Battalion, (*a*) Lieutenant R. T. Beauregard.

Martin's Battery, ———.

LIDDELL'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General St. John R. Liddell.

Liddell's Brigade.

Colonel D. C. Govan.

Second and Fifteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel R. T. Harvey and Captain A. T. Meek.

Fifth and Thirteenth Arkansas, Colonel L. Featherston and Lieutenant-Colonel John E. Murray.

Sixth and Seventh Arkansas, Colonel D. A. Gillespie and Lieutenant-Colonel P. Snyder.

Eighth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Baucum and Major A. Watkins.

First Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Baucum and Major A. Watkins.

Walthall's Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. C. Walthall.

Twenty-fourth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. McKelvaine, Major W. C. Staples, and Captains B. F. Toomer and J. D. Smith.

Twenty-seventh Mississippi, Colonel James A. Campbell.

Twenty-ninth Mississippi, Colonel W. F. Brantly.

Thirtieth Mississippi, Colonel J. I. Scales, Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh A. Reynolds, and Major J. M. Johnson.

Thirty-fourth Mississippi, (*c*) Major W. G. Pegram, Captain H. J.

(*b*) Serving as infantry.

(*a*) Not engaged; at Rome.

(*c*) Thirty-fourth Mississippi had four commanders at Chickamauga.

Bowen, Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Reynolds,(d) and ———.(?)

Artillery.

Captain Charles Swett.

Fowler's Battery, Captain W. H. Fowler.

Warren Light Artillery, Lieutenant H. Shannon.

LEFT WING.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

HINDMAN'S DIVISION.(a)

Major-General T. C. Hindman.

Brigadier-General J. Patton Anderson.

Anderson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. Patton Anderson.

Colonel J. H. Sharp.

Seventh Mississippi, Colonel W. H. Bishop.

Ninth Mississippi, Major T. H. Lynam.

Tenth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel James Barr.

Forty-first Mississippi, Colonel W. F. Tucker.

Forty-fourth Mississippi, Colonel J. H. Sharp and Lieutenant-Colonel
R. G. Kelsey.

Ninth Mississippi Battalion (S. S.), Major W. C. Richards.

Garrity's Battery, Captain J. Garrity.

Deas's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Z. C. Deas.

Nineteenth Alabama, Colonel S. K. McSpadden.

Twenty-second Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel John Weedon and Cap-
tain H. T. Toulmin.

Twenty-fifth Alabama, Colonel George D. Johnston.

Thirty-ninth Alabama, Colonel W. Clark.

Fiftieth Alabama, Colonel J. G. Coltart.

Seventeenth Alabama Battalion (S. S.), Captain James F. Nabers.

Robertson's Battery, Lieutenant S. H. Dent.

(d) Thirtieth Mississippi.

(a) Of Polk's corps.

Manigault's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. M. Manigault.

Twenty-fourth Alabama, Colonel N. N. Davis.

Twenty-eighth Alabama, Colonel John C. Reid.

Thirty-fourth Alabama, Major J. N. Slaughter.

Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina, Colonel James F. Pressley.

Waters's Battery, Lieutenants Charles W. Watkins and George D. Turner.

BUCKNER'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER.

STEWART'S DIVISION.

Major-General Alexander P. Stewart.

Johnson's Brigade. (b)

Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson.

Colonel J. S. Fulton.

Seventeenth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel Watt W. Floyd.

Twenty-third Tennessee, Colonel R. H. Keeble.

Twenty-fifth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Snowden.

Forty-Fourth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. McEwen, Jr., and Major G. M. Crawford.

Bate's Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. B. Bate.

Fifty-eighth Alabama, Colonel Bushrod Jones.

Thirty-seventh Georgia, Colonel A. F. Rudler and Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Smith.

Fourth Georgia Battalion (sharpshooters), Major T. D. Caswell, Captain B. M. Turner, and Lieutenant Joel Towers.

Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel R. C. Tyler, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Frayser, and Captain R. M. Tankesley.

Twentieth Tennessee, Colonel T. B. Smith and Major W. M. Shy.

Brown's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. C. Brown.

Colonel Edmund C. Cook.

Eighteenth Tennessee, Colonel J. B. Palmer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Butler, and Captain Gideon H. Lowe.

Twenty-sixth Tennessee, Colonel J. M. Lillard and Major R. M. Saffell.

Thirty-second Tennessee, Colonel E. C. Cook and Captain C. G. Tucker.

Forty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel A. Searcy.

Twenty-third Tennessee Battalion, Major T. W. Newman and Captain W. P. Simpson.

Clayton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. D. Clayton.

Eighteenth Alabama, Colonel J. T. Holtzclaw, Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Inge, and Major P. F. Hunley.

Thirty-sixth Alabama, Colonel L. T. Woodruff.

Thirty-eighth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel A. R. Lankford.

Artillery.

Major J. W. Eldridge.

First Arkansas Battery, Captain J. T. Humphreys.

T. H. Dawson's Battery, Lieutenant R. W. Anderson.

Eufaula Artillery, Captain McD. Oliver.

Ninth Georgia Artillery Battalion, Company E, Lieutenant W. S. Everett.

PRESTON'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General William Preston.

Gracie's Brigade.

Brigadier General A. Gracie, Jr.

Forty-third Alabama, Colonel Y. M. Moody.

First Alabama Battalion, (b) Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Holt and Captain G. W. Huguley.

Second Alabama Battallion, (b) Lieutenant-Colonel B. Hall, Jr., and Captain W. D. Walden.

Third Alabama Battalion, (b) Major J. W. A. Sanford.

Fourth Alabama Battalion, (c) Major J. D. McLennan.

Sixty-third Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Fulkerson and Major John A. Aiken.

(b) Hilliard's Legion.

(c) Artillery Battalion, Hilliard's Legion.

Trigg's Brigade.

Colonel R. C. Trigg.

First Florida Cavalry, (a) Colonel G. T. Maxwell.

Sixth Florida, Colonel J. J. Finley.

Seventh Florida, Colonel R. Bullock.

Fifty-fourth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Wade.

Third Brigade.

Colonel J. H. Kelly.

Sixty-fifty Georgia, Colonel R. H. Moore.

Fifth Kentucky, Colonel H. Hawkins.

Fifty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel J. B. Palmer.

Sixty-third Virginia, Major J. M. French

Artillery Battalion.

Major A. Leyden.

Jeffress's Battery.

Peeples's Battery.

Wolihin's Battery.

York's Battery.

RESERVE CORPS ARTILLERY.

Major S. C. Williams.

Baxter's Battery.

Darden's Battery.

Kolb's Battery.

McCants's Battery.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION. (d)

Brigadier-General Bushrod R. Johnson.

Gregg's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John Gregg.

Colonel C. A. Sugg.

Third Tennessee, Colonel C. H. Walker.

Tenth Tennessee, Colonel William Grace.

Thirtieth Tennessee, — — —.

(a) Dismounted.

(d) A provisional organization, embracing Johnson's and part of the time Robertson's brigades, as well as Gregg's and McNair's. September 19th attached to Longstreet's Corps, under Major-General Hood.

Forty-first Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Tillman.

Fiftieth Tennessee, Colonel C. A. Sugg, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Beaumont, Major C. W. Robertson, and Colonel C. H. Walker. (*e*)

First Tennessee Battalion, Majors S. H. Colms and C. W. Robertson. (*f*)

Seventh Texas, Major K. M. Vanzandt.

Bledsoe's (Mo.) Battery, Lieutenant R. L. Wood.

McNair's Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. McNair.

Colonel D. Coleman.

First Arkansas Mounted Rifles, Colonel Robert W. Harper.

Second Arkansas Mounted Rifles, Colonel James A. Williamson.

Twenty-fifth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel Eli Hufstедler.

Fourth and Thirty-first Arkansas Infantry and Fourth Arkansas Battalion (consolidated), Major J. A. Ross.

Thirty-ninth North Carolina, Colonel D. Coleman.

Culpeper's (S. C.) Battalion, Captain J. F. Culpeper.

LONGSTREET'S CORPS. (*a*)

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.

M'LAWS' DIVISION.

Brigadier-General J. B. Kershaw.

Major-General Lafayette McLaws.

Kershaw's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. B. Kershaw.

Second South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Gaillard.

Third South Carolina, Colonel J. D. Nance.

Seventh South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Elbert Bland, Major J. S. Hard, and Captain E. J. Goggans.

Eighth South Carolina, Colonel J. W. Henagan.

Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel Joseph F. Gist.

Third South Carolina Battalion, Captain J. M. Townsend.

(*e*) Third Tennessee.

(*f*) Fiftieth Tennessee.

(*a*) Army of Northern Virginia. Organization taken from return of that army for August 31, 1863. Pickett's division was left in Virginia.

Wofford's Brigade.(a)

Brigadier-General W. T. Wofford.

Sixteenth Georgia.

Eighteenth Georgia.

Twenty-fourth Georgia.

Third Georgia Battalion (sharpshooters).

Cobb's (Georgia) Legion.

Phillips's (Georgia) Legion.

Humphreys's Brigade.

Brigadier-General B. G. Humphreys.

Thirteenth Mississippi.

Seventeenth Mississippi.

Eighteenth Mississippi.

Twenty-first Mississippi.

Bryan's Brigade.(b)

Brigadier-General Goode Bryan.

Tenth Georgia.

Fiftieth Georgia.

Fifty-first Georgia.

Fifty-third Georgia.

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Major-General John B. Hood.

Brigadier-General E. M. Law.

Jenkins's Brigade.(b)

Brigadier-General M. Jenkins.

First South Carolina.

Second South Carolina Rifles.

Fifth South Carolina.

Sixth South Carolina.

Hampton Legion.

Palmetto Sharpshooters.

(a) Longstreet's report indicates that these brigades did not arrive in time to take part in the battle.

(b) Did not arrive in time to take part in the battle. Jenkins's brigade assigned to the division September 11th, 1863.

Law's Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. M. Law—Colonel J. L. Sheffield.

Fourth Alabama.
Fifteenth Alabama, Colonel W. C. Oates.
Forty-fourth Alabama.
Forty-seventh Alabama.
Forty-eighth Alabama.

Robertson's Brigade. (d)

Brigadier-General J. B. Robertson—Colonel Van H. Manning.

Third Arkansas, Colonel Van H. Manning.
First Texas, Captain R. J. Harding.
Fourth Texas, Colonel John P. Bane and Captain R. H. Bassett.
Fifth Texas, Major J. C. Rogers and Captains J. S. Cleveland and
T. T. Clay.

Anderson's Brigade. (c)

Brigadier-General George T. Anderson.

Seventh Georgia.
Eighth Georgia.
Ninth Georgia.
Eleventh Georgia.
Fifty-ninth Georgia.

Benning's Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. L. Benning.

Second Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel William S. Shepherd and Major
W. W. Charlton,
Fifteenth Georgia, Colonel D. M. DuBose and Major P. J. Shannon.
Seventeenth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Matthews.
Twentieth Georgia, Colonel J. D. Waddell.

CORPS ARTILLERY. (c)

Colonel E. Porter Alexander.

Fickling's (South Carolina) Battery.
Jordan's (Virginia) Battery.
Moody's (Louisiana) Battery.
Parker's (Virginia) Battery.
Taylor's (Virginia) Battery.
Woolfolk's (Virginia) Battery.

(d) Served part of the time in Johnson's provisional division.

(c) Did not arrive in time to take part in the battle. Jenkins's brigade assigned to the division September 11, 1863.

RESERVE ARTILLERY ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

MAJOR FELIX H. ROBERTSON.

Barret's (Missouri) Battery.
Le Gardeur's (Louisiana) Battery.^(a)
Havis's (Alabama) Battery.
Lumsden's (Alabama) Battery.
Massenburg's (Georgia) Battery.

CAVALRY.^(b)

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

WHARTON'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General John A. Wharton.

First Brigade.

Colonel C. C. Crews.

Seventh Alabama.
Second Georgia.
Third Georgia.
Fourth Georgia, Colonel I. W. Avery.

Second Brigade.

Colonel T. Harrison.

Third Confederate, Colonel W. N. Estes.
First Kentucky, Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Griffith.
Fourth Tennessee, Colonel Paul F. Anderson.
Eighth Texas.
Eleventh Texas.
White's (Georgia) Battery.

MARTIN'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General W. T. Martin.

First Brigade.

Colonel J. T. Morgan.

First Alabama.
Third Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Mauldin.

(a) Not mentioned in the reports, but in Reserve Artillery August 31st, and Captain Le Gardeur, &c., relieved from duty in Army of Tennessee November 1st, 1863.

(b) From return of August 31st, 1863, and reports.

Fifty-First Alabama.
Eighth Confederate.

Second Brigade.

Colonel A. A. Russell.

Fourth Alabama.(c)
First Confederate, Colonel W. B. Wade.
Wiggins's (Arkansas) Battery.

RODDEY'S BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General P. D. Roddey.

Fourth Alabama,(c) Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Johnson.
Fifth Alabama.
Fifty-Third Alabama.
Forrest's (Tennessee) Regiment.
Ferrell's (Georgia) Battery.

FORREST'S CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

ARMSTRONG'S DIVISION.(a)

Brigadier-General F. C. Armstrong.

Armstrong's Brigade.

Colonel J. T. Wheeler.

Third Arkansas.
First Tennessee.
Eighteenth Tennessee Battalion, Major Charles McDonald.

Forrest's Brigade.

Colonel G. G. Dibrell.

Fourth Tennessee, Colonel W. S. McLemore.
Eighth Tennessee, Captain Hamilton McGinnis.
Ninth Tennessee, Colonel J. B. Biffle.
Tenth Tennessee, Colonel N. N. Cox.
Eleventh Tennessee, Colonel D. W. Holman.
Shaw's (or Hamilton's) Battalion(?), Major J. Shaw.

(c) Two regiments of the same designation. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson commanded that in Roddey's brigade.

(a) From return for August 31st, 1863, and reports.

Freeman's (Tennessee) Battery, Captain A. L. Huggins.

Morton's (Tennessee) Battery, Captain John W. Morton.

PEGRAM'S DIVISION.(b)

Brigadier-General John Pegram.

Davidson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. B. Davidson.

First Georgia.

Sixth Georgia, Colonel John R. Hart.

Sixth North Carolina.

Rucker's Legion.

Huwald's (Tennessee) Battery.

Scott's Brigade.

Colonel J. S. Scott.

Tenth Confederate, Colonel C. T. Goode.

Detachment of Morgan's command, Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Martin.

First Louisiana.

Second Tennessee.

Fifth Tennessee.

Twelfth Tennessee Battalion.

Sixteenth Tennessee Battalion, Captain J. Q. Arnold.

Louisiana Battery, (one section.)

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By Lieutenant IREDELL JONES, of First Regiment South Carolina Regulars.

FORT SUMTER, August 12th, 1883.

* * This morning the enemy opened on the Fort with a 200-pound Parrott gun and shelled us rapidly for about one hour and a half with, we all admit, the greatest accuracy, and also with considerable damage. A steamer at the wharf was almost torn to pieces by a single shot, which, entering at the bow, raked her fore and aft, penetrating the boiler and bursting the machinery into fragments, besides scalding several negroes severely. Another unlucky (or lucky, as you may be pleased to call it) shot, found its way to our

(b) Taken from Pegram's and Scott's reports and assignments, but the composition of this division is uncertain.

bake-house and tore up the bake-oven. Several others played the wild in the company quarters, but fortunately nobody has been hurt.

I went over to Battery Wagner yesterday evening, on duty. The enemy have extended their approaches to within six hundred yards of the Battery. Night before last, however, we used grape and canister on their most advanced work and drove them off, but I understand they worked considerably last night. They have now reached the extreme end of the sand hills, and the remaining portion of ground over which or through which they have to advance is a low, open, level plain, very much exposed to flank fire, and it will be many times more difficult for them to advance farther now than it has been for them to reach the position they already occupy. Our men on the Island are in fine spirits. They have learned to perfection that lovely art, familiarly known to all those who have had occasion to appreciate it, as the "art of dodging." The artillery remain in the Battery; the infantry support grabble holes in the sand hills this side, and then they sit all day long watching that hateful puff of smoke. When they see it, like prairie dogs, they pop down. When all is over, the hills are alive again, and the glorious Confederates who but just now mingled with pleasure with "fiddlers" and "sand crabs," now rise up to the dignity of their species and can be seen brushing their clothing and shaking sand out of their locks. At the Battery the men are in high spirits, always cracking jokes and laughing while the shelling is going on. They have watched the enemy's batteries so much until they know each gun and have a name for each. They have the utmost contempt for a Whitworth or Parrott shot, and pay no regard to them whatever; but I can tell you when they hear the words, "Look out, mortar!" you can see a long train of Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, privates, quartermasters, commissary and ordnance officers all walking as if they would like to go faster, into the bomb-proof. The enemy have some little mortars that shoot shrapnel shells, and with these they do a good deal of damage. The sharpshooters on both sides keep up a constant duel. Whenever a man shows his head over the parapet at the Battery, he is sure to get a shot at him. And they are constantly practicing all kinds of tricks, such as holding up their hats on sticks to be shot at, &c.

Evidently the object of the enemy is now to endeavor to take Wagner by gradual approaches, and ours seems to be to dispute every inch of ground. General Beauregard was here again yesterday evening. The enemy are far ahead of us in skill and energy.

In an open field fight I believe we can whip them with any sort of showing, but when you come to regular operations requiring engineering skill, we can't compare with them. But the want of energy in this department, on our side, has surely been unpardonable. But I have already said too much on this subject, and I forbear. I have always thought that it was no part of private citizens, much less of officers, to keep constantly abusing our Generals because they happen to be unsuccessful. It is easy to say how a thing should have been done after one of two ways has failed, and it too often happens that we are unacquainted with the circumstances. The truth is, we are too much influenced in our opinions by disappointed hopes.

I have no fears for Charleston. Nothing that I have seen induces me to entertain them. I cannot express to you the pride I feel in and the love I entertain for the old city, the glorious mother of freedom.

The work is going on in the fort very rapidly. All the casemates of the two sides facing the Island are filled up with cotton bales and sand, and the engineer is now engaged in building traverses on the Battery and putting up sand-bags on the outside of the gorge, or the side of the fort through which the old Sally-Port came. The base of the sand-bags, extending out from the wall, will be twenty-four feet, out to the edge of the wharf, and they can be built up entirely to the top of the parapet. All the important guns have been moved out of the fort, and their places filled with dummies, or sham-guns, of the Brooke's pattern. * * * *

It is now 9 o'clock P. M. I was unable to finish my letter this morning. The enemy opened on us again about 4 o'clock this evening with the same 200-pound Parrott, at a distance of three and a-half miles, and I venture to say the world never witnessed better shooting. It is a rare thing they miss the Fort. We have not replied to-day, owing to the Brooke gun being slightly out of order. To-morrow we will feel them a little. The casualties to-day were three men wounded, two severely, and young Rice, of the signal corps, who was in college with me, was knocked down by a brick-bat. The only damage done was one gun-carriage disabled and a dummy dismounted. * * * *

Ever yours, &c.,

IREDELL JONES.

The Story of the Arkansas.*By* GEORGE W. GIFT.

No. 3.

Our arrival at Vicksburg was hailed with delight by all the army. The officers came on board to see the marks of the struggle, whilst squads of eager privates collected on the bank to get a near view of the wonderful craft which had just stood so much hammering. This attracted a daring band of sharpshooters to the other bank, and we were forced to open with our heavy guns to disperse them, which was easily accomplished by half a dozen discharges. The enemy below showed decided signs of demoralization. A mortar-boat which had been allowed to get aground was hastily set on fire and blown up. A sea-going vessel (commanded by Craven), left to guard the transports, sprung her broadside athwart the stream to be ready for an attack. Everything got up steam and Porter's flag-boat opened with a hundred-pounder Parrott gun in a spiteful, angry fashion, throwing her shot over and beyond us. If we had had a smoke-stack, and proper boiler fronts, and good engines, and a new crew, and many other things, how we would have made a smash of those fellows! But as our smoke-stack was so riddled, the draft was destroyed, and as our engines were troublesome, faulty affairs, and our crew were nearly all killed, wounded, or used up, we had to bide where we were, and see this chance slip away from us. Read cast many longing glances down the river, and I think would have been perfectly willing to undertake the task, broken down as we were. But there is a limit to human endurance; we could do no more, and we rested. During the day the telegraph informed Captain Brown that he had been promoted to the rank of Commander, and we were thanked from Richmond for our brilliant achievement. Our dead were removed on shore for burial and our wounded were taken to an army hospital. As soon as we arrived at Vicksburg the detachment of soldiers left us to rejoin their command, which reduced our force to a very low ebb. As well as we could, we put the ship to rights, and the day wore away. As soon as dark began to set in it was evident that the enemy meant mischief.

Everything was under way, and soon the guns from the upper battery opened quick and sharp, to be replied to by the broadsides of the heavy ships coming down—the Richmond (Alden) leading. Our plucky men were again at their quarters, and steam was ready, should we be

compelled to cast off and take our chances in the stream against both fleets. About that time things looked pretty blue. It is true that we were under the batteries of Vicksburg, but practically we had as well have been a hundred miles from there. The guns were perched on the high hills; they were not provided with sights, and if ever they hit anything it was an accident or the work of one of Brooke's rifles.* This we well knew, and stripped this time for what we supposed would be a death struggle. The sea-going fleet of Farragut was to pass down, drag out and literally mob us; whilst the iron-clad squadron of Davis was to keep the batteries engaged. Down they came, steaming slowly and steadily, and seemed to be on the lookout for us. But they had miscalculated their time. The darkness which partially shrouded them from the view of the army gunners completely shut us out from their sight, inasmuch as our sides were the color of rust and we lay under a red bank; consequently, the first notice they had of our whereabouts came from our guns as they crossed our line of fire, and then it was too late to attempt to check up and undertake to grapple with us. They came by singly, each to get punished, as our men were again feeling in excellent spirits. The Hartford stood close in to the bank, and as we spit out our broadside at her, she thundered back with an immense salvo. Our bad luck had not left us. An eleven-inch shot pierced our side a few inches above the water-line, and passed through the engine-room, killing two men outright (cutting them both in two) and wounding six or eight others. The medicines of the ship were dashed into the engine-room, and the *débris* from the bulkheads and splinters from the side enveloped the machinery. The shot bedded itself so far in the opposite side that its position could be told by the bulging protuberance outside. On account of my disabled arm I had turned over my division to Scales, and remained with Captain Brown on the platform. To be a spectator of such a scene was intensely interesting and exciting. The great ships with their towering spars came sweeping by, pouring out broadside after broadside, whilst the batteries from the hills, the mortars from above and below, and the iron-clads, kept the air alive with hurtling missiles and the darkness lighted up by burning fuses and bursting shells. On our gun-deck every man and officer worked as though the fate of the nation hung on his individual efforts. Scales was very near, and I could hear his clear voice continually. He coaxed and bullied alternately, and

* Not then in position at Vicksburg.

finally, when he saw his object in line, his voice rose as clear as a bell, and his "ready! fire!" rang out like a bugle note. The last vessel which passed us was that commanded by Nichols ("Bricktop") and she got one of our shots in her out-board delivery. He pivoted his eleven inch gun to starboard, heeled his vessel to keep the leak above water, and drifted past the batteries without further damage.

We had more dead and wounded, another hole through our armor and heaps of splinters and rubbish. Three separate battles had been fought and we retired to anything but easy repose. One of our mess-mates in the ward-room (a pilot) had asserted at supper that he would not again pass through the ordeal of the morning for the whole world. His mangled body, collected in pieces was now on the gun-deck; another had been sent away to the hospital with a mortal hurt. The steerage mess was short four or five members, whilst on the berth deck many poor fellows would never again range themselves about the mess-cloth. However, amidst all this blood and damage this thought *would* come up: If there had been two or three more of us—or even our consort, which was burned on the stocks—what a difference there would have been. As sure as the sun rose on that bright July morning we would have captured every vessel opposed to us. Why were there not more? We will explain that before we get through. Our next battle occurred a week later.

The enemy now had a fleet above and below us, and though foiled and angry he made no immediate active effort to do us more harm, other than to shell us incessantly by day, and once by night, with mortar shells. Half a dozen or more thirteen inch mortars kept missiles continually in the air, directed at us. We were twice struck by fragments—otherwise the business was very harmless. Some days after our arrival a package of letters were received at General Van Dorn's headquarters, which had been taken from a captured steamer. Those from navy officers were sent down to us, and a number were selected and sent to the *Appeal*, then being published at Grenada. As the files are yet preserved I am able to lay them before my readers. A very long letter from the paymaster of the Richmond to his wife, described the attack of the Arkansas, and was unsparing on Farragut and Davis, accusing them of incapacity and negligence, remarking that Porter was the only man present who had brains as well as courage. I recollect the following letters well and can vouch for their being genuine:

"U. S. ST., RICHMOND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, July 18, 1862.

My Dear Joe,—On the morning of the 15th of July, about 7 o'clock, we were suddenly aroused, and, in my case, awakened by the sharp clicks of the rattle. The first words I heard were, "the Rebel ram Arkansas is coming down upon us." Throwing on a few clothes I hastened on deck to ascertain the state of things. Around us lay the combined power of Farragut's and Davis's fleets. Frigates, gunboats, iron-plated boats, wooden rams and iron-cased rams were anchored along the banks for a mile and a-half. And slowly steaming along the hollow of the bend in the river, just above us, was a long, low, dull, red, floating object. She showed neither flag, [mistake], nor sign of life. A couple of gunboats were anchored ahead of us, but being the first of the large ships, we all supposed we would be the first object of attack. Her course also seemed to indicate it. Two (one) of our gunboats now fired. The Arkansas answered, taking off one man's head and wounding three others. I saw her pass the gunboats. I looked for some vessel moving to attack her. Not one stirred; only one man had steam up on his vessel. We believe he could have sunk her, (bosh!) yet he did not move a finger, because he "didn't receive orders." Slowly, steadily, gallantly, the Rebel ram kept on her way, as though she belonged to us and was quietly choosing an anchorage. She was now approaching us, and, as all the rest of the crew had been at their quarters some time, I was obliged to go to mine. I sat down and "coolly" awaited the blow I knew must sink us. In a few minutes our guns were fired in quick succession. I waited, but no crash followed. I went on deck and saw the ram slowly floating below uninjured. Our solid wrought-iron shot had been shattered to pieces against her sides. (He did not know as much about that as we did.) The Benton, Hartford and gunboats below poured a perfect shower of balls upon her. But she was adamant. (He was frightened.) It did not even hasten her speed, and proudly she turned a point, disappeared from sight and anchored under the batteries at Vicksburg. I doubt whether such a feat was ever before accomplished, and whoever commanded her should be known and honored. (This from the enemy.) The morning she came out, the Carondelet, a gunboat (Tyler) and a ram (Queen of the West) went up the river to reconnoiter. They suddenly met the Arkansas; one was driven ashore (what says Mr. Walke?) and the others forced to retreat down the river with heavy

loss; and it was with mingled curses and admiration we saw her come chasing them down the river. * * * *

JOHNNIE."

ANOTHER.

"The great rebel iron-clad Arkansas came down the river on the morning of the 15th and passed the whole fleet, and is now under the batteries at Vicksburg. * * We were the head ship except the hospital boat and river steamers. One of Davis's rams came around our stern to give her a butt as she passed (she was called the Lancaster), but unfortunately a shot from the rebel entered the Lancaster's boiler, and such a sight I never saw before. Not ten yards from our ship the scalded wretches threw themselves into the water. Some of them never rose to the surface again. I turned around and there was the Arkansas coming down very leisurely, when we let fly a broadside of fourteen guns loaded with solid shot, each weighing 110 pounds. For an instant we could not see anything but smoke. The next instant I looked again, and she had passed as if nothing had fired at her. All the damage done, that I could see, was that part of her bow was knocked off. (The ram was broken.) Each vessel fired at her as she passed, not more than thirty yards distant. * * Steam was got up on all the fleet. Our ship was picked out to run into the Arkansas and board her at all hazards. The mortars opened on the town instantly. The Richmond took the lead; then came the Iroquois, Oneida (lost in Yokohoma Bay in 1870), Hartford, Sumter, and two other gunboats which were to pass the city and fight the ram."

I have reproduced these letters to show that the account I have already given was not exaggerated. Let us now proceed with our narrative. We were dealing with a bold and confident enemy, determined to take some desperate chances to compass our destruction. As the reader already knows our crew was fearfully used up on the 15th. Daily we sent more men to the hospital, suffering with malarious diseases, until we had not in a week more than thirty seamen, ordinary seamen and landsmen, and I think but four or five firemen. Many of the younger officers had also succumbed; those of us who were left were used up also. We slept below, with our clothes on, in an atmosphere so heated by the steam of the engines as to keep one in a constant perspiration. No more men were to be had. It was disheartening enough to see a ship which but a week

before was the pride of the country now almost deserted. On the morning of the 22d of July, a week after our arrival, we were awakened early in the morning by the drum calling us to quarters. Great commotion was observed in the fleet above. Everything seemed under-way again, and it was evident that we were soon to have another brush. On our decks were not men enough to man two guns, and not firemen enough to keep steam up if we were forced into the stream! Rather a doleful outlook! We were moored to the bank, head up the river, as a matter of course. The fires under the boilers were hastened, and every possible preparation made for resistance. In a few minutes we observed the iron-clad steamer Essex ("Dirty Bill Porter" commanding) steaming around the point and steering for us. The upper battery opened, but she did not reply. Grimball unloosed his Columbiad, but she did not stop. I followed, hitting her fair, but still she persevered in sullen silence. Her plan was to run into and shove us aground, when her consort, the Queen of the West, was to follow and but a hole in us; and thus the dreaded ram was to be made way with. On she came like a mad bull, nothing daunted or overawed. As soon as Captain Brown got a fair view of her, followed at a distance by the Queen, he divined her intent, and seeing that she was as square across the bow as a flatboat or scow, and we were as sharp as a wedge, he determined at once to foil her tactics. Slacking off the hawser which held our head to the bank, he went ahead on the starboard screw, and thus our sharp prow was turned directly for her to hit against. This disconcerted the enemy and destroyed his plan. A collision would surely cut him down and leave us uninjured. All this time we had not been idle spectators. The two Columbiads had been ringing on his front and piercing him every shot; to which he did not reply until he found that the shoving game was out of the question. Then, and when not more than fifty yards distant, he triced up his three bow port-shutters and poured out his fire. A nine-inch shot struck our armor a few inches forward of the unlucky forward port, and crawling along the side entered. Seven men were killed outright and six wounded. Splinters flew in all directions. In an instant the enemy was alongside, and his momentum was so great that he ran aground a short distance astern of us. As he passed we poured out our port broadside, and as soon as the stern rifles could be cleared of the splinters and broken stanchions and woodwork, which had been driven the whole length of the gun-box, we went ahead on our port screw and turned our stern guns on him, and every man—we had but seventeen left—and officer went to

them. As he passed he did not fire, nor did he whilst we were riding him close aboard. His only effort was to get away from us. He backed hard on his engines and finally got off; but getting a shot in his machinery just as he got afloat, he was compelled to float down stream and join the lower fleet, which he accomplished without damage from the batteries on the hills. He fired only the three shots mentioned. But *our* troubles were not over. We had scarcely shook this fellow off before we were called to the other end of the ship—we ran from one gun to another to get ready for a second attack. The Queen was now close to us, evidently determined to ram us. The guns had been fired and were now empty and inboard. *Somehow* we got them loaded and run out, and by the time she had commenced to round to. I am not sure, but I think we struck her with the Columbiads as she came down, but at all events the broadside was ready. Captain Brown adopted the plan of turning his head to her also, and thus received her blow glancing. She came into us going at an enormous speed, probably fifteen miles an hour, and I felt pretty sure that our hour had struck. I had hoped to blow her up with the thirty-two-pounder as she passed, but the gun being an old one, with an enlarged vent, the primer drew out without igniting the charge. One of the men, we had no regular gun's crews then, every man was expected to do ten men's duty, replaced it and struck it with a compressor lever; but too late; his boilers were past, and the shot went through his cylinder timbers without disabling him. His blow, though glancing, was a heavy one. His prow, or beak, made a hole through our side and caused the ship to careen, and roll heavily; but we all knew in an instant that no serious damage had been done, and we redoubled our efforts to cripple him so that he could not again attempt the experiment. As did the Essex, so he ran into the bank astern of us, and got the contents of the stern battery; but being more nimble than she, was sooner off into deep water. Returning up stream he got our broadside guns again, and we saw that he had no disposition to engage us further. As he passed the line of fire of the bow guns he got it again, and I distinctly recollect the handsomest shot I ever made was the last at her. He was nearly a mile away, and I bowled at him with the gun lying level. It *ricochetted* four or five times before it dropped into his stern. But it dropped there. As I have before said, the Essex was drifting down stream unmanageable, and now would have been our time to have ended her in sight of both squadrons, but we had but seventeen men and they well-nigh exhausted. Beating off these two vessels, under the circumstances, was

the best achievement of the Arkansas. That we were under the batteries of Vicksburg did not amount to anything. I do not believe that either vessel was injured by an army gun that day. We were left to our fate, and if we had been lost it would have been no unusual or unexpected thing. The Essex used, in one of her guns that day, projectiles that were probably never used before, to-wit: Marbles that boys used for playing. We picked up a hundred unbroken ones on our forecastle. There were "white-allies," "chinas," and some glass marbles. I wish the naval reader to understand that the Essex did not return the fire as she lay alongside us, did not attempt to board, although he had a picked crew for that purpose, and fired but three guns in the fight, and thereafter kept her ports closed. Brown, no longer able to play the lion, assumed the *role* of the fox with consummate skill.

Sketch of the Third Maryland Artillery.

By Captain WILLIAM L. RITTER.

RETREAT FROM NASHVILLE.

Now commenced one of the most disastrous retreats of the war. Seventy-two pieces of artillery were lost at Nashville, and hundreds of wagons were abandoned for want of mules to pull them. The roads were in wretched condition in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. The heavy rains rendered the streams almost impassible. Short rations, provender and clothing added much to the suffering of both man and beast. The pelting of the rain, sleet and snow upon the backs of half naked, half starved men as they marched day and night before a relentless foe is only a part of the true story. Many mules were taken from the ordnance wagons to be used in the pontoon train.

The battalion marched to Franklin the night of the 16th of December, 1864, and on the morning of the 18th, reached Columbia, where the battalion encamped for the night. The next day, the 19th, the retreat was resumed, marching all day and the greater part of the night through rain and snow. This was the most inclement day of the retreat and the most intense suffering was experienced by the entire army. Shoeless men marched all the way from Nashville to Mississippi, without any protection whatever to their feet, and they only can describe the suffering they endured.

On the 25th the battalion arrived at the Tennessee river, and early the next morning crossed on the pontoon bridge, which had been thrown across the day and night previous. The river was very much swollenn, the current strong and fierce. The cable rope to which the pontoons were attached was very much curved by the strong current, but the ends of the rope were securely fastened and the boats kept in position until the army crossed.

For several days, wagons, artillery and troops poured in a stream across this bridge, intermingled almost in a solid mass, and the exit kept clear in order that no time might be lost in the transit. This part of the retreat was admirably managed, and much credit was due the engineers who had it in charge.

Two batteries of Johnston's battalion, with several others, were planted on the river bank below the bridge, to prevent the enemy's gunboats from coming up while the army was crossing. They were poorly protected, and suffered considerably from the unequal contest, though they maintained their position.

The ordnance train, temporarily under the command of Lieutenant Ritter, arrived at Tusculum, Ala., on the evening of the 26th, where it remained three days, waiting for the remainder of the battalion. During this time Lieutenant J. W. Doncaster was in command of the battery.

Hood's losses from the 20th of November to the 20th of December, in killed, wounded and prisoners, amounted to 13,303 men, which, deducted from 25,538, who crossed the Tennessee river in November, only 12,235 were left to return in December. Thus it will be seen that he lost over half his men, and in arms and munitions about in the same proportion.

Had Thomas possessed the ability of a great commander, he would have captured Hood's whole army, as he out numbered him almost four to one. At the battle of Nashville he commanded a force of 55,000 men against 16,697 under Hood. Hood certainly deserves the credit of saving the remnant of his command against such odds, but he ought to have withdrawn after the battle of Franklin. The loss of 5,550 men in that engagement rendered him powerless to prosecute successfully the campaign any farther. He certainly was aware that the Federals were massing troops at Nashville, therefore it was only a question of time when he would be driven back, and then at a disadvantage.

It is sad to think of the brave men, who crossed into Tennessee, there to find a soldier's grave, or be maimed for life, especially when

it is remembered that this move was perhaps the death blow to the Confederate cause.

On the 30th, the battalion started for Rienza, Miss. On arriving there orders were received to proceed at once to Columbus, Miss., which it reached January 10th, 1865, and camped two miles east of the town.

The howitzer brought from Columbia, Tenn., by the battery, was turned over to the ordnance officer at Columbus, Miss., as no howitzers were then used in the Army of Tennessee.

On the 20th, Lieutenant Ritter was promoted to the captaincy by the following special order :

HEADQUARTERS, COLUMBUS, MISS.,
January 20th, 1865.

Special Order, No. 10 :

The following promotion is announced, the officer named being deemed competent for promotion :

First-Lieutenant William L. Ritter, of the Third Maryland Artillery, to be Captain, from December 16th, 1864, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Captain John B. Rowan, killed December 16th, 1864, before Nashville, Tenn.

By command of Major-General Elzey,

WILLIAM PALFREY,
Captain and Assistant-Adjutant.

To Captain WILLIAM L. RITTER,

Through Colonel M. SMITH :

General Beauregard made a request of General Hood, to send his son's battery, with the first battalion of artillery that was sent to South Carolina. Johnston's battalion being the first ordered there, Captain Beauregard's battery was sent with it instead of the Third Maryland, which was transferred to Cobb's battalion, Smith's regiment of artillery.

On the 25th, the battalion was ordered two miles north of Columbus, on the east side of the river, there to build winter-quarters. Just as the men were finishing the buildings orders were received for the battalion to proceed at once to Mobile, Ala.

The Last Chapter in the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

By F. A. PORCHER, President South Carolina Historical Society.

ADMINISTRATION OF D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

PAPER NO. I.

[We deem ourselves fortunate in being able to present the following graphic picture of "Reconstruction," so called, in South Carolina, from the pen of the accomplished President of the South Carolina Historical Society, who writes of what he himself saw, and knew, and felt. We only regret that we are compelled to divide this interesting and valuable paper into several numbers:]

The history of South Carolina during the period of Reconstruction, from the passage of that act of revengeful hatred, until the liberation of the State by the election of Governor Hampton, is a story so full of horrors that it is not easy for the mind to imagine its reality; and even though one might faithfully report the enormities which were perpetrated under the name of law, (and the bare mention of them would fill a volume) no pen can portray the inner life of the people, the bitter mortification, the painfully suppressed indignation, the harrowing fears which daily and hourly pressed upon them and made them wonder what had become of the dear and gallant old State. The corruption and outrages, which, in happier times, were never imagined by a sane mind, had now become so familiar that they ceased to make any vivid impression. All hope was extinguished, save in the mysterious providence of God; even the faith which dared indulge in such hope was feeble and timid, and ashamed to acknowledge itself. Relief came at last, it came from our own efforts aided by the blessing of God; and now that the evil is behind us, now that we can again feel that we are men, and freemen, that our country is our own, the memory of the past is like a hideous dream. We can scarcely persuade even ourselves that it was a sad reality, and unless well attested, positively will never believe that the story we are about to relate is a sober truth. I propose to devote this paper chiefly to the administration of Chamberlain, the last chapter in the history of Reconstruction. It alone, to be properly done, calls for an amount of details so great as to exclude the paper from this magazine; to other hands, therefore, must be committed this whole history

of Reconstruction, and even this story, which I propose to give, must be curtailed of many, very many, of its details.

When the war came to an end, the people of this State, regarding the cause as lost, accepted the situation and determined to live honestly and faithfully in conformity with it. They had tried the issue of arms, and had failed; they had lost their fortunes; more than half of her best sons had laid down their lives for the cause; the cause was lost, but they still might exercise their manliness and seek their fortunes under the changed aspect of affairs. A convention, which had been called by Mr. Perry, the Provisional Governor of the State, met and reorganized the State, and under its provisions General Orr was elected the Governor, and Senators and Representatives were elected to represent the State in Congress. But, though it had been all along asserted that the acts of secession were nullities, when the Representatives-elect went to take their seats, it was ascertained that the acts were not nullities, and that South Carolina could have no representation until a new constitution should be made for her, which the sitting members of the Congress should approve. To bring about this desirable state of things, the Southern States were divided into several military districts, over each of which an officer was appointed, with all the powers of a Persian Satrap, excepting that he could not take away the life of a citizen, except by due form of law. The Satrap appointed over this State was General Sickles, who had made himself infamous by the assassination of Mr. Key, of Washington, for improper intimacy with his wife, and afterwards condoning her infidelity. Of his official acts I have no special recollection; he was always ostentatiously showing his vulgar and brutal person, which was made more conspicuous by his being always arrayed in his uniform. In this respect he was a striking contrast to his successor, who seemed always to wish to disguise his questionable dignity of a Satrap of a military despotism, under the modest garb and demeanor of a gentleman.

The first step towards reconstruction, after the appointment of these Satraps, was the calling of a convention. For this purpose all the males were registered as voters, those only excepted who had, in virtue of any office held before the war, taken the oath of fidelity towards the Constitution of the United States. This, of course, excluded most of those who had been the best citizens. It was then ordered that the registered voters should vote for members of the convention, and that it should be held, provided a majority of the registered votes should be given for members of the convention. As

so large a portion of the citizens were disfranchised, the white people would register, but not vote. For a long time the poll-returns which were published made it likely that less than half of the registered names had voted, and that the call of the convention would be a failure; but the governing power was determined that their designs should not be thwarted, even by means provided by their own orders. A striking illustration was shown in the case of the adoption of the constitution of Alabama. The Congress resolved that it had been adopted, when it had been notoriously rejected. General Canby's act was by no means so glaring, but it was highly suspicious. After publishing the state of the polls for some time, by which it appeared that the convention had not been called, he ceased the continuance of the publication as unnecessary, and proclaimed that a majority of registered voters had ordered a convention, and published the names of the members-elect.

The convention assembled in 1868. In it were many members who afterwards attained a bad distinction, but did not at that time or on that occasion make themselves flagrantly conspicuous. They made the constitution for which they were assembled. It is a grievous fallacy to judge of a people or of a State by the constitutions or laws under which they live. The constitution adopted by that convention has never been changed; under it we had six years of a saturnalia, of lawlessness and disorder; under the same constitution we have enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity; so completely does the well-being of a State depend upon the character of the people who rule opinion. From 1868 to 1876 South Carolina was denounced even by Radical newspapers at the North as a disgrace to civilization; from 1876 it ventures to stand among the front in the march of refinement and civilization; but in both periods the instrument of government was the same—the instrument devised by the agents appointed by a vindictive Congress to break down the manliness of those whom it stigmatized as rebels.

After the convention had done its work an election was held for a Governor, which resulted in the election of Governor W. K. Scott, and General Canby displaced Governor Orr and put Governor Scott in the gubernatorial chair.

Governor Scott was first known to the people of this State as the head of the Freedman's Bureau. He did nothing to make him particularly obnoxious to the people. He had made a declaration of his opinions some time before, which his subsequent conduct as Governor proved to be his real views. In that speech, delivered in

Washington, he said that Winchester rifles in the hands of the negroes of South Carolina was the most effective means of maintaining order and quiet in the State. This experiment was tried by himself and his successors, and the result was that South Carolina became a disgrace to civilization. The situation of the State was so well described by ex-Governor Perry in a letter to Scott, dated March 13, 1871, that we shall content ourselves with using his words:

"There are two things," says the writer, "which you can do, and should do, the sooner the better. Disarm your militia and appoint good and intelligent men to office. All the lawlessness and violence which has disgraced the State has been owing to these two sources of mischief. Never was there a more fatal mistake nor a more diabolical wrong committed than when you organized colored troops throughout the State and put arms in their hands with powder and ball, and denied the same to the white people. It was atrocious. The bloody tragedy at Laurens was owing to this and nothing else. The murder of Stevens and other white men at Union by one of your negro companies, and the subsequent execution of ten colored persons was owing to the same cause. The fearful killing and murder of a number of men at Chester, was likewise owing to your colored militia. The violence and lawlessness at Yorkville originated in one of your worthless appointments. Heretofore your appointments have been mostly made of ignorant and corrupt men, who cannot enforce the law and preserve the peace.

"The colored people of South Carolina behaved well during the war and would have continued to do so but for the unprincipled carpet-bagger, who came among them and stirred up hatred to the white race by the most artful and devilish appeals to their fears and bad passions. Unprincipled white men living amongst us, seeing an opportunity of office and plunder, joined the carpet-baggers. These two classes united in persuading the negroes, that they would be put back into slavery, and that they must apply the torch to redress their supposed wrongs. It is not surprising that a people so ignorant and credulous as the negroes are, should thus have been led astray. They were told that land would be given them and their children educated. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been appropriated for this purpose and all squandered and stolen by their pretended friends; a multiplicity of offices have been created to reward political partizans; salaries have been increased; millions appropriated for railroads, and the most extravagant waste of public moneys in every way. The public officers and the Legislature are charged with the

most shameful corruption, bribery and roguery. It is impossible for the industry of the State to pay the taxes. There is no security for property. It is impossible for this thing to go on and preserve order in the State."

As our purpose is not to go into the details of this administration, we content ourselves with Governor Perry's statement. There is one fact of which we would be glad to be made certain. Was it a foregone conclusion that the ex-Confederates were to be forced into acts of violence, such as would call for the active interference of the general government. That such was the wish at or about the close of Radical rule, there can be no doubt. But was this a fixed idea when the government was begun? The Reconstruction acts were partly vindictive, partly political. It was hoped and expected that by giving the right of suffrage to the negro, the Southern States, or a large number of them, would be secured to the Republican party. The negro must, of necessity, be a Republican. Hence the investing him at once with political power, and excluding all those States from a seat in Congress until the negro element had been thoroughly incorporated in its constitution. At first the whites were made to feel that they no longer controlled the negro, and the Republican party was completely in the ascendant. But it was not long before the old relations of kindness between the two races began to revive. The negro found his friends among his old masters. The adventurers who came here to make their own fortunes were quick to perceive this and to dread the consequences. Hence they made untiring efforts to stir up the evil passions of the negroes against the whites; unto this feeling Governor Scott lent himself a willing agent. It was his duty to organize the militia; in doing this he recognized only the black race. They were formed into companies and regiments; to these arms were distributed, which are aptly described by Governor Perry as fruitful of the worst of crimes. The whites were not allowed their share of the public arms. It was a sense of the danger to which the whites were exposed at thus being kept without arms that gave rise to the rifle clubs, which were a grievance to Governor Chamberlain, which were denounced by General Grant, but which it is truth to say, became the only power which at one time saved the State by its moral power alone from the extreme horrors of anarchy. When General Hunt called on some of these clubs to assist in restoring peace to the city after one of the most terrible riots that had ever been known in it, he was instantly reported to the government at Washington, and was almost as instantly sent on duty elsewhere.

But they were almost the only force which he could trust. The Government would have preferred to leave the city at the mercy of the infuriate wretches who had bathed its streets with the blood of its citizens. All circumstantial evidence points to the conclusion that the thing most desired by the Government was such a collision of races as would call for active military interference, and as this was solemnly believed by the whites they avoided such collision, even under circumstances when forbearance seemed to be very like weakness.

Corruption and disorder had so completely taken possession of the State that all hope of a change for the better seemed to have been destroyed, when it was determined to make some feeble effort to stay the progress of misrule by joining the ranks of the Republicans. The project was to leave the power in their hands, but to infuse into it a beam of purity by giving offices to the white men. Accordingly a reform ticket was offered to the votes of the people, at the head of which was the Republican Judge Carpenter, who had not unworthily filled the judicial bench; General M. C. Butler consented to be a candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and in the selection of other candidates, while the most notorious rogues were excluded, a larger proportion of Republicans, more blacks than whites, were nominated. It was strictly and emphatically a Reform party; all partisan politics were studiously excluded. The effort failed, because it deserved to fail; it deserved to fail because it associated itself with a party rotten to the core. The relief could not come, and did not come, until a sharp line was drawn and no compromise tolerated with the unclean thing.

General Kershaw, the chairman of the Reformed Committee, after the thorough discomfiture of his party, published a report announcing his failure. We cannot do better than tell the sad story in his own words:

"We entered the contest," he says, "by laying down a platform on the rights of race identical and co-extensive with the Republican Congress upon that subject. We invited men of all parties, upon that basis, to unite in an effort to reform the present incompetent, extravagant, prejudiced, and corrupt administration of the State Government, and to establish, instead thereof, just and equal laws, order and harmony, economy in public expenditures, a strict accountability in office-holders, and the election to office only of men of known honesty and integrity.

"We put forward as the State candidate a prominent Republican,

who had proved himself a capable and just judge, and a democrat and eminently representative Carolinian, popular and distinguished. The people, in their county nominations, generally observed the same spirit of compromise, and selected as their candidates white and black, Democrats and Republicans—giving full effect to the spirit of the platform. Certainly, if ever a party was organized outside of political issues, this was. There was literally nothing in it to repel any citizen of any school of politics, except the few who, clinging to the issues of the past, were offended by the liberal concessions made to the colored people. If, therefore, we could establish our charges against the then existing administration of the State Government, we had a right to count upon the support of all honest men. These charges were, in general terms, incompetency, extravagance, prejudice and corruption, and there is not a county or precinct in the State where they were not proven to be true, to the conviction of the commonest understanding, and to an extent wholly unparalleled in the annals of civilized governments. These proofs were never refuted. They stand uncontroverted, as they were incontrovertible, ineffaceably impressed upon the recorded acts of the Government. Had the battle been permitted to rest upon this issue, you would to-day have been rejoicing in the restoration of peace and good government to this stricken and desolated State.

“The wicked leaders of the prejudiced and benighted masses of colored people, who looked to them for guidance with the simple faith of childhood, knew too well where their strength lay not to avert this blessed boon from their deluded followers. True to the principle of ‘rule and ruin’ which has ever actuated them since they came among us, they appealed to that spirit of antagonism which slumbered until they came, and led their victims blinded to the sacrifice. They pretended that we were not in earnest; that our leading men did not support us; that our liberality of principle and practice was but premeditated treachery—a subtle and deceptive scheme to acquire power; that that power, when acquired, would be used to put them back into slavery; that we were the same people who had held them in bondage for so many generations, and fought four years to rivet their chains, and could never be trusted; they raked the ashes of the past to find the old sores of slavery, opened them afresh, and reveled in the torture they inflicted by the cruel pictures they drew of wrongs which were either never endured or as unexceptional as child-murder in New England. The more fiercely raged the mad passions of the crowd, the greater their efforts to aggravate and infuriate them. They told them every conceivable

story they could invent, to make them believe that we sought their ruin. Every brawl between white and black was magnified into the beginning of a war against their race. They were told that we would prevent their voting by violence, and on this pretext they were armed by the State, the further to alarm and excite them. They were told that we were rebels, enemies of the General and State Governments; that the President, the Governor and the great Republican party were *our* enemies and *their* friends; that *they* would never be hurt, do what they might; that high taxes were nothing to *them*—*they* did not pay them; that it would be good for them if the land-owner should be forced to sell his lands down to a mere homestead; they would then have homes through the operation of the land commission and other causes; that all the accumulated property here was the result of their labor; that it rightfully belonged to *them*, and that the way to get it was to vote for what they were pleased to term the 'Republican party,' meaning the ruling dynasty of South Carolina:

* * * * *

"This summary of the arguments by which the colored people were led to fasten upon the State for the next two years the same men who have so nearly ruined us in the past, demonstrates the existence among them of a fatal hostility towards us which cannot now be overcome by gentle and kindly overtures. It is so violent in certain quarters as to threaten the existence of society. It has been fostered and favored and kept alive in a large degree by those whose duty it is to protect society. Magistrates and conservators of the peace have been foremost and unrebuked in incendiary utterances and actions. It is allied not only with demagogueism, that demon whose province it is to prostitute the spirit of liberty, but also with agrarianism, which strikes at the foundation of civil society. To this add ignorance and the leadership of the worst, most unscrupulous and selfish men, as a rule, and some idea may be formed of the dangers of the situation."

With this report the Republican Reform party came to an end; Governor Scott was re-elected by an overwhelming vote, and the suffering whites could only hope in patience, while the mad orgies of Republican misrule went on unchecked.

In 1872 the office of Governor was filled by a young South Carolinian, who acquired a sad notoriety throughout the country. He had been Speaker of the House of Representatives, and showed a wonderful fitness to hold office in this saturnalia of extravagance and debauchery. The recklessness with which he signed money orders on the Treasury created a large debt, which ought to have been re-

pudiated. His administration was only a continuation of that of his predecessor, with, perhaps, even less regard for decency. He ran a mad career, and was last heard of in the Criminal Court of New York, where the former Governor of South Carolina figured as a petty swindler.

We have introduced the history of the first two administrations only to serve as an introduction to that of Chamberlain, who was the last, the most plausible and the best cultured, and the most dangerous of all. But here a difficulty meets us. A full and true narrative of those two years would require a volume of no less bulk than a whole year's publication of this magazine; a naked statement of the facts which distinguished this period would be flat and tedious. It is one thing to say that atrocious deeds were done; it is another thing to enter into the details of these atrocities. Without these last one cannot form a vivid conception of the infernal life which the white people of South Carolina led during that eventful period. Even during the war, when tidings were full of disasters and of the deaths of our brave soldiers, our minds were not so depressed as they were during a large part of the Reconstruction era. Then indeed we had the comfort of hope and the consciousness of manliness exercised in a cause dear to us; but now hope was almost gone from us, and we could show no manliness except in the fortitude with which we endured our humiliation. The country was against us and regarded with an evil eye all that we did, with a perverse understanding all that we said. The President was a fiery partisan against us, listened to no counsels except those of our enemies. Our officers were not ours, but those of our negroes; one of the Governors had said that Winchester rifles in the hands of the negroes was the best means of securing peace in South Carolina, and the other was a renegade, with as much of the bitterness of the renegade as a man so steeped in licentious debauchery could feel. We now had a new man; for a long time we did not know how to regard him. A very few months before the election which defeated him was held, he was favorably regarded as our candidate for the next election. When at last he discovered that he had utterly lost our confidence, he threw off the mask and showed himself what he really was, a monster of deceit, of malignity, and of imbecility. In attempting to give the history of his administration, we shall not condense; we will omit many scenes which may well be recorded, but we shall select those which were conspicuous, and spare no details to paint them in their hideous and disgusting colors.

Lookout Mountain !

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. C. BROWN.

HEADQUARTERS BROWN'S BRIGADE,

November 30, 1863.

Major,—I beg leave to submit a report of the part performed by my command in the battle of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, on the 24th and 25th November, 1863.

On Monday night, the 23d November, Major-General Stevenson directed me to take command of his division, then occupying the summit of Lookout Mountain, and defending the approach at the point and on the west slope of the mountain as far as "Nickajack trail," a distance of ten miles. At 12 o'clock that night I was ordered by the Major-General to send Cumming's brigade to the base of the mountain to report to Brigadier-General Jackson, and Haggerty's battery of Parrott guns to report to Brigadier-General Anderson, on the right of the line on Missionary Ridge. Early Tuesday morning, the 24th, the passes of the mountain were re-enforced, and at 12 M., in obedience to an order from the Major-General commanding, I sent Pettus's brigade (except the Twenty-third and Thirtieth Alabama regiments) to report to Brigadier-General Jackson, half way down the mountain, leaving me only my own brigade, the Twenty-third and Thirtieth Alabama regiments, and — battery of Napoleons.

The Eighteenth and Twenty-sixth Tennessee regiments were disposed at Powell's and Nickajack trails and the contiguous passes. Powell's trail is seven and Nickajack ten miles from the north point of Lookout. The pass at the point and those nearest to it, for two and a half miles on the west side, were held by detachments from the Twenty-third and Thirtieth Alabama regiments, while reserves from the same regiments, under command of Colonel Hundley, officer of the day, were held near the line of defense, south of Summertown, to re-enforce their pickets. One section of the battery, under charge of —, was in position near the point, while the other section was held in position disposable between the point and the line of defense, on the south. About 12:30 I moved the Thirty-second Tennessee, the largest regiment of my brigade, to re-enforce the point and to support the artillery. At 1 o'clock P. M. the two Napoleon guns on the point opened fire upon the enemy, then passing near the "Craven House," and continued it incessantly for two hours. At the same

time I deployed sharpshooters from the Thirty-second Tennessee and Thirtieth Alabama down the side of the mountain, and directed a fire upon the enemy's flank. I ordered rocks rolled down the mountain also. The fog was so dense that we could not see the enemy, although we could hear his march, and guided by this and the report of his musketry, our fire was directed. His advance was quickly checked, and his fire materially abated, and doubtless the effect of the shells from the two Napoleon guns and the fire of our sharpshooters contributed largely to this end. Late in the afternoon (the hour not recollected) I reported to the Major-General commanding, in answer to a summons from him, and was informed that he had been directed by General Bragg to withdraw from the mountain. I gave orders to all the troops to be ready to move at 7 o'clock P. M. Nearly all of our wagons had been ordered the night previous to Chickamauga station for supplies, and had not returned. The consequence was that our camp equipage and a part of our baggage was abandoned. At 7 P. M. the troops, artillery and ordnance trains were quietly withdrawn to the valley by the Chattanooga road, and crossed Chattanooga creek by 10 o'clock. The Eighteenth and Twenty-sixth Tennessee regiments were withdrawn by the McCullough road, and crossed the valley and Missionary Ridge by way of Rossville, and did not form a junction with the command until late in the afternoon of next day.

* * * * *

I have the honor to be, Major,

Most respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed)

J. C. BROWN,
Brigadier-General.

To Major J. J. Reine, A. A. G.

Further Details of the Death of General A. P. Hill.

LETTER FROM A COURIER.

[At his own earnest request we suppress the name of the gallant young soldier who sends the following letters; but he will have the thanks of all old Confederates, not only for his own contribution, but also for eliciting from Colonel Venable his graceful tribute to the accomplished soldier and chivalric gentleman whose name was among the dying words of both Lee and Jackson.]

RICHMOND, VA., March 21, 1884.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—Some time since I noticed an account of the death of General A. P. Hill, which was written by Sergeant Tucker, of General Hill's staff. Having seen General Hill only a short while before his death, and thinking Sergeant Tucker had left out (unintentionally) some facts that might be interesting to the soldiers, I sent the account to Colonel C. S. Venable, formerly of General R. E. Lee's staff, and I beg herewith to hand you for publication Colonel Venable's letter to me, which I am sure will be read with interest by all.

Let me say, that as General Hill came across the branch referred to by Sergeant Tucker, I met him (I was going to General R. E. Lee), and turned back with him and Sergeant Tucker, and told him of the enemy in General Mahone's old winter-quarters. After being fired at by the enemy in the old quarters, we turned to the right and there met Colonel Venable, who desired General Hill not to expose himself, saying that it was General Lee's request. General Hill thanked him and told him to say to General Lee that he thanked him for his consideration, and that he (General Hill) was only trying to get in communication with the right. Colonel Venable turned off to return to General Lee, and as he did so, told me I was wanted at General Lee's headquarters, and I rode with Colonel Venable to that place. I carried several orders for General Lee, and was present when Sergeant Tucker came up and reported the death of General Hill.

Never shall I forget the look on General Lee's face, as Sergeant Tucker made his report. After hearing what Sergeant Tucker had to say, General Lee remarked: "He is at rest now, and we who are left are the ones to suffer."

Some may ask how it was that I, a courier in artillery, should have been in that locality. I was a mere boy, fond of excitement, and it so happened that our quarters were in the yard of a Mr. Whitworth, who lived almost south of General Lee's headquarters. I was awake all Saturday night, looking at the mortar and other shells, and when the enemy, on Sunday morning, came too close to our quarters to be comfortable, our wagon was packed and sent with all but myself to General Pendleton's headquarters. I remained, fed my mare, and "held my position" until the enemy were close enough for me to see

how many had been shaved Saturday, and then I moved out, receiving as I went cheers or yells from the enemy, for which compliments I did not stop to thank them. When I got down in the bottom I stopped my mare in the branch, and was letting her drink, when General Hill came up, as before stated. I think General Lane will recollect my coming to him later in the day, when he was having a rough time. My Colonel was absent on official business that day, and I was trying to make myself useful. I took a hand in anything that I could; carried orders for General R. E. Lee; was sent to General Longstreet, then to Colonel Manning, who was "forming a skirmish line" (to the south of General Lee's headquarters). Colonel Manning put me in charge of the right (he being in centre), and we had a lively time for some hours. That was a grand skirmish line, with the men *almost as close together* as telegraph poles on the line of a railroad, but we held our position, and were only driven back a short distance by a *line of battle*, sent against us by the enemy. Later I was ordered to Richmond on official business; after attending to which I reported to my Colonel at General Lee's residence on Franklin street, and left there that night after supper.

Trusting you may find something to interest your readers in this my first communication, I am

Yours very truly,

"COURIER,"

Artillery Second Corps.

LETTER FROM COLONEL C. S. VENABLE.

VEVAY, SWITZERLAND, December 25th, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your postal of November 26, has been forwarded to me here, as well as the clipping from the *Dispatch* giving Tucker's account of General A. P. Hill's death. Tucker's is a true statement, doubtless, of the circumstances immediately attending the death of General Hill at the hands of the Federal skirmishers—but his memory has failed him in several points which should have been presented in order to give a true picture of the sad event, and a fuller idea of the anxious devotion to duty and love for his troops which made the General on that fatal morning utterly reckless of his own life.

General Hill reached General Lee's headquarters before light and reported personally to the General in his own room. General Longstreet had arrived from the north side of the Appomattox about one o'clock the same morning and was lying on the floor of the Adjutant's

office trying to get a little sleep. A few minutes after General Hill's arrival I walked out to the front gate of the Turnbull House, and there saw wagons and teamsters dashing rather wildly down the River Road (Cox's) in the direction of Petersburg. Walking out on the road, I met a wounded officer on crutches coming from the direction of the huts of Harris's brigade, which lay across the branch in front of the headquarters, who informed me he had been driven from his quarters in these huts (which a few sick and wounded men occupied) by the enemy's skirmishers. I immediately returned to the house, ordered my horse, and reported what I had seen and heard to General Lee, with whom General Hill was still sitting. General Lee ordered me to go and reconnoitre at once. General Hill started up also; we mounted our horses and rode together, General Hill being accompanied by one courier, as I remember, who I thought was Tucker. I had no courier with me. On arriving at the branch (it was barely light at the time), we stopped to water our horses and look around. While thus engaged the enemy made his presence known by firing on us some straggling shots from the direction of the huts and hill towards the Boydton plankroad. Soon perceiving half a dozen or more of our own skirmishers near us, who had been driven back by the sudden advance of the enemy, I got General Hill's permission to deploy these in front of us so as to make some show of force. It being impossible to go straight on to the Boydton plankroad on the road on which we were riding, we turned to the right and rode up the branch. General Hill, whose sole idea was to reach his troops at all hazards, soon became impatient of the slow progress of our improvised skirmishers, and really there seemed to be no enemy in our front in the direction in which we were riding. So we pressed on ahead of them. After going a short distance it became light enough to see some artillery on the River Road (Cox's) about one hundred and fifty yards distant on the hill to our right. He asked me whose artillery it was. I informed him that it was Poague's battalion which came over the night before from Dutch Gap. He requested me to go at once and put it into position. I leaped my horse over the branch and carried out his request. This was the last I ever saw of General Hill alive. As I rode across the field and up the the slope towards Poague's battalion he rode up the branch towards a copse of small pines, with a few large ones interspersed. It was in this copse, doubtless, that General Hill met his death in the manner described by Tucker. The mistakes of Tucker are first as to the distance of the branch in question from the Turnbull House, which is

not more than 200 (two hundred) yards, and then as to the time of his conversation with General Hill which must have been after I left him, and some distance up the branch. I remember Tucker's presence but not that of Jenkins at the branch. When we left the gate of the Turnbull House General Hill had but one courier; but another could have easily ridden up behind us without attracting my attention, while we were examining the front so intently in the dim light of the coming day.

The sad event of General Hill's death was the crowning sorrow of that fatal morning. In him fell one of the knightliest Generals of that army of knightly soldiers. On the field he was the very soul of chivalrous gallantry. In moments of the greatest peril his bearing was superb and inspiring in the highest degree. No wonder that Lee, when he saw the horse of his trusted Lieutenant with the saddle empty, led by the faithful Tucker, found time to shed tears, even in the trying moment when the tide of adverse battle, sweeping heavily against us, demanded his every thought. The name of A. P. Hill stands recorded high on the list of those noble sons of Virginia at whose roll-call grateful memory will ever answer: "Dead on the field of honor for the people they loved so well."

I should have added to the account above that in less than half an hour after General Hill was killed, the advanced skirmishers of the enemy were driven from the copse of pines by our men, and his body recovered.

While thus supplementing, and in a manner correcting, Sergeant Tucker's account, I wish to say I have great respect for him. He was a true and faithful soldier—as brave as a lion. I well remember being with General Hill on the 5th of May, 1864, as his advance guard on the plank road struck the enemy's cavalry outposts in the Wilderness, when Tucker, whose horse had died during the winter, got permission to go on the skirmish line and kill a Yankee cavalryman and appropriate his steed. His eagerness caused him to be imprudent in exposing himself, and he got a bullet in the thigh, which rendered a horse unnecessary to him for some time.

With all the good wishes of the day, I am

Yours most truly,

CHARLES S. VENABLE.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

CORRECTIONS IN THE ROSTER OF THE A. N. V., compiled by the "War Records Office," and published in our January-February No., have come from several sources, and we solicit further corrections if errors should be found. The following explain themselves:

RICHMOND, February 1st, 1884.

Dr. J. William Jones:

Dear Sir,—I see that in your PAPERS of January and February, 1884, on the "Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia," you "earnestly request corrections if errors are found."

Colonel H. Clay Pate reported as Colonel of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry on 31st August, 1864; was killed in battle at the Yellow Tavern the same day our beloved Stuart was shot—to-wit., May 11th, 1864—and in a few days thereafter Colonel R. B. Boston, then Captain, was made Colonel, and so continued until killed in action at High Bridge on April 6th, 1865. I had the honor to belong to that gallant regiment, and know this to be true. I can never think of that soul of honor, Colonel Boston, without having my heart strangely stirred. Many of his men soon after, I candidly believe, almost envied his fate.

Very truly yours,

P. J. WHITE.

AUBURN, ALA., January 31, 1884.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—* * * * *. I was severely wounded in the second battle at Cold Harbor, but returned to my command about the last of August, to find a great many of my officers absent, on account of the numerous engagements and hard fighting in that campaign. The compilation of the "War Records Office," is doubtless true, but it does not give the names of the *real* regimental commanders in my brigade at that time. They were as follows:

Seventh North Carolina, Colonel William Lee Davidson. Do not know why he was absent.

Eighteenth North Carolina, Colonel John D. Barry, who was absent, wounded in one of the numerous engagements on the north side of the James.

Twenty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel William H. A. Speer, who was absent, mortally wounded at Reams's Station August 25th.

Thirty-third North Carolina, Colonel R. V. Coward. I do not remember why he was absent. I know that he was with me in the battle of Jones's Farm, September 30th, and behaved with conspicuous gallantry on my right flank.

Thirty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel William M. Barbour, afterwards mortally wounded in the engagement at Jones's Farm.

Please make corrections, if the above are such as you "earnestly solicit."

With best wishes for you and our Society, I am

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE.

COLONEL Z. DAVIS, of Charleston, S. C., desires the Roster of the Cavalry Corps corrected to read as follows :

"Butler's Division, Major-General M. C. Butler; Dunevant's Brigade, Brigadier-General John Dunevant; Fourth South Carolina, Colonel B. H. Rutledge; Fifth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Jeffards; Sixth South Carolina, Colonel H. K. Aiken."

"The Third South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel Colcock, was never in Virginia, or in Butler's Brigade. General Dunevant was killed October 1, 1864, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffards October 27, 1864, from which time I had the honor of commanding the Fifth."

IS THE "ECLECTIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES" A FIT BOOK TO BE TAUGHT IN SOUTHERN SCHOOLS?—This is a book written by Miss M. E. Thalheimer, and published by the enterprising house of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati and New York. Its friends claim for it great fairness in its narrative, and that it is non-partizan in its treatment of sectional questions. It certainly does not *call* the Southern people "rebels" or "traitors"; pays an occasional tribute to the skill of our leaders and the bravery of our troops; and so ingeniously hides its poison that Confederate soldiers, or their sons, are acting as agents for its dissemination, and many school boards and teachers at the South are adopting it as a text-book in their schools. It being one of the books of the famous "Eclectic Series," of which the late Dr. W. H. McGuffey, of the University of Virginia, prepared the Readers and Spellers, many of our schools are innocently adopting it, without due examination, under the impression that it is as unobjectionable as other books of this series.

In addition to this all of the wealth, experience, power and influence of this great Publishing House are thrown into the scale, and the result is that this book is being commended by some whom we would expect to give "a clearer note" in the cause of truth, and is being adopted by teachers of whom we would expect better guidance for the children committed to their charge.

We propose to review this "History" in a series of papers in which we shall show that, (however pure may be the motives of author, publishers, agents, school boards or teachers who have adopted it) the book itself is full of errors, misrepresentations, false statements, partisan coloring and false teachings—that it exalts the North at the expense of the South—that it misrepresents the character, motives, principles and deeds of our Confederate Government, leaders, soldiers, and people—and that if our children are to learn their "History" from this libel upon the truth they will grow up to despise the land and cause which their fathers loved, and for which they freely risked, and many of them gladly gave up, their lives.

In a word we propose to show that this book is utterly unfit to be taught in our schools—that our school boards and teachers ought not to adopt it, and that Southern parents ought not, *under any circumstances*, to allow their children to study it. Better let them grow up in profound ignorance of the history of their country than to receive this garbled and false account.

We had purposed beginning our review in this number, but finding ourselves “crowded out” by press of other matter we defer our first paper until our next issue. In the meantime, however, we feel called upon to express now our opinion of this book, to call upon our bretheren of the press all through the South to join us in making war upon its introduction into our schools, and to ask our Confederate soldiers everywhere to read its account of the origin, progress and close of the war, and to send us their criticisms upon the narrative, or at least their opinion of the propriety of its use in our schools.

It may be proper for us to add that we make war on this book in the interest of no other history or publisher under the sun,—that we have no connection with, or interest in any rival book—that we regard this as no worse than some other *Northern* “School Histories” of the United States (indeed not as bad as the majority of them),—but that we single this one out for the reason that it is already somewhat extensively used in the South, and is likely to be yet more generally used unless the friends of truth rally against its introduction.

THE UNVEILING OF THE LEE MONUMENT AT NEW ORLEANS on the 22nd of February was an event of deepest interest and it was a personal affliction to us that imperative duties in our office prevented us from fulfilling our purpose of accepting the kind invitation of the committee to be present on the occasion.

The following admirable programme was arranged :

Programme of Ceremonies to commence at 2 P. M. Unveiling of statue of General Robert E. Lee, at Lee Circle, Friday, February 22nd, 1884.

Prof. B. Moses, Musical director. (Music.) Grand March, Rienzi, Wagner. Prayer by Rev. T. R. Markham, D. D. (Music.) Nearer my God to Thee, Mason. Poem by H. F. Requier, Esq. (Music.) Medley—“In Memory of Other Days,” B. Moses. Oration by Hon. Chas. E. Fenner. (Music.) Fest Overture, Leutner. Presentation of Statue, by the president of the Board of Directors, and acceptance by the Mayor of the City of New Orleans. (Music.) Overture Monumental, Keler Bela. Unveiling of Statue; Salute. (Music.) I Know that my Redeemer Liveth, Handel. Benediction by Rt. Rev. J. N. Galleher, D. D.

We are indebted to the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, General W. M. Owen, and the Chairman of the “Reception Committee,” Colonel W. T. Vaudry, for beautifully gotten-up programmes, with cut of the monument, medals, papers containing accounts of the ceremonies, the eloquent address of Judge Fenner, the beautiful poem of Mr. Requier, &c., and we shall carefully preserve all of these in our archives.

We deeply regret that our space does not allow us to publish this month a full description of the monument, which reflects the highest credit on all concerned, and a full account of the interesting ceremonies; but we shall

certainly put on record hereafter at least some of the good things which were said and done. All honor to the gallant and patriotic Confederates of the noble "Crescent City" for adding this monument to our peerless chief to the many other things they have done to keep green the memories of the cause they loved—to *perpetuate the history they did so much to make*.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SMITH, of Warrenton, Va., now in his eighty-eighth year, but more lithe and active than many men of fifty, has recently spent several weeks in Richmond, and frequently favored us with visits to our office, when he would entertain us with many interesting and valuable reminiscences of his long and eventful life. When he talked of the war his eye would kindle with something of the old fire we used to see when his clear voice would ring out, "Forward, Forty-ninth!" or when in command of the grand old Fourth Virginia Brigade he would gallantly lead them into the very thickest of the fight.

Long may the old hero live, and his stern patriotism serve as an example for the young men of the country.

We are indebted to him for a very valuable scrap-book of clippings from war newspapers.

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, our able and efficient General Agent, after a rest since last July, has gone to work for the Society again in New Orleans, and will, we hope, soon visit also other points. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we are glad to have once more the invaluable services of this gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, who never fails to make a success of his agency wherever he goes, to make the promptest and most accurate report to our office, and to leave behind him a fine impression for the Society and its work.

THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA, which has just adjourned, showed its high appreciation of our Society by voting us the continuation of our office on Library floor of the State Capitol, when, in order to make more room for the State Library, the offices of the Adjutant-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Superintendent of Public Printing were vacated, and these officers directed to rent quarters elsewhere in the city. The Society is also mentioned in the bill for a new Library building, and provided for along with the State Library. This bill was not fully perfected before the adjournment of the Legislature; but a bill *was* passed to sell certain State property and hold the proceeds for a new Library building, and there is no doubt that at the next meeting of the Legislature the necessary appropriation will be made, plans adopted, and the work put under contract.

We think we can say safely to our friends in other States that old Virginia (which for ten years has provided us with a domicil) will give the Southern Historical Society *permanent fire-proof quarters*, and whatever you may give will go into our *Permanent Endowment Fund*. We beg our friends to hurry up their subscriptions to our endowment.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE, if you would do us a kindness, and help on our good cause. We *need* every cent of the somewhat large amount now due us, and we beg our friends *not to put us to the expense of sending either agents or circular duns after them, but to remit without delay.*

Literary Notices.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. By Rev THEODORE GERRISH, Private in the Army of the Potomac, author of "Reminiscences of the War," and Rev. JOHN S. HUTCHINSON, Private in the Army of Northern Virginia. Bangor, Me : Brady, Mace & Co. 1884.

We have received from the publishers (through their agent, Captain James G. Read, corner Fifth and Clay streets, Richmond) a copy of this well gotten-up book. The preface avows as the objects of the book to give a full and impartial history of the campaigns of these two grand armies, showing the relative forces engaged, &c., to preserve the incidents, reminiscences and amusing anecdotes of the private soldiers of both, and to show the fraternal feelings which now exists between the soldiers of these once fiercely opposing armies.

There are very pleasant introductory letters from Colonel Augustus C. Hamlin, of Maine, and General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

Not having yet found time to read the book carefully, as we propose doing, we are not yet prepared to say how far these gentlemen have been able to carry out their plan. But a casual dipping into it suffices to show that it is written in very pleasant style and in admirable spirit; that some of its descriptions are very vivid and life-like; and that it is a valuable contribution to an *inside* view of the life of the private soldier in both armies. We do not hesitate to advise our friends to buy the book, and we predict for it a wide sale.

As the authors cite SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS as among the authorities they have consulted, it may not be gracious in us to say so, yet we feel impelled to add that military critics will not be impressed with their citation of either *Lossing* or *Pollard* as authority on *any* mooted point. After we have studied the book we propose to give, in a full review, our impressions of this first attempt to blend in authorship "The Blue and the Gray." Meantime we wish our friends and brothers—the authors—every success in their venture.

ANECDOTES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Brevet Major-General E. D. TOWNSEND, late Adjutant-General United States Army (retired). New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

This is a very entertaining book, well written by one who was in position to see and hear many things of absorbing interest, and gotten up in the style for which the Appletons are famous.

But it would take much stronger testimony than General Townsend has adduced to convince us of the authenticity of the interview he reports between General Lee and General Scott, and General Lee and General Thomas. Nor are we satisfied that E. M. Stanton was a saint. But we will recur to these and some other matters again.



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., May, 1884.

No. 5.

The Last Chapter in the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina—
Administration of D. H. Chamberlain.

By F. A. PORCHER, President South Carolina Historical Society.

PAPER NO. 2.

Daniel H. Chamberlain is, I believe, a native of Massachusetts. In the triennial catalogue of Yale College, among the graduates in 1862, are the names of D. H. Chamberlain and W. H. Kempton, the notorious financial agent of the State. After the war was over Chamberlain was on John's Island, where he undertook to plant cotton. When the Reconstruction Convention was called by Satrap Canby, Chamberlain sat in that body, and when the State was reconstructed in pursuance of the new constitution he was elected to the post of Attorney-General, a post which he held until 1872. During the next two years he seems to have lived in private life in Columbia, attending to the bar, his profession.

If it were possible I would gladly insert a paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in February, 1877, for a minute and graphic view of the condition of South Carolina under the misrule of Scott and

Moses. It is a paper which might have been written by a Carolina Democrat writhing under the humiliation which the wretched state of the country caused him. It was written in the interest of Chamberlain, if not by himself, then under his direction and supervision. Its object was to expose all the evils of Radical misrule, and by this showing they were enormous. It was to be inferred that they came to an end with his election, and that he was the prophet and leader who was to solve the difficult problem of harmonizing the races and evolving order out of chaos, and that the opposition to his administration was the outbreak of the spirit of rebellion and mischief which was ever rankling in the Southern heart. The essay is able, artful and plausible; but it ignores some facts which would give a very different color to the case, and put him to a very serious examination. One of these is that the want of harmony between the races was in great part the work of the Radicals, who for their own selfish ends had carefully, industriously and ceaselessly fomented the spirit of dissatisfaction among the blacks, and the paper does not tell how far Chamberlain was responsible for the Radical misrule, which he so ably describes and denounces.

The Legislature with apparent wisdom had entrusted all the great interests of the State to commissions, each of which was to be supervised and directed by an advisory board. Of each of these advisory boards the Attorney-General was a member, either *ex-officio* or by special appointment. Now all of these commissions were steeped in corruption, and it could not be but that the Attorney-General must have known of this corruption, had sanctioned, had perhaps profited by it. First of these swindling jobs was the Land Commission, whose specious object was to provide lands for the landless, but whose actual performance was the robbing of the State to the amount of nearly a million of dollars. This precious job was managed by a philanthropist from New York by the name of Leslie. This swindler, encouraged by his success, grew bold enough, when attacked for his corruption in the Legislature, to defy his adversaries, and to threaten so to unmask their frauds as to send them to the penitentiary. Another charge was that as Attorney-General he had advised the misapplication and consented to a disadvantageous sale of the agricultural land scrip granted to the State by Congress, whereby the State lost a very large sum of money. A third charge was that as a member of the advisory board he was responsible for the action of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund by which more than a hundred thousand dollars were expended without any benefit to the

State ; and, further, that it was his motion and his influence which had made H. H. Kempton the financial agent of the State and the convenient agent of all the frauds of the party in power.

It was not only the opposition which took these exceptions against Chamberlain. About two years later, when he was giving offence to his party by his apparent zeal for reform, Judge Carpenter distinctly charged him with being the author and contriver of all these abuses against which the reforming Governor was so loudly protesting, and he also added that the tax bill of 1875, which went little short of confiscation, was the work of Chamberlain himself, and that he made seeming efforts to have it modified so as to secure the good will of the Democratic party as a reformer. With these damning facts before them, Chamberlain was elected by an immense majority. It is a marked feature in the history of the Republican party in this State that no loss of popularity or of influence follows the proof of corruption—nay, the power of the person so denounced and convicted seemed rather to rise ; and why should he suffer when Leslie did not deign to deny that he was a rogue, and Henly even boasted of it.

THE LEGISLATURE.

When the Legislature met the first act of the House of Representatives was to elect as their Speaker the negro adventurer R. K. Elliott. This bold, bad man had arrived in South Carolina in the train of the Northern army. Well educated, he resolved to make this State his abiding place and the field of his operations. He professed to have in view the elevation of his own race, but committed the fatal mistake of supposing that this was to be accomplished by raising them to high places without regard to their qualifications, never reflecting that when improperly elevated their glaring faults would only expose the fallacy of their pretensions and inflict on the whole race a still deeper stigma. He had served in the late Congress, but declined a reëlection in order to become a member of the Legislature of his adopted State. This apparent desertion of a higher for a lower place boded no good for the State. He had discovered that in Congress he was a very little man, but at home he was a power, and he could make what terms he chose for himself. As soon as the House of Representatives met he was chosen Speaker, and this choice proclaimed that the conflict of races was a foregone conclusion.

When the votes for Governor were counted Chamberlain was

found to be elected by a majority of more than eleven thousand. He went into office on the 1st December. His inaugural address astonished everybody. It declared his intention to carry out the principle of reform which was a main feature of the platform of his party. It might have been a set of words, of course, signifying nothing. But the speech showed such an intimate knowledge of the condition of the State, such a convincing sense of the corruptions which had disgraced the party that ruled it, and so earnestly urged the reform of abuses, that the Republicans were alarmed, fearing that the man of their choice might prove a traitor, and the Conservatives hoped that he might prove a powerful ally. All parties waited for time to show the stuff of which the new Governor was made. In the meantime Elliott had given a distinct intimation of his official conduct. By the death of Judge Graham during the past summer there was a vacancy in the First judicial district, which must be immediately filled. Prominent among the candidates was Elliott's favorite, W. H. Whipper, a clever but ignorant negro, who like Elliott had come into the State after the war. He was by profession a lawyer, by practice a gambler and swindler, and this was the man whom the extremists of the Republican party desired to clothe with the ermine. The Governor seemed to regard him with ineffable disgust, and entered into the contest with so much zeal and energy that Mr. Reid, of Anderson, was elected, and the people of Charleston spared the humiliation of seeing a bad negro on their circuit bench.

The satisfaction caused by this salutary interference of the Governor was so great that the Conservatives accepted with patience his next public acts, which were, indeed, of a very questionable character. One was the appointment of Timothy Henly as Treasurer of Charleston. This notorious adventurer came to South Carolina with the Union League in his carpet-bag, out of which he made a fortune for himself. Excessively vulgar, but of a jovial and genial temperament, he insinuated himself into the society and tolerance of men who ought not to have forgotten their self-respect. He unblushingly proclaimed himself a rogue, and claimed, and even received credit for his frankness. It is said that he had little to do with robbing the public treasury. His genius lay in his powers of persuasion; an able lobbyist, he corrupted the members of the Legislature, acting as broker for all who had jobs to carry. He received their money, transacted their business and pocketed his commissions. It is no scandal to call him a rogue, for so he called

himself, and this was the Treasurer that the Governor gave to Charleston.

The next act revealed a weakness in the Governor which showed that his reform principles were not proof against powerful influences.

The Legislature was anxious to take a recess for Christmas, but the members were without money, and there was no money in the treasury from which they could be paid. An act was accordingly passed to appropriate one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that purpose. This act was a violation not only of the Constitution, but of all sound principles of legislation, and it was confidently expected that it would be rejected by the Governor. After a painful suspense he returned it approved, but with a mild protest against such unusual and unconstitutional legislation, as well as against its extravagant provisions, all of which he was willing to overlook rather than subject the members to personal inconvenience. This was much worse than a simple approval would have been. It showed that he acted with a full knowledge of his conduct. Thus the Legislature scored the first triumph over the reforming Governor.

EDGEFIELD RIOTS.

It was during this recess that Edgefield became the scene of one of those conflicts of races, which had been begun, if not encouraged, by Governor Scott, but which were a common occurrence under Chamberlain's administration. A negro man named Tennant, who held the rank of Captain of militia in Edgefield, under the pretext that white men had shot into his house, had the long-roll beaten, and the negro militia poured in to his call for assistance. The whites, feeling that mischief was intended, assembled with their own arms (for the Governor had never given them any) for their own protection, surrounded the armed negroes and cut them off from their supplies. Having thus shown their strength as well as their energy, they now showed their moderation by retiring, on the assurance that the arms and ammunition of the insurgents should be delivered into the custody of the United States troops at the courthouse. This was done, and the arms deposited in the courthouse. A few days later Tennant marched his militia into the village, and apparently without any resistance on the part of the United States officers, recovered possession of the arms, &c. The whites thereupon sent a committee of remonstrance to the Governor, who declared that

Tennant had acted without his knowledge or consent, and that the arms should be again delivered up. It does not appear that he took any steps to execute his promise, and for several days Edgefield was the scene of riot and incendiary outrages. Houses were burned in the dead of night at the peril of the inmates. General M. C. Butler's house was burned, and a party implicated in the crime asserted that he had done it at the instigation of Tennant. Affairs were daily becoming worse and worse; it was discovered that hired laborers were leagued with Tennant against the peace of their employers, whose bread they were eating. These employers did then what common sense dictates—they dismissed such traitors from their service—and this ordinary act of self-preservation was treated as a crime, and a proposition seriously made by Elliott to punish it. An attempt was made to arrest Tennant for burning Butler's house, but he refused to be arrested, and fired upon the *posse* which was sent to arrest him. The Governor, instead of going himself to the scene of disorder, sent one of his henchmen—one General Dennis—to preserve the peace. Tennant retired to the swamp, and Dennis retired to his superior, defeated and disappointed. The eccentric Judge Mackey was now sent as a peacemaker. General Butler was arrested on a charge by Tennant that his life was threatened by him, but the charge was not sustained. A sort of peace was trumped up by Mackey, how, we do not know. In his report he denounced the government of Edgefield as the most infamous to which any English speaking people had ever been subjected, and denounced the militia as perverted to the worst uses; if a negro, he says, quarrel with a white man the militia is called out to settle the quarrel; he therefore recommended that the Edgefield militia be disbanded and their arms called in.

Meanwhile the Legislature assembled again and the Edgefield troubles were immediately brought up by Elliott, who denounced in the bitterest terms those farmers who had dismissed their servants who were plotting against them. A bill was introduced to lay a special tax upon Edgefield for the support of those turbulent rioters who had been dismissed from service. The enormity of this bill did not operate against its passage, but Elliott discovered that it could never be enforced, and it was tabled with his consent.

The events of the year 1875 which showed the progress of corruption were chiefly of a financial character, and the detail of them would be long and tedious, and which I am willing to confess I know too little about to undertake to give. One was the failure of Hardy

Solomons's bank in Columbia, by which the State lost about two hundred thousand dollars which had been deposited in it. This corporation was chartered as a sort of close corporation, of which the worst feature was that Whittemore, the notorious seller of cadet appointments, was a director. It afterwards received a charter conferring on it banking privileges, and was sold for \$25,000 to a party consisting of N. G. Parker, J. G. Patterson, Stollbrand, Matton—names not calculated to give a favorable idea of the concern—and it got ultimately into the almost exclusive possession of Hardy Solomons, a grocer of Columbia. It dealt heavily in paper of the government, and at one time was the sole depository of the public money, but lately, through the influence of Chamberlain, Cardozo, the mulatto Treasurer, transferred some of this money to some other banks. A heavy draught by Cardozo was the immediate cause of its failure. The Treasurer was charged with having deliberately planned and contrived the ruin of this bank; if so, then he deliberately planned the destruction of two hundred thousand dollars of which he was the legal custodian and the imposition of heavier burdens on the people. The most noticeable feature in this history is that the only persons who seemed to have anything to do with this serious loss were Dunn, an adventurer, the Controller, and Cardozo, a mulatto, who quarreled lustily over it; and we had become so used to such scenes that we scarcely felt astonished at the charge, when in a matter in which the State was so deeply interested it was these two creatures alone who seemed to have any authority to examine or to act.

The case of Niles G. Parker, who was administrator of the Sinking Fund, is one of the most singular cases on record of a prosecution of a high civil functionary for a gross violation of his trust. Corruption appears in every line of it, and in no case has the law ever been rendered so contemptible. This Parker was, I believe, from New Hampshire, where, it is said, he was a barkeeper. Coming to South Carolina with the Federal army, he remained behind for his own benefit. After Governor Canby began to exercise the functions of Satrap, he dismissed from office some of the councilmen of Charleston, and in the exercise of his wisdom gave Parker one of the seats thus vacated. I am not aware that he distinguished himself as a councilman, but his ambition led him to Columbia, where he was put in charge of the Sinking Fund. He was arrested on the charge of having embezzled coupons of the State bonds to the value of \$225,000. There is an inextricable

mystery connected with this whole transaction. The Attorney-General was unwilling to sue and declined the assistance of some distinguished lawyers in Columbia who had urged the prosecution. One Ladd who had been an employee of Parker, and who had attempted to escape on Parker's arrest, declared on the trial that he saw in Parker's possession coupons to the amount of \$450,000, which were to be distributed among parties whom he named. Parker himself was to have \$75,000 and Chamberlain \$50,000. On this testimony the jury found that Parker was indebted to the State in the sum of \$75,000, the value of the coupons which he had kept as his share of the plunder, and took no notice of the \$300,000 which had been lost by his connivance, thus actually sanctioning the monstrous act by which he had thrown away such an immense sum that he was bound to keep. He ought to have been convicted of a gross embezzlement, he was treated as an insolvent debtor. Judge Carpenter ordered him to be kept in jail until the debt should have been paid. A practice had grown into use in this State for the State officers to go to the North to enjoy their holidays. Judge Carpenter went to the North soon after the Parker case was over, and the Governor also went away for recreation. Parker, after remaining in jail a short time, made his escape, but was quickly captured, and now an extraordinary effort was successfully made, not only to release him, but to give him absolute freedom from all claims which might be brought against him. Judge Mackey, from another circuit, was brought in to try a process of *habeas corpus*.

This eccentric judge decided that the verdict of the jury had made Parker a debtor to the State; that as the prisoner had represented that all his property lay in the State, the State could proceed only against that, and that he could not be imprisoned for debt. After this release of a prisoner guilty of such gross embezzlement, the sheriff proceeded to rearrest Parker for other fraudulent transactions, but was repulsed by the judge, who declared Parker to be under the protection of the court. A day or two afterwards Parker was brought before a trial justice on a charge of fraudulent transactions, and was released on slender bail. Not long afterwards he withdrew from the State.

It is needless to go over the several incidents of the summer, the election riots in Charleston and the unblushing effrontery of the petty officials of the government. There was scarcely a day in which the white people were not made to feel that the struggle was at hand, the event of which was to be their liberation, or to plunge

them into hopeless apathy. One sentiment pervaded the whole body of them; they were on their trial, and any false step would prove their ruin, by furnishing President Grant with a plausible pretext for resorting to the strong hand.

ELECTION OF WHIPPER AND MOSES.

The Legislature met as usual in December. The great event of this session was to be the election of judges. Judge Reed had been elected to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Graham, and Shaw to supply that occasioned by the death of Judge Greener. It was supposed that the term of office of these judges would expire with that of the judges to whose places they succeeded. There was also a third vacancy in the Southern circuit. Elliott, determined that the Radical vote should be given to Moses, the late Governor, in place of Shaw, and to Whipper in place of Reed. Chamberlain openly and earnestly opposed the election of these two men. He regarded it as sounding the knell of civilization, and acted accordingly. As long as he remained in Columbia he contrived to keep off the election. The Governor had an engagement of a literary kind in Greenville on the 18th December. A message had been sent from the Senate proposing to go into the election that day. Chamberlain waited in the State-House for an answer. It was laid on the table. In an interview with the Speaker he was assured that the matter would not be called up directly, and with this assurance he went to Greenville. He was scarcely out of Columbia before it was proposed to go forthwith into the election of judges. When the election was going on Elliott, the Speaker, declared that he would measure the members by the votes which they should give on this occasion. The negro Whipper was elected to fill the bench on the Charleston circuit. The election caused a shock like that of electricity to pass through the country. The Governor emphatically declared that the civilization of the Puritan and the Huguenot was in danger. The citizens of Charleston met to protest against the outrage, and to devise means to protect themselves from it, and the bar resolved to ignore Whipper and defend the right of Judge Reed to keep his seat.

On the 21st the Governor issued commissions to all the recently elected judges except Moses and Whipper, which he withheld on the technical ground that as the term of service of Shaw and Reid had not expired there was no vacancy in those circuits and the election of successors was nugatory. The objection was purely techni-

cal, and as it answered fully the purpose desired it was perhaps better than any other objection could have been. This refusal, on whatever ground, was hailed with acclamation, and Chamberlain was rapidly overcoming the ill-will which too many of his acts had gained. Soon afterwards the State Democratic Committee wrote a letter to the people in his commendation, and suggested that he ought to receive their support at the next election for Governor; nay, so decidedly had he won the people that Senator Morton raised the cry of alarm and charged him with having deserted his party and courting the Democrats. To this malignant attack the Governor ably and conclusively replied that it was not the intent of the Republican party to be represented by negroes and swindlers, and it was not courting the Democrats if by well-doing and acting for the best interests of the Republican party good Democrats could be won over to that party. The words were wise, and if Chamberlain had possessed moral courage he might have commanded the support of the people of the State. Six years of misrule had prepared them to welcome any one who would give them the blessing of a pure government, but Chamberlain was too weak a man to be a wise man, and a pure government was not to be had until he had suffered the humiliation of a shameful defeat. While he was growing in favor with the people, his political friends were eagerly engaged in criminating each other. They were witnesses against themselves that corruption was universal, and it was impossible that a government so corrupt could sustain itself. It might well be that the Governor earnestly wished for reform; and certainly many of his political friends feared that he was in earnest in his professions. In the Legislature there were topics discussed, among which were investigations of official misconduct, but these were too common to excite any special interest, and the public knew from the experience of the past that they would result in nothing. One scene may be reported as calculated to give an idea of the tone and bearing of the House of Representatives. Whipper had pronounced against the Governor a vituperative speech, which he contrived in some way to have recorded in the Journal of the House. The subject was brought to its notice on a motion to expunge it, when a bitter controversy took place between the speaker, Elliott, and Whipper. The same man who but a few weeks before had declared that the test of a member's Republicanism was to vote for Whipper, now openly denounced him as an ingrate, a falsifier and a knave. We may form a faint idea of the

the character of Whipper's speech against Chamberlain when we are told that when the subject came up for discussion, the few ladies (?) who were in the galleries were turned out, and the door-keeper instructed to give admittance to none during the discussion. How self-respecting ladies could condescend to give their presence at the meetings of this motley assembly, I cannot understand, but the speeches must have been filthy in the extreme when such an assemblage thought it expedient to exclude the weaker and more delicate sex.

In April of this year a Convention of the Republicans was held to appoint delegates to the National Convention, to meet in Cincinnati, for the purpose of nominating their candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. Chamberlain's popularity was waning with his own party, and it was understood that elections of this Convention were to be a test of his power. He and Patterson were the prominent candidates to represent the State at large, and both factions were arranging their forces to meet the crisis. Senator Morton had denounced Chamberlain for courting the Democrats. He felt that his position was insecure and that he needed all the aid he could get. He wrote accordingly to President Grant, to define and defend his position in the matter of the judges, avowing his great ambition to give the vote of South Carolina for a Republican President at the next election, and praying for the moral aid of the government to protect him against his enemies, the extreme radicals. As the leader of the Republican party he naturally expected the first place on the delegation. But his claim was opposed by a host of discontented Radicals. Patterson, Elliott, Leslie, Whittemore, Bowen, all the leaders of the party, were against him. The only supporters he had were Cardozo and the eccentric Judge Mackey. The latter did not hesitate to denounce Elliott and others and all who had voted for Whipper and Moses as a band of thieves and robbers who had plundered the State. When we reflect that nearly a hundred of these men were present in the convention the audacity of this denunciation was at least remarkable. But one of the most remarkable things in Carolina Radicals is the meekness and Christian-like spirit with which they receive abuse. As a test of the feeling of the convention, Scrails, a negro Senator from Williamsburg, and not Chamberlain, was elected to preside, and the Governor was compelled to listen to speeches in which he was denounced in no measured terms for deserting the party and courting the Democrats. Judge Carpenter denounced him not only for deserting the party,

but for a pretended zeal for reform, when in fact all the enormities of Scott's administration had been perpetrated with his knowledge and consent, as he was at that time not only Attorney General but a member of the advisory boards connected with all those monstrous frauds. He also exposed other tricks of the reforming Governor. To this crushing speech Chamberlain made a reply, which, if not triumphant, gave him for the time a triumph. It was received with cheers, and he was afterwards elected to the first place on the delegation, but he could not get a vote approving of his administration.

In May the Democratic party met to send delegates to the National Convention to be held at St. Louis. The feeling in this body was very much divided. A large portion, having no confidence in Chamberlain, urged the propriety of proceeding at once to adopt an exclusively Democratic policy and to abandon all temporizing. But more prudent counsels prevailed, and it was determined to watch the current of events before committing themselves to any policy.

Indeed, it was no easy problem for the people to solve. For eight years the State had been governed as a conquered territory. Free suffrage existed, but only to give a color of legality to the acts of those strangers who were preying on her vitals, and had made her a disgrace to civilization. No Carolinian, except such as Moses, had a voice or a hand in any matter that concerned her interests. Her finances were in the hands of people that she knew not. Matters of the utmost moment were settled for her by men whom she knew not, or knew only as loathsome objects. Her prospects were growing worse every year. In 1870, in the hope of obtaining some relief from the evils that pressed upon her, she had put forward a prominent Radical to be her candidate for Governor, and in the hope of success, had made every concession that a spirited people could make to win over the blacks to their side. Their overtures were rejected with contempt, and Chamberlain himself was loudest in denouncing the reformation which was aimed at. In 1874, availing themselves of a split in the Republican party, they rallied to the aid of that faction which seemed less steeped in corruption and gave their vote to Judge Greener against Chamberlain. But the man they had opposed seemed determined to make a reality of the promise of reform which had, as a matter of course, been brought forward as their platform, and they gave the Governor the aid of a steady, consistent and sometimes even unnecessary support; and though he was far from being a Democrat, though many of his acts

were not to their liking, yet it seemed that, all things considered, the prospect of reform was better with him than with any one else; and his conduct in the matter of the judges had won their unqualified approbation. He had acted manfully in a case which made the blood of every Carolinian tingle with indignation, and very many thought that the wisest and best thing that the people could do was to give him their support at the next election. But the Governor excited no enthusiasm. We could lavish praises upon him for good service, but no one had implicit faith in him. His words never went to our hearts. It was uneasily felt that he was not a true man. Judge Carpenter had shown that his word was not to be depended upon. He was too anxious to stand well with Morton, and he too evidently stood in awe of Grant. He was a man of culture—knew what the world held highest, and perhaps in his better moments would have gladly been the minister of that highest good, but he lacked courage to embrace it, if he was in danger of forfeiting the Radical support. He might set at defiance Whipper and Elliott, negroes whom he despised, but he could not bear the frown of Morton, nor brook the rude displeasure of Grant. All this was known even to those who were willing to stand by him, but what hope was there that the incubus of radicalism could be shaken off? Again and again had efforts been made to do so, but they were met by a solid and stolid majority of twenty thousand black votes. The negro would go to his white neighbor for aid and counsel (in all his troubles), which were freely given, but when an election was to be held he went to the polls and obediently voted the ticket given him by the stranger who stood between him and his friends. A secret power, called the Union League, attended every negro to the polls, and the free suffrage was only the proof of the despotic rule which was exercised over him by the ambitious and designing stranger.

The Story of the Arkansas.

BY GEORGE W. GIFT.

[CONCLUDED.]

This is our last chapter, and most painful and difficult is it to write; for we have no longer to tell of gallant deeds and great achievements. Our task now is simply to relate the last adventures of the great ship, to tell how her engines broke down, and it became an act of duty to apply the torch to her. We will write her

obituary and be done. Shortly after the events related in the last chapter the enemy embarked his troops on board transports and gave up the bombardment of Vicksburg for 1862. He had never attempted a siege, inasmuch as his force of infantry was inferior to ours, and he did not occupy the same side of the river as that on which Vicksburg stands, but merely under cover and by virtue of his superior naval force, was able to occupy a position near Vicksburg, from which he could throw shells into the town. The same thing occurred at Charleston and several other places. And I think that it would be no difficult matter to show that the navy of the United States had more to do with destroying the Confederate States than the army—or rather that the operations of the army of the United States could have been easily checked, and it overwhelmed and beaten back across the border, and kept there, but for the powerful coöperation of the navy. Therefore the great error in policy of those who guided the destinies of the South was in not putting afloat at an early day a navy superior to that of the United States. There are those, probably, who being but slightly acquainted with such matters, will urge that it was an impossibility so to do. They are greatly in error. I hazard little when I say that if the great Mississippi had been completed at New Orleans a month before she was burned, the Confederate States would now be one of the nations of the earth, instead of conquered provinces.

Shortly after the enemy left the shore opposite Vicksburg an expedition was planned against Baton Rouge, General John C. Breckinridge to command. After the army had arrived at Tangipahoa it was determined to ask for the assistance of the Arkansas. Captain Brown was sick at Grenada, and telegraphed Stevens not to go down, as the machinery was not reliable. Application was made by General Van Dorn to Commodore Lynch, who gave the order to proceed down the river as soon as possible. The vessel was hurriedly coaled and provisioned, and men and officers hastened to join her. Captain Brown left his bed to regain his ship, but arrived too late. He subsequently followed down by rail and assumed command of the crew shortly after the destruction of the vessel. The reader must not construe any remark here to reflect on Stevens. Such is not my intention. He was a conscientious, Christian gentleman, a zealous and efficient officer. In the performance of his duty he was thorough, consistent and patriotic. His courage was of the truest and highest type; in the face of the enemy he knew nothing but his duty, and always did it. Under this officer we left Vicksburg thirty

hours before General Breckinridge had arranged to make his attacks. The short time allowed to arrive at the rendezvous made it imperative that the vessel should be driven up to her best speed. This resulted in the frequent disarrangements of the machinery and consequent stoppages to key up and make repairs. Every delay required more speed thereafter in order to meet our appointment. Another matter operated against us. We had been compelled to leave behind, in the hospital, our chief engineer, George W. City, who was worn out and broken down by excessive watching and anxiety. His care and nursing had kept the machinery in order up to the time of leaving. We soon began to feel his loss. The engineer in charge, a volunteer from the army, had recently joined us, and though a young man* of pluck and gallantry, and possessed of great will and determination to make the engines work, yet he was unequal to the task. He had never had anything to do with a screw vessel or short-stroke engines, and, being zealous for the good repute of his department, drove the machinery beyond its powers of endurance.

The reader may wonder why the machinery of a vessel of so much importance should have been entrusted to a strange and inexperienced person, and ask for an explanation. Were there not other engineers than Mr. City in the navy, and, if so, where were they? There were dozens of engineers of long experience and high standing at that time in the navy, most of whom were idle at Richmond and other stations. At or near the mouth of Red river, the engines had grown so contrary and required to be hammered so much that Stevens deemed it his duty to call a council of war to determine whether it was proper to proceed or return. The engineer was summoned and gave it as his opinion that the machinery would hold out, and upon that statement we determined to go ahead. A few miles below Port Hudson he demanded a stoppage to key up and make all things secure before going into action. We landed at the right bank of the river, and I was dispatched with Bacot to a house near by to get information. After a deal of trouble we gained admittance and learned that the naval force of the enemy at Baton Rouge consisted of our particular enemy, the Essex, and one or two small sea-going wooden gunboats. This was very satisfactory. We learned, also, that Breckinridge was to attack at daylight; that his movements had been known for several days

* I have forgotten his name.

on that side of the river; yet it will be borne in mind that this important secret could not be entrusted to high officers of the navy until a few hours before they were to co-operate in the movement. At daylight we heard our gallant troops commence the engagement. The long rattle of the volleys of musketry, mixed with the deep notes of artillery, informed us that we were behind, and soon came the unmistakable boom of heavy navy guns, which plainly told us that we were wanted—that our iron sides should be receiving those missiles which were now mowing down our ranks of infantry. In feverish haste our lines were cast off and hauled aboard, and once more the good ship was driving towards the enemy. Like a war-horse she seemed to scent the battle from afar, and in point of speed outdid anything we had ever before witnessed. There was a fatal error. Had she been nursed then by our young and over-zealous engineer she would have again made her mark in the day's fight. We were in sight of Baton Rouge. The battle had ceased; our troops had driven the enemy to the edge of the water, captured his camps and his positions, and had in turn retired before the heavy broadsides of the Essex, which lay moored abreast of the arsenal. Our officers and crew went to quarters in high spirits, for once there was a chance to make the army and country appreciate us. Baton Rouge is situated on a "reach" or long, straight stretch of river, which extends three or four miles above the town. We were nearly to the turn and about to enter the "reach;" the crew had been mustered at quarters, divisions reported, and all the minute preparations made for battle which have before been detailed, when Stevens came on deck with Brady, the pilot, to take a final look and determine upon what plan to adopt in his attack on the Essex. It was my watch and we three stood together. Brady proposed that we ram the Essex and sink her where she lay, then back out and put ourselves below the transports and wooden gunboats as soon as possible to cut off their retreat. Stevens assented to the proposal and had just remarked that we had better go to our stations, for we were in a hundred yards of the turn, when the starboard engine stopped suddenly, and, before the man at the wheel could meet her with the helm, the ship ran hard and fast aground, jamming herself on to some old cypress stumps that were submerged. We were in full view from the position General Breckinridge had taken up to await our attack. All day long he remained in line of battle prepared to move forward again, but in vain. On investigation it was found

that the engine was so badly out of order that several hours must be consumed before we could again expect to move. There lay the enemy in plain view, and we as helpless as a shear-hulk. Hundreds of people had assembled to witness the fight. In fact, many ladies in carriages had come to see our triumph. They waved us on with smiles and prayers, but we couldn't go. But Stevens was not the man to give up. A quantity of railroad iron, which had been laid on deck loose, was thrown overboard, and in a few hours we were afloat. The engineers had pulled the engine to pieces and with files and chisels were as busy as bees, though they had been up constantly then for the greater parts of the two preceding nights. At dark it was reported to the commanding officer that the vessel could be moved. In the meantime some coal had been secured (our supply was getting short), and it was determined to run up stream a few hundred yards and take it in during the night, and be ready for hot work in the morning. Therefore we started to move, but had not gone a hundred yards before the same engine broke down again; the crank pin (called a "wrist" by Western engineers) of the rock-shaft broke in two. Fortunately one of the engineers was a blacksmith, so the forge was set up and another pin forged. But this with our improvised facilities used up the whole night. Meantime the enemy became aware of our crippled condition, and at daylight moved up to the attack. The Essex led, and came up very slowly, at a rate not to exceed two miles an hour. She had opened on us before the last touch had been given to the pin, but it was finished and the parts thrown together. As the ship again started ahead Stevens remarked that we were brought to bay by a superior force, and that he should fight it out as long as we would swim. The battle for the supremacy of the river was upon us, and we must meet the grave responsibility as men and patriots. His plan was to go up the river a few hundred yards and then turn on and dispatch the Essex, then give his attention to the numerous force of wooden vessels which had been assembled since the morning before. The pleasant sensation of again being afloat and in possession of the power of locomotion, was hardly experienced before our last and final disaster came. The port engine this time gave way, broke down and would not move. The engineer was now in despair, he could do nothing, and so reported. The Essex was coming up astern and firing upon us. We had run ashore and were a hopeless, immovable mass. Read was returning the fire, but the two ships

were scarcely near enough for the shots to tell. We were not struck by the Essex, nor do I think we struck her. An army force was reported by a mounted "home guard" to be coming up the river to cut off our retreat. Stevens did not call a council of war, but himself assumed the responsibility of burning the ship. I recollect the look of anguish he gave me, and the scalding tears were running down his cheeks when he announced his determination. Read kept firing at the Essex until Stevens had set fire to the ward-room and cabin, then all jumped on shore, and in a few moments the flames burst up the hatches. Loaded shells had been placed at all the guns, which commenced exploding as soon as the fire reached the gun deck. This was the last of the Arkansas.

I am aware that the same class of people who accused the Tifts of treason (the stay-at-home-guards), were sure that the engineer had caused the engines to break down. I am also aware that many lawyers, doctors, planters, and gentlemen of elegant leisure, who had then been soldiering a twelve month, were sure they could have managed the business much better than the gallant and experienced naval officer who had it in charge. I am also aware that several old, influential and wealthy sugar planters were witnesses of the disaster, and gave it as their solemn and well considered opinion (Jack Bunsby was in the habit of giving "opinions" also), that the vessel was "unnecessarily sacrificed!" I trust that whoever undertakes our naval history will give due weight to the opinions, suspicions and insinuations referred to, always referring to their source.

We have now told all about the career of our great ship. We have gone with her through fire and smoke, death and destruction; and if the reader is so minded we will go back and learn something more of her. As related in the first chapter, she was built a short distance below the city of Memphis by Captain John T. Shirley. It seems that Captain Shirley organized in the early months of 1861 what he called a river brigade; but owing to the lack of facilities for operations he was compelled to disband his force. Not being content, however, to remain idle, he conceived the plan of building a couple of powerful gunboats for river service. The plan was adopted at Richmond, and the sum of \$125,000 appropriated for the purpose. This sum was found totally inadequate, and in order to raise funds, which were supplied tardily by the Government, Captain Shirley was compelled to sell his homestead. Nothing daunted, the enthusiastic projector pushed forward. Competent mechanics were scarce, and he sent to St. Louis for them—for the

army refused to allow the detail of men to work on gunboats. Thus cramped for want of money and mechanics, the work necessarily progressed slowly. One vessel, the *Arkansas*, was finally launched before the fall of New Orleans, and the other was burned on the stocks. Orders came from Richmond to tow the *Arkansas* up the Yazoo, and when the writer joined her she was at Greenwood. Captain Brown assumed command of her at that place, and fearing that the water would get too low to float her out after she was completed, he at once took her down the river to Yazoo City. Upon arriving at the latter place the outlook was certainly anything but encouraging. There was neither foundry or machine shop in the place. The ship was in a very incomplete condition. The iron of her armor extended only a foot, or a little more, above the water line, and there was not a sufficiency of iron on hand to finish the entire ship. Of guns, we had enough, but were short four carriages. In the matter of ammunition and outfit for the battery we were also very deficient. It was fearfully discouraging, but Brown was undismayed. He summoned the planters from the neighborhood and asked for laborers, and all the blacksmiths' tools they could furnish. In a few days we had several hundred laborers and their overseers. Numbers of forges were sent in, and the work commenced. The hoisting engine of the steamboat *Capital* was made to drive a number of steam drills, whilst some dozens of hands were doing similar work by hand. A temporary blacksmith shop was erected on the river bank, and the ringing of the hammer was incessant. Stevens went to Canton and got the four gun carriages. I have often been greatly amused when thinking of this latter achievement. He made no drawing before his departure, not knowing that he could find a party who would undertake the job. Being agreeably disappointed in this latter respect he wrote back for the dimensions of the guns. With two squares I made the measurement of the guns (all different patterns) and sent on the data. In a week or a little more Stevens appeared with four ox teams and the carriages. However it would take more space than is necessary to recite all that was done, and how it was done. It is sufficient to say that within five weeks from the day we arrived at Yazoo City we had a man-of-war (such as she was) from almost nothing—the credit for all of which belongs to Isaac Newton Brown, the commander of the vessel.

The following is a complete list of the officers who served in the *Arkansas* during her four great battles. Some others were attached to her but were not present at the time indicated :

I. N. Brown, Mississippi, Commander. Lieutenants—Henry K. Stevens, South Carolina; John Grimbail, South Carolina; A. D. Wharton, Tennessee; Charles W. Read, Mississippi; Alphonse Barbot, Louisiana, and George W. Gift, Tennessee. Masters—Samuel Milliken, Kentucky, and John L. Phillips, Louisiana. Midshipmen—Dabney M. Scales, Mississippi; Richard H. Bacot, South Carolina, and Clarence W. Tyler, Virginia. Master's Mate, John A. Wilson, Maryland; Surgeon, H. W. M. Washington, Virginia; Assistant Surgeon, C. M. Morfit, Maryland; First Assistant (acting Chief) Engineer, George W. City, Virginia; Second Assistant Engineer, E. Covert, Louisiana; Third Assistant Engineers, W. H. Jackson, Maryland; J. T. Dolan, Virginia; C. H. Browne, Virginia; John S. Dupuy and James Gettis, Louisiana; Gunner, T. B. Travers, Virginia; Pilots—John Hodges, James Brady, William Gilmore and J. H. Shacklett.

Captain Brown is now a successful planter, on his place in Bolivar county, Mississippi; Stevens, poor fellow, was killed on the Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, during the war; Grimbail is a lawyer in New York City; Read commands a fine steamer plying between New Orleans and Havana; Barbot is dead; Millikin and Phillips are both dead; Scales, no longer a big midshipman with a round jacket on, is a lawyer in Memphis. All the pilots except Shacklett are dead. I do not know the whereabouts of the remainder.

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By LIEUTENANT IREDELL JONES, *of First Regiment South Carolina Regulars.*

FORT SUMTER, August 17, 1863.

My Dear Father,—We have been pretty severely pelted and shelled to-day. The enemy opened at daybreak this morning with their monitors and land batteries on Wagner and Sumter, and the bombardment continued with unabated fury until dark. It is now 8 o'clock P. M., and the land batteries are firing slowly on Sumter. For some reason our fort did not reply this morning until 11:30 o'clock, when we opened a brisk fire on the monitors and gunboats, and in the course of an hour succeeded in driving all of them off. The land batteries, however, we could not silence, and they have given us bricks all day long. The casualties are one man killed and fif-

teen privates and three officers wounded. In all the enemy fired 910 shots at the fort, out of which 600 struck. The fort is badly used up—four guns dismounted, though all unimportant. Our battery has not been hurt so far. We expect a renewal of the attack to-morrow. Batteries Wagner and Gregg are uninjured. At the former the casualties were seven killed and twenty-eight wounded; at the latter one killed and five wounded. * * *

IREDELL JONES.

FORT SUMTER, August 19, 1863.

My Dear Father,—The bombardment still continues hot and heavy, and we are holding out as well as possible under the circumstances. It is useless longer to conceal the fact—the fort is terribly knocked to pieces. Though there is no reason at present to abandon it, its fall is only a question of time. Many guns have been dismounted, and all the guns on the gorge face are unserviceable on account of the parapet's being knocked away. The enemy throw 200-pound Parrotts at us at the rate of one thousand per day. They ceased firing last night, the first intermission since day before yesterday morning. The fort has not replied since day before yesterday, though our main battery is still in good condition. I cannot imagine the reason, and the policy is condemned by every officer of the garrison. It may not, it would not, alter the state of affairs to open fire, but the honor of our country, the honor of ourselves, and the reputation of the gallant old fort demands it. I trust we will remain and fight the fort to the very last extremity. If she falls, let her and her devoted defenders fall together and gloriously.

The Brooke gun was disabled yesterday by reason of part of her carriage being shot away. We took advantage of the intermission last night, however, to replace it with another carriage, and the gun is all right again.

It is now 12 o'clock M., and while I write the shells are bursting all over us and the bricks are flying wildly. Yesterday 895 shots were fired at us, but we had but few casualties. Only three men slightly wounded. To-day we have not been so fortunate. Already one man has been killed and five wounded. George [a colored servant] behaves like a man. I gave him his choice to go to town, or not, as he wished. He replied that he would not leave me.

* * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

FORT SUMTER, August 20, 1863.

My Dear Mother,—At last we have a little rest from the incessant fire which we have been compelled to endure since daybreak Monday morning. For four days the enemy has been pouring in his two-hundred-pound shot and shell from the land batteries, assisted by fifteen-inch shell from the monitors, and we have been forced to shrink our shoulders and take all this iron hail without the gratification of replying. But, however humiliating this may appear, it is probably the wisest policy. We have but one battery left, and we had best not expose the guns of this, to be dismounted, like all the others, when by using them, however much, we could not change the condition of things. The fact is, we all *know* now, what we all thought before, that the fort can't stand against land batteries. I wish not to create alarm, but if I give you any information at all I must tell the truth. I wish not to make others despondent—and, if I ever spoke truth, I am not so myself. That the fort may, and is likely to be abandoned, I think very probable in the course of time, but that time has not arrived. It may be weeks or months before that event takes place. It is true that one-half of the fort is laid in ruins, but we have the two strongest faces left almost unhurt, which, on account of their positions, will be ten times more difficult to knock down. We will rest quiet until the ironclads come in, when I trust we will be able again to reflect credit on the glorious old fortification. Besides, on the face of the gorge, the bricks falling down on the sand which we had placed outside, have accumulated until they have built up of themselves a complete breastwork, behind which we can take refuge. No one that has not been here to witness the effect of the enemy's ordnance can have the least conception of what has been done in four days. Who, on Sunday last, would have thought that even the weakest face of this fort could have been knocked down by guns at distances ranging between two miles and three miles? I expected them to knock it down when Wagner fell, but I admit my surprise when I saw them open on us from such distances. The enemy seems to have abandoned the attack on Wagner for the present, and concluded, justly, that they were unable to take it, but at the same time knowing that the only way to make it fall was to reduce this place, and we may expect all their hatred to be raised to its highest pitch towards us until they accomplish their object. * * As yet we are all in fine spirits. Like

others under similar circumstances, we have become accustomed to the shelling, and there is always some one to crack a joke. We slip in any corner that we can find—every one for himself—while we know not when we may be slapped side the head with a brickbat. Nearly every officer has been struck, more or less, with these little affairs. I have been struck several times—once on the arm with a fragment of a shell, which stung me slightly, but did not even break the skin. On one occasion I was so unlucky as to get a brick side my head, though some say it was in *my hat*.

There were no casualties to day. Captain Gaillard was slightly wounded in the ankle. I am afraid it will prove more painful than it is even now. I see him on crutches this evening. We have a good many negroes in the garrison for the purpose of rebuilding what the enemy tears down, and several of them were wounded, though not seriously. * * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

July 17th, 1862.—Spent the day playing chess with Dr. Alexander Erskine. News has been received of the capture of General Curtis and his command by General Hindman in Arkansas; also of the “debut” of the Confederate ram Arkansas. She passed out of the Yazoo river, running through the Federal fleet, sinking two of their boats and disabling others.

Feel very uneasy about my mother and sisters in Memphis, as nothing has been heard from them since the 12th of June, and General Grant has issued an order expelling the families of Confederate soldiers from the city.

Sunday, July 20th.—This morning we had a grand review of Cheatham’s division. General Polk and Governor Harris were on the field. The troops presented an imposing sight as the several brigades passed in review with banners floating to the breeze and bayonets gleaming brightly in the morning sunbeams. There were five brigades on the field. One of our country Captains forgot “Hardee’s Tactics” at company inspection, and, growing desperate, shouted, “Prepare to open ranks—widen out, split,” and the boys split, widened out, and the ranks opened. But there was some side-splitting on that occasion, to the great discomfiture of the gallant Captain, who remembered the command, “Order in ranks.”

But the Captain knows how to give the order, "Fix bayonets—charge!" when he meets the Yankees.

July 22d.—On guard to-day. Donelson's and Maxey's brigades left this morning. Their destination is supposed to be Chattanooga, and we will follow on in a few days.

The camp is alive with joyous excitement to-night. Glorious news has been received from Morgan. It is reported that he is capturing towns and prisoners in Kentucky, threatening Louisville, and that the greatest consternation prevails in that city, and that the Federals are barricading the streets to keep the daring chieftain out. This news will be a good pillow for the soldier's couch to-night.

July 24th.—Our brigade received orders to cook three days' rations and prepare to march. At 4 o'clock P. M. we were ordered to strike tents and put up rations. We will probably not get off before morning.

July 25th.—Reveillé sounded this morning at 2 o'clock, and we were soon all ready and eager for the march. The soldiers are in high spirits over the prospect of soon stepping on the soil of glorious old Tennessee. Before the dawn of day we were formed in line and on the march for Tupelo, where we arrived at 6 o'clock A. M., and after a delay of about two hours the engine whistled, and we were off. Through the kindness of Colonel Fitzgerald I was appointed doorkeeper of the passenger car, and have a comfortable seat. We have passed through a beautiful country to-day. For miles on either side of the road the land was covered with green fields of waving corn. Many fair daughters of the land met us at the stations with refreshments, and waving their handkerchiefs, bid us God speed. We are now at Artesia, two hundred and nineteen miles from Mobile, waiting for the removal of obstructions from the track. The general impression is that we are executing a grand flank movement, and that the enemy will be forced to retreat and confront our army in Tennessee or Kentucky.

July 26th.—On Mobile bay. We arrived at Mobile at noon to-day, after a very pleasant journey, and found a guard of cavalry drawn up around the depot to prevent straggling; without delay the regiment marched in close order through the streets of the city to the bay, where we embarked on the steamer Natchez. After a delightful ride over the bay we arrived at the depot of the Florida and Alabama railroad, and will leave for Montgomery to-night. We were favored with a distant view of Lincoln's blockading fleet as we steamed down the bay. I can now appreciate as never before the

sentiment, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," for if we had passed within range of the blockader's guns our passage across the bay would have been rather disagreeable. We bought several water-mellons, for which we paid from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents a piece.

Sunday, July 27th—Montgomery, Alabama.—We reached this beautiful little city this evening at five o'clock. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Erskine, who had preceded me several days. Walked up to the city immediately on our arrival, and enjoyed a good supper at the Exchange Hotel. Attended preaching at the Baptist church, in company with a Memphis friend. On our return to the hotel, we found ourselves, together with several others, surrounded by bayonets, and were politely informed that we were of sufficient importance to command an escort of honor back to camp, and that a guard had been detailed for that purpose. Of course our modesty compelled us to protest against such a display, and the modesty increased as visions of the "guard-house" rose up before us. But our captors were inexorable, and so we were marched back to camp, and halted at the tent of Colonel Fitzgerald. The Colonel came out, and recognizing his prisoners, laughed heartily, and told us to go to our quarters. So ended my first arrest.

July 31st—Chattanooga, Tennessee.—Once more on Tennessee soil. Feel like falling upon the bosom of my old Mother State and embracing her sacred dust. We arrived here last night, after six days' travel by rail. Left Montgomery on Monday at two o'clock P. M., and arrived at West Point about daylight the next morning. Paid one dollar for breakfast and spent the morning playing chess on the banks of the Chattahooche. Enjoyed a bath in the Alabama river at Montgomery, and called to see my friend Mrs. H—— and family. Met with a most cordial welcome, and the dear, good woman filled my haversack with biscuit, chicken, and teacakes. What a feast the boys had on my return to camp! At five o'clock Tuesday evening we left West Point, and passed La Grange, running at full speed. A number of Georgia's fair daughters were at the depot, and as we passed waved their welcome to the hospitalities of the State. Passed Atlanta about daylight, and arrived at Marietta at six o'clock. As the train was delayed here for several hours, a beautiful young lady from South Carolina prepared breakfast for the soldiers. After a sumptuous feast prepared and served by the fair hands of our patriotic southern girl, I walked out to see my sweet cousin, Mrs. McL——, and returned just in time to jump on the train as it was

moving off. At nine o'clock in the evening we reached Chattanooga, having executed a flank movement wonderful in its conception, rapid in its execution, and pregnant with great results. We have changed our base of operations, right-wheeled around the flank of the enemy, and transferred the theatre of war from Mississippi to Tennessee. We are after Buell, and may expect the "tug of war" before many days.

Sunday, August 3d.—Walked up to the top of Lookout Mountain and gathered some pebbles from the point of the rock. Enjoyed the walk very much; the morning was clear and the view magnificent. Saw the names of some friends carved in the rocks. At the hotel, where brave men and fair women were wont to congregate at this season of the year, patriotic soldiers from all parts of the South were languishing on beds of sickness and pain. What a revolutionizer is "grim-visaged war"! Hotels, watering places, pleasure and health resorts, and even holy sanctuaries, are changed into hospitals for sick, wounded and dying soldiers. Church bells are melted into cannon and ploughshares beaten into swords. How long shall our fair land be deluged in blood and cursed with the ravages of war? But we must fight on until our independence is won.

August 4th.—Was most agreeably surprised this morning by a visit from my most intimate friend and kinsman, Gus. Gordon. He is Major of the Sixth Alabama regiment, and was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. He is now convalescent and is on his way to rejoin his regiment in Virginia. Gus is a noble fellow, and I love him as tenderly as Jonathan loved David.

August 5th.—Walked into Chattanooga this morning with Gus. and spent the day with him. He left this evening for Columbus, Georgia, *en route* for Virginia. The dear fellow was thoughtful enough to bring me a bag of vegetables from Sand Mountain.

August 6th.—On guard to-day; fortunately at a farmer's house guarding his peach trees. Nothing to do but to sit in my chair, *otium cum dignitate*, eat as much fruit as my appetite calls for, and see that nobody else touches a peach. The old man is a curiosity. He has been living here nine years and has never seen the town of Chattanooga. His house is at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and he has never been on the top of the mountain.

August 8th.—Left Chattanooga at 2 o'clock. Dined at the Crutchfield House, and jumped on the train as it was moving off. At Cleveland while Rembert Trezevant and I were filling canteens

with water the train suddenly started, and we had to make railroad time by striking an irregular double-quick step. I was about to fall in the act of leaping on board when one of my comrades extended a helping hand and drew me safely on board.

August 9th.—Awoke this morning at Knoxville. Went to market and bought chickens for thirty-five cents apiece. Breakfasted at the Bell House.

Sunday, August 10th.—On guard last night. Attended preaching at the Presbyterian Church and listened to a sermon from my old friend and former pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Martin. The good man took bodily possession of me, carried me home with him, and sat me down to a good, plain Sunday dinner. Five years ago he received me into the communion of the church and was my pastor during my brief sojourn in this place. The cloud of war had not gathered over our country then, and neither of us dreamed of our meeting again in this place under the present circumstances. But here he is still at his post preaching the gospel of peace, and here I am at my post as a soldier of my country.

We are encamped on the Knoxville and Kentucky railroad, about one mile from the city.

Chickamauga—A Reply to Major Sykes.

Letter from JAMES M. GOGGIN, A. A. General McLaws's Division.

[We regret that the following letter from a gallant soldier has been "crowded out" of several numbers. We publish these conflicting views without note or comment, and without "taking sides" with either.]

AUSTIN, TEXAS, January 2, 1884.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary of Southern Historical Society:

Sir,—In the last number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS I find a "Cursory Sketch" of General Bragg and his Campaigns," from the pen of Major Sykes, of Columbus, Miss. His "Battle of Chickamauga" is certainly calculated to mislead the future historian, especially in regard to the events of the 21st, if the statements and assertions of those who participated actively in the *inaction* of that day are worthy of credence.

It is earnestly to be hoped that, in time, we may get at the bottom facts, but, as yet, notwithstanding the numerous publications on

the subject by your Society, as well as through other mediums, both North and South, we still seem to be as far from a satisfactory solution of certain questions as ever.

That the Army of the Confederate States, when the battle closed on Sunday, the 20th, had won one of the greatest victories of the war, no one, be he Federal or Confederate, who participated in the fight, will for a moment deny. This fact was patent to all who were on the field the next morning.

* * * * *

There is no question that when General Rosencranz determined to give General Bragg battle, he did so in confidence of a great success, or, to use General Thomas's own language, that he would use the rebels up. This assurance was shared by other officers.

On September 10th General Cruft writes to his Division Commander, General John M. Palmer: "Have skirmished with two regiments of mine and one of Colonel Grose to a point, say 1½ to 2 miles front of Benview, the bald place you see on the Hill from where I left you. The enemy had, say 200 cavalry, which charged my First Kentucky advanced guard after the cavalry of our left, and drove them in. Have driven them away constantly as I advanced. This can be continued *ad infinitum*."

General Palmer seems to have been so well pleased with General Cruft's *ad infinitum* idea that on the 18th he placed him in command of a division, and I think it probable that if General P. furnished the Commander of the Fourteenth Corps a copy of Cruft's communication it may have inspired the proposition of General Thomas to General Palmer on the 19th. It may also have had something to do with General T.'s bull-dog tenacity on the 20th. General Thomas writes as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR MCDANIEL'S HOUSE,

September 19th, 9 A. M., 1863.

Major-General Palmer :

The rebels are reported in quite a heavy force between you and Alexander's Mill.

If you advance as soon as possible on them in front while I attack them in flank I think we can use them up.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Major-General Commanding."

To this General Palmer promptly responded :

“HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS,
GORDON'S MILL, September 19th, 1863—10 A. M.

General,—Your note of 9 A. M. received. Colonel Grose is gone on reconnoissance on our flank. As soon as he returns will advance as you propose.

Very respectfully,

J. M. PALMER.

Major-General Thomas, Fourteenth Army Corps.”

On that day the great battle may be said to have commenced, and I quote the above for the purpose of showing that leading officers of the Federal forces entered on it in the full assurance of a great success and with a determination and expectation of “using up” the rebel army. In proportion to the confidence felt in their ability to win must have been the revulsion of feeling and demoralization on the night of the 20th, when they found that they had been beaten at all points and that they must leave the field in possession of those very rebels whom the sanguine Cruft had declared could be driven “*ad infinitum*,” and Thomas believed could be easily “used up.”

The question then arises why the fruits of so grand a victory were not gathered in on that night or on the succeeding day?

General Bragg was in consultation with General Longstreet at early dawn of the morning of the 21st at the latter's bivouac. General Longstreet urged a movement across the river in the rear of Rosecrans, to the pushing on to Nashville, and, after drawing Rosecrans out of Chattanooga, seek an opportunity to crush him ; but go on to Nashville and Louisville.

This General Bragg agreed to do, and it was understood that he gave his orders with such a purpose in view.

On parting from General Bragg General Longstreet directed his command to move at once. When the order was delivered to General Kershaw, who, as senior Brigadier, was in command of his own and Humphries' brigade of McLaws's division (the two Georgia brigades and General McLaws not having yet reached the field), the men were preparing to eat breakfast, and though they had laid down supperless, it was not ten minutes before they were on the move. Riding forward to report the fact to General Longstreet, I had proceeded but a short distance before I met that officer, who

directed me to halt the command, and remarked : " General Bragg has changed his mind for some reason or other. I know not what." At 10:45 we were ordered to be ready to move at 2 o'clock ; but we only moved about two miles, and camped for the night. On the morning of the 22d we advanced on the road to Chattanooga, by which a large portion of the Federal army had retreated. We had moved but a short distance before we came upon and captured quite a number of the enemy hiding in the brush on the mountain side. These prisoners, as well as the citizens we met, gave us to understand that the Federal army was thoroughly demoralized by its defeat on the 20th ; the latter all agreeing in the assertion that if we had " Come along the day before we could have captured all of 'em."

The enemy were reported to be making a stand at Rossville, but when we reached that point we found it evacuated.

Pushing on towards Chattanooga, with Armstrong's brigade of cavalry in advance, at 10:45 reached Watkin's Hill, two miles from Chattanooga. Advanced line of skirmishers to feel the enemy. After skirmishing some fifteen or twenty minutes, using our artillery, the enemy retired. On the 23d and 24th nothing was done ; same may be said of 25th, 26th and 27th.

The above facts are given only in connection with, and by way of accounting for, the movements of one division alone of the army that fought at Chickamauga. In regard to the operations of that other division of Longstreet's corps, which did such noble service on the 19th and 20th, I have before me a communication from a private (G. M. Pinckney) of Hood's brigade, who, though at the time of the fight a mere boy, was for that very reason much more likely to be so impressed by what he saw and heard that his memory could not lead him astray. After a vivid and stirring picture of the events of the 19th and 20th, and especially of the operations of Hood's brigade, he says :

" On Sunday night, the 20th of September, 1863, one of the grandest armies of the North was in full retreat. Small arms and other fixtures of camp life covered the ground. In my judgment it was a most complete victory and should have been followed up ; but our army quietly lay on the battle-field and allowed the enemy to retire."

" On Monday morning, the 21st, we had moved to the right of the battle-ground occupied by us on Sunday. On this (Monday) morning we arose early, and just at the head of our brigade we

noticed a crowd of men collected, some of whom were on horseback. Among them we could plainly distinguish the tall form of John C. Breckinridge and our bull-dog leader, General James Longstreet, Lee's famous war-horse. Tom Wallingford, one of my company, called me, and we walked to where they (Longstreet and Breckinridge) were. I think General Buckner was also there, on horseback. General Bragg was on foot. Longstreet and Bragg were in earnest conversation—the latter calm and quiet, while the former spoke in an excited manner—his voice clear and distinct, yet very angry. We could not hear what Bragg was saying; he spoke slowly, and in low tones. Longstreet said: "General, this army should have been in motion at *dawn of day*." General Bragg made some reply, to which Longstreet said: "Yes, sir; but all *great* captains follow up a victory." Another remark from Bragg was followed by these words from Longstreet: "Yes, sir, you *rank* me, but you cannot cashier me."

"It was an evident fact that General Bragg did not intend to push the enemy, but to fall back, or at least to take position without advancing. * * * * We lay upon or near the battlefield until Wednesday, the 23d, when we took up our line of march. Late in the evening we reached Chattanooga. Along the route from the battlefield we met citizens who told us that the Yankee army was demoralized to the extent that they had thrown away their arms and fled in every direction. All day Monday, 21st, you could hear the query among the soldiers [the privates], "Why *don't* we follow our victory?"

In view of the foregoing facts it is hard to understand Major Sykes when he says: "On the morning of the 21st September, the enemy having the night previous commenced his retreat to Chattanooga, Bragg moved rapidly forward, preceded by General Forrest and his troopers, who were sorely pressing and harassing the retreating foe; that night reached Missionary Ridge and commenced fortifying." As I have said, the above is hard to understand, taken in connection with the movements on the 21st, 22d and 23d of so important a portion of Bragg's command as Longstreet's corps.

In reference to the disobedience of orders by General Polk in not advancing on the morning of the 20th, I have said nothing, because I am wholly ignorant in regard thereto, and prefer saying nothing that cannot be substantiated by direct and positive proof. It is a difficult matter for any one to believe, great as the victory won by General Bragg on the 20th really was, that if General Polk had

moved at daylight of that morning the victory would have been so much the greater that it might have resulted in the achievement of our independence, as suggested by General Bragg. It is certainly a heavy indictment against the dead Bishop that he by his inaction, disobedience of orders, or whatsoever you may term it, had sacrificed that boon for which the Southern people were contending, and had rendered nugatory and of no avail all their heroic exertions and sacrifices. It is sometimes best to let the dead past bury its dead; but in a case of this sort I think it due the memory of such a man that some one or more of General Polk's military family should tell us what he or they know on this subject.

JAMES N. GOGGIN,

A. A. General, McLaws's Division.

Austin, Texas, January 2, 1884.

Report of Brigadier-General E. W. Pettus of Operations at Lookout Mountain.

HEADQUARTERS PETTUS'S BRIGADE,
CAMP NEAR DALTON, GA., December 6, 1863.

Sir,—At half-past 12 o'clock on the 24th ultimo I was with my command on the top of Lookout Mountain, and was then ordered by Brigadier-General Brown, commanding Stevenson's division, to report, with three regiments of my command, to Brigadier-General Jackson, commanding at the Craven House. I moved at once with the Twentieth, Thirty-first and Forty-sixth Alabama regiments, and at the head of the column I found Brigadier-General Jackson at the point where the road to the Craven House leaves the road leading down the mountain. Communicating my orders, I was directed to hasten forward and reinforce Brigadier-General Moore at the Craven House.

On the way I met squads of Moore's and Walthall's brigades; and when about three hundred yards from the Craven House I found that that point had been carried by the enemy. The two brigades which had held the point had fallen back. Here I found Brigadier-General Walthall with the remnant of his command formed at right angles with and on the left of the road, gallantly fighting to stay the advance of the enemy. He informed me that he had lost a large

part of his command, that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that he could not hold the position he then had.

Having no time to send back for orders, and finding the fighting was then all on the left of the road, I moved my command, though right in front, by filing to the left directly up the mountain side to the rocky bluff. So soon as formed my command was faced by the rear rank, moved forward, relieving Walthall's brigade, and was at once engaged with the enemy. Whilst my command was moving into position I sent an officer to the right to find Brigadier-General Moore and to ascertain his condition and the position of his line. In this way I learned that Moore's left was about one hundred and fifty yards from my right and his right resting at the large rocks on the road above the mouth of Chattanooga Creek. I then went down to Moore's line and had a few moments' consultation with him, and at his request extended intervals to the right so as to connect with his line. These facts were communicated by me to Brigadier-General Jackson, with the request that he would come forward, look at the line and give us orders. But he did not come in person, but sent orders that the position must be held.

Meantime the enemy made repeated assaults on my left next to the bluff, but were bravely met and repulsed by the Twentieth Alabama regiment and four companies of the Thirty-first Alabama regiment.

Knowing that Brigadier-General Moore's line was weak and that his men were almost out of ammunition, I again sent Captain Smith, of my staff, to inform the Brigadier-General commanding as to the progress of the fight and to ask his assistance. Captain Smith found Brigadier-General Jackson at the headquarters of Major-General Stevenson, on the top of the mountain (who was then commanding the forces west of Chattanooga Creek), about one mile and a-half from the fight, where General Jackson informs me he had gone to confer with General Stevenson as to the mode in which the troops should be withdrawn in case the enemy should get possession of the mountain road. In answer to my communication I was directed to hold my position as long as possible. When I had to send again to the Brigadier-General commanding he was still on the top of the mountain. After my command had been engaged about two hours, Brigadier-General Walthall, having formed the remnant of his brigade and supplied his men with ammunition, returned with his command into the fight on the left, and our commands fought together from that time until relieved. It should be remarked that

during the day the fog was very dense on the mountain side. It was almost impossible to distinguish any object at the distance of one hundred yards. The enemy made no attack on my right or on Brigadier-General Moore's line. But the attack on the left was continued, and finding that the purpose of the enemy was to force my left, at the suggestion of Brigadier-General Walthall I ordered Captain Davis, commanding the Twentieth Alabama regiment, to move forward, keeping his left well up to the bluff, and drive the enemy from the higher ground they then held. The order was executed promptly and in gallant style. The higher ground was gained and held during the fight.

About 8 o'clock at night Clayton's brigade, commanded by Colonel Holtzclaw, relieved Walthall's brigade and the Twentieth and Thirty-first Alabama regiments of my command. These two regiments were withdrawn and formed in the road a short distance in the rear. Some time after this I went to the road leading down the mountain, and there met Brigadier-General Jackson coming down. He directed me to keep my command where it was and await orders, and then passed on down the mountain. After 11 o'clock that night I received orders from the Brigadier-General commanding to retire with my command across Chattanooga Creek at the upper bridge, which was done quietly and in good order.

Captains Gould and Smith, of my staff, bore themselves gallantly throughout the affair. Below is a statement of the casualties in my command. It is small. The day was dark and the men well sheltered on the rock.

I am, sir, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

E. W. PETTUS,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

CASUALTIES IN PETTUS'S BRIGADE IN THE FIGHT OF 24TH ULT.

Killed, 9; wounded, 38; missing, 9. Total, 56.

Battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 16th, 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL R. F. HOKE.

HEADQUARTERS HOKE'S DIVISION, May 25th, 1864.

Captain,—On Sunday, the 15th instant, the intention to attack the enemy on the morning of the 16th at early light was made known to me by the commanding General, while occupying the intermediate line of entrenchments around Drewry's Bluff, and confronting the enemy, who occupied the outer line of said entrenchments, extending his right through the woods in the direction of James river, while his left rested upon an elevated position across the railroad, with his masses immediately in front of our right and resting upon the railroad.

The commanding General, seeing the right was the weak point of the enemy, determined upon this as the point of attack. The brigades of Colquitt and Ransom were ordered relieved by an extension of my line to the right, which placed my division in line of battle, commencing at Fort Stephens, with Hagood's brigade on the left, Johnson's on his right, then Clingman, with Corse upon his right. These two brigades, under the command of General Colquitt, were held in reserve immediately in rear of Hagood's brigade. The division commanded by Major-General Ransom, being in the field on our extreme left, was to turn the right of the enemy and pivot upon his right and connect with my left, while I was to engage the enemy in front with strong lines of skirmishers, and also open upon them with all my artillery. At the earliest dawn I ordered my entire artillery to open and advanced the skirmishers of my whole front, and awaited the movement on my left for one hour before advancing my line of battle, thinking it would require this length of time to make the move, and knowing I must lose heavily by an advance upon the front, which it was the desire of the commanding General to avoid by the flank move. Owing to the dense fog I could see nothing of the movement of Major-General Ransom, and supposing by this time the right of the enemy had been turned, I ordered forward the brigades of Hagood and Johnson, with one section of Lieutenant-Colonel Eschelman's artillery, and found the enemy still occupying our entire line of entrenchments in heavy force, supported by eight pieces of artillery, with a second line of entrenchments along the line of woods immediately in front of our outer line of works.

After commencing the move I could not recede, and ordered an attack by these two brigades, which was handsomely and gallantly done, which resulted in the capture of five pieces of artillery *by Hagood's brigade* and a number of prisoners, besides killing and wounding many, and also in occupying the works. One regiment on the left of Hagood's brigade extended across the outer line of works in the direction of James river, which was ordered forward to connect with the right of General Ransom's division, but to my amazement found the enemy in strong force behind entrenchments. It was not intended that this regiment should attack the enemy in this position, as the movement was to be made by the troops on the left; but they, in their eagerness to enter the engagement, did so, and I am sorry to say suffered most heavily. When it was seen that the enemy still occupied my front this regiment was ordered back to the line of entrenchments to await the further development of the flank movement. In the meantime the enemy made two charges upon the front of Hagood and Johnson to retake the lost works and artillery, but were most handsomely repulsed, and were followed on the left of Hagood's brigade and driven from the woods in their front, and with the assistance of our artillery the "*pike*" was cleared of the enemy before the flanking column reached that point. During this time the masses of the enemy between our intermediate and outer line of works had moved upon the right flank and rear of General Johnson, which was some distance on the right of the pike and in the outer line of works, and made his position quite critical; but the stubbornness of the General made it all right. He was repeatedly attacked in this position, but repulsed every effort of the enemy.

It was at this time I was anxious to get a brigade to throw down the outer line of works, which would have completely placed that portion of the enemy in the woods between our outer and intermediate lines at our mercy; but owing to a misunderstanding of the officer who conducted these forces they were placed in position improperly, and were of no avail during these repeated attacks upon the right of General Johnson. I became alarmed for him, as he had several times sent to me for assistance, and ordered two regiments of Clingman's brigade to report to him, which I did with great reluctance, as I felt it would defeat my plans on my right; but necessity compelled me. In order, also, to relieve the position of General Johnson, which was our key, I ordered forward Corse with his brigade and Clingman with his two regiments. They went forward in good style and drove the enemy from their front, but owing to the

superior numbers and strong entrenchments they were not able to drive them entirely from their positions.

The commanding General will recollect that I before stated that the strength of the enemy was in front of these two brigades, both in position and forces, and therefore great credit should be given them for their actions. They were both small commands, but did their duty well. At the time the attack was made the enemy felt as if our forces were coming on them from all sides, and commenced retreating hastily. The losses of these commands were necessarily heavy, owing to a front attack.

I cannot refrain from calling the attention of the General commanding to the fact that his desire to relieve my command of a front attack by the flank move was in no portion of the line accomplished, in consequence of which my losses were very heavy.

My brigade commanders entered into the move with spirit, and rendered every co-operation, for which I am under many obligations. A report of casualties has been furnished. I respectfully call attention to the names who are spoken of for gallantry mentioned in the enclosed reports of the brigade commanders.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

R. F. HOKE,
Major-General.

Captain J. M. Otey, A. A. General.

REPORT OF GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD.

HEADQUARTERS HAGOOD'S BRIGADE,
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS,

May 22d, 1864.

Captain Adams, Acting Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN,—I am directed to submit a report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of Brewry's Bluff, of the 16th instant.

My command occupied the left of our second or intermediate line, embracing Fort Stephens, and with its right on the turnpike. The enemy occupied our exterior line of breastworks, which had been previously abandoned, supported by a battery of five pieces where the turnpike crosses these works, with skirmishers well thrown out towards us. They had also constructed a second line of works in rear of this, at some two hundred yards distance, and had entangled the *abattis* between the two lines with wire.

Shortly after General Ransom's division had engaged the enemy on my left, and while his advance was still paralleled to my line, I was ordered to advance and drive the enemy from our outer line of works. This was happily accomplished under cover of the early daylight without serious loss—the brigade capturing the battery of five pieces before referred to and several prisoners. My men now occupied this outer line, a desultory exchange of shots going on between it and the enemy's second line of works. Three companies of the Twenty-Fifth Regiment on my extreme right were also at this time thrown back perpendicular to my front, to assist by a flank fire Johnson's brigade, which was driving the enemy from the portion of the outer line on my right.

General Ransom's division had now, in accordance with the plan of battle, advanced some three hundred yards in front of my left, and was pivoting upon its right to sweep the enemy by a flank attack from the woods and works in front of our centre. At this time I was ordered by the Division Commander to change front forward to the right and form line of battle parallel to the turnpike. In accomplishing this, my left drove the enemy from that portion of their second line of works which it struck, and the whole movement was much impeded by the *abattis* and wire entanglement referred to. I now held the turnpike with my line at right angles to the general line of battle. General Ransom's division advancing in echelon full eight hundred yards upon and in rear of my left, the enemy firing obliquely upon my rear from the woods between General Ransom and myself, and I was immediately attacked by a heavy force in my front. The position was obstinately held in the hope that the advance of the division on my left and the brigade on my right would relieve me. Seeing, however, that the brigade was suffering severely, and the regiment on the left having, under orders of its Colonel, (properly given under the circumstances), begun to retire from the heavy pressure of the enemy upon its flank, I directed the resumption of our former position behind our outer line of works. The enemy almost immediately retreated from my immediate front.

Subsequently my brigade was put in position to protect the right flank of the division from an apprehended attack which did not occur, and Colonel Gaillard's regiment (Twenty-Seventh) was detached to assist General Ransom's further advance down the general line of battle.

The brigade generally behaved with a steadiness and gallantry that was extremely gratifying. Colonel Gantt, Colonel Gaillard, Lieutenant-

Colonel Nelson, Major Glover, and Captain Wilds, commanding regiments, discharged their duty with marked ability. Major Rion, of the Seventh South Carolina Battalion, and Captain Brooks, of the same, behaved with conspicuous gallantry, continuing with their commands, the former throughout the day and the latter until I ordered him to the rear after he had received three severe wounds. The severity of the fire of the enemy is illustrated by the fact that fifty-seven bullet marks were found upon the flag of the Seventh Battalion South Carolina Volunteers after the fight, and in one of its companies there were sixty-five casualties, of which nineteen were killed outright.

The general list of casualties appended will show that the losses of this battalion were scarcely exceptional.

My staff, Captain Molony and Lieutenants Mazyck and Martin, behaved with great gallantry and marked efficiency. They were all dismounted by the enemy's fire during the fight. Captain Molony having a second horse, which he obtained during the day, killed.

I also desire to mention for meritorious conduct coming under my immediate observation the name of Private I. K. Williams, of the Twenty-Seventh.

The casualties of the brigade were 433. Its field return of the preceding day was 2,235.

I append a list of names mentioned for gallantry by regimental commanders, many of which came also under my observation.

A number of prisoners were captured by the brigade, but as they were hurried immediately to the rear, I can only estimate the number loosely at 300, including several officers.

The battery captured, consisted of three Napoleons and two twenty-pounder Parrotts, fully equipped, and was turned over to Colonel Waddy with a request that it be assigned to Captain Owens, of the Washington Artillery, whose fire materially assisted in its capture.

Officers and men mentioned for gallant conduct by regimental commanders:

In Twenty-Seventh Regiment South Carolina Volunteers: Lieutenant Gelling, Company "C," Acting-Adjutant; Color-Bearer Tupper; Private H. P. Foster, Company "D," of Color Guard; First Sergeant Pickens B. Watts, Company "E."

In Seventh Battalion South Carolina Volunteers: Sergeant J. H. Onby, Company "H," Color-Bearer, killed.

In Eleventh Regiment South Carolina Volunteers: Lieutenant H. W. G. Bowman, Color-Bearer Hickman, Company "B;" Privates J.

Jones, G. W. Hicks, Company "K;" Private A. P. Bulger, Company "D;" Private A. Mixson, Company "F."

In Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers: Private W. A. Dotteur, Company "A;" Private Wise, Company "F;" Sergeant B. P. Izlan, Company "G;" Private J. T. Shewmake, Company "G;" Sergeant H. J. Greer, Company "B."

I am, Captain, respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Wolseley's Tribute to Lee and Jackson.

The great English soldier, *Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley*, who is regarded by competent judges as standing at the very head of his profession, wrote last December to an accomplished lady of Mobile, Ala., now residing in New York, a letter worth preserving in our records as the calm, unprejudiced estimate of a distinguished foreign soldier.

We give it in full as follows:

WAR OFFICE, LONDON,
8th December, 1883.

My Dear Miss S.,—I am very grateful for your kind letter and for the valuable autographs it contains. I have long been collecting the letters of eminent people, but have had much difficulty in obtaining those of the great men on your side of the Atlantic. I have only known two heroes in my life, and General R. E. Lee is one of them, so you can well understand how I value one of his letters. I believe that when time has calmed down the angry passions of the "North," General Lee will be accepted in the United States as the greatest General you have ever had, and second as a patriot only to Washington himself. Stonewall Jackson, I only knew slightly, his name will live forever also in American history when that of Mr. U. S. Grant has been long forgotten, such at least is my humble opinion of these men when viewed by an outside student of military history who has no local prejudice. I am glad to hear that my much-valued friend, Mrs. L., is well and happy. She was one of the brightest and most lovable women I have ever known; please remember me to her affectionately should you soon write to her.

I enclose you a photograph with my great pleasure. I shall indeed

be proud that it finds a place in your collection. I am also sending one direct to General Beauregard, with my best thanks for his kindness in letting me have the autograph letters you have so kindly sent me.

That of General Beauregard is one that I shall always prize. I am indeed very grateful to you for telling me to keep it.

Again thanking you most sincerely for your kindness to me in this matter, believe me to remain,

Very faithfully yours,

WOLSELEY.

The Burning of Columbia—Affidavit of Mrs. Agnes Law.

[The following affidavit was contained in the report of the committee of citizens who investigated the burning of Columbia, but was by some means omitted from the copy from which we printed the report. It is of sufficient value to be now subjoined:]

"Of the suffering and distress of the individual inhabitants some conception may be collected from the individual experience of one of them, Mrs. Agnes Law, a lady more venerable for her virtues even than for her age, whose narrative, almost entire, we venture to introduce :

" 'I am seventy-two years old,' she deposes, 'and have lived in this town forty-eight years. My dwelling was a brick house, three stories, slate roof, with large gardens on two sides. When Columbia was burned my sister was with me, also a niece of mine, recently confined, who had not yet ventured out of the house. When General Sherman took possession I got four guards; they were well-behaved and sober men. I gave them supper. One lay down on the sofa; the others walked about. When the city began to burn I wished to remove my furniture; they objected and said my house was in no danger. Not long afterwards these guards themselves took lighted candles from the mantelpiece and went up stairs. At the same time other soldiers crowded into the house. My sister followed them up-stairs, but came down very soon to say, 'They are setting the curtains on fire.' Soon the whole house was in a blaze. When those who set fire up-stairs came down they said to me, 'Old woman, if you do not mean to burn up with your house you had better get out of it.' My niece had been carried up to the Taylor house, on Arsenal Hill. I went to the door to see if I could get any person I knew to assist me up

there. I had been very sick. I could see no friend—only crowds of Federal soldiers. I was afraid I should fall in the street and be burned up in the flames of the houses blazing on both sides of the street. I had to go alone. I spent that night at the Taylor house, which a Federal officer said should not be burned out of pity for my niece. The next two nights I passed in my garden without any shelter. I have been for over fifty years a member of the Presbyterian Church. I cannot live long. I shall meet General Sherman and his soldiers at the bar of God, and I give this testimony against them in the full view of that dread tribunal.' ”

The Blue and the Gray.

A Poem by REV. J. G. WALKER, of Philadelphia.

As years passed on, from homes apart
Our brothers sped themselves away;
With fierce intent in every heart,
Some wore the Blue and some the Gray.

They marched to fields of deadly strife,
And met in fratricidal fray;
With purpose strong as love of life—
Some fought in Blue and some in Gray.

Each deemed his cause both true and just,
And bravely strove to win the day;
And of the hosts who bit the dust,
Some fell in Blue and some in Gray.

Where flowers bloom in southern vales,
Where waters dash in crystal spray,
Where hills are fanned by northern gales,
Some sleep in Blue and some in Gray.

On mansion and on cottage wall,
Hang the dead heroes of the fray,
Whose mute lips answer not the call
Of comrades wearing Blue and Gray.

And out from homes both South and North,
The orphaned children bend their way;
And widowed mothers issue forth,
To drop their tears on Blue and Gray.

Over the dead the same sun throws
His warm, benignant, peaceful sway;
And in their undisturbed repose,
The Blue lies buried with the Gray.

Night darkens all the deep abyss,
And stars shoot forth with silver ray;
The moonlight pales and dew-drops kiss
The moss-grown graves of Blue and Gray.
Ye living, bring your garlands fair,
And clasp your hands anew to-day!
One flag yet floats upon the air;
We're brothers still, both Blue and Gray!

Is the "Eclectic History of the United States a Proper Book to use in our Schools?"

We promised in our last issue to fully ventilate this question, and asked that teachers, Confederate soldiers and others in position to know would send us their opinions.

We have several responses, and among them the following from Colonel William Allan, superintendent of McDonogh Institute, Maryland.

To those who know Colonel Allan, no words from us are necessary to enhance the value of his opinions upon this question.

A distinguished Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, and for several years a teacher in one of the best academies in Virginia. For some years after the war one of the accomplished professors whom General Lee called around him to make Washington College an institution of such high grade, and for several years the able and efficient head of McDonogh Institute, Colonel Allan stands in the very forefront of practical teachers, and his opinions about text-books are of highest value.

Serving on the staff of General Stonewall Jackson, General Ewell, General Early, and General Gordon, Colonel Allan has added to his personal knowledge of the events of the war, a most careful study of official documents and reliable statements on both sides, and has won a wide reputation as a painstaking, accurate, and able military critic.

His paper is, therefore, of highest authority, and we give it in full (as a brief and general statement of the character of this book) before going into our own more detailed citation of its errors.

THE ECLECTIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, BY M. E. THALHEIMER.

[A Review, by Colonel William Allan.]

This book is one of those worthless school histories which we suppose will be written and printed as long as money can be made by doing so. The Eclectic History has been manufactured—like oleomargarine—to sell. Many devices have been resorted to in order to increase its salableness, some good, but more of them bad. It is printed on good paper and in clear type. It has a profusion of illustrations, many excellent, others poor, and one at least bewildering (p. 242). It contains a number of mediocre maps, badly colored, and indifferently well adapted to their purpose. It

contains a copy of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. It has the stock "questions for review." It has a number of biographical notes at the end of each chapter, some very good, all gotten up with the aim of pleasing everybody and offending no one. Thus especial care is taken to put in laudatory notices of some of the Southern leaders in the civil war. But when we look farther than this into the real merits of the book, we find little to commend.

1. It is strongly partisan, not in using unseemly language about Southern men and institutions, but in the pictures it presents of historical facts, and the description it gives of historical characters. A single instance will illustrate. On page 268 we find the following: "The Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, and that slaves might be carried into any territory of the Union. But this was contrary to the ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in the northwest territory." Thus, by an unfair and disingenuous statement, the reader is taught that the Supreme Court deliberately destroyed what the author had elsewhere (p. 190) described as "not a mere act of Congress which could be repealed, * * * but a solemn compact between the inhabitants of the Territory * * * and the people of the thirteen States." The next sentences (p. 268) contain the only allusion to John Brown in the text, and are as follows: "The excitement became greater when John Brown, formerly of Kansas, actually invaded the State of Virginia with a party of about twenty men, for the purpose of liberating slaves. He gained possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, thinking to arm the negroes, whom he expected to join him. He was easily captured—his party being either killed or dispersed—and was tried, convicted, and put to death under the laws of Virginia."

"Invaded the State of Virginia" is good! We hear nothing, however, of Booth and his accomplices "invading" Washington, and attacking President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. They are murderers. Contrast with this description of John Brown the following, on page 276, which the author adopts from Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address:

"He threw upon the politicians of the South the whole responsibility of the calamities which must follow the destruction of the Union, assuring them there could be no conflict unless they themselves should choose to begin it." It is a cruel outrage to teach the children of those men who died for the South on every field from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande such stuff as this.

This kind of tone is not confined to the author's chapters on the war. Even those on the settlement of Virginia and of Massachusetts show the same.

2. The book is shamefully inaccurate. The following is the description of the first battle of Manassas on page 278: "General Beauregard commanded the Confederate army of 40,000 men; General McDowell's forces consisted of a nearly equal number of volunteers for ninety days. For six hours the Northern men stood their ground, and kept or regained all their positions. The Confederates were once broken and driven a mile and a-half from the field, but they were rallied by Stonewall Jackson, whose inflexible bravery

and noble character made him one of the great heroes of the war. At the moment when the Confederate cause seemed lost, suddenly General Kirby Smith arrived with fresh forces for their relief. The Union troops, exhausted by intense heat and furious fighting, were thrown into confusion, and battle was changed to flight. * * * * Later in the evening Colonel Einstein, of Pennsylvania, returned to the battle-field and brought off six cannons." The errors in this are so numerous that it would suit about as well for the description of any other battle as for that of Manassas. General Beauregard did not command the Confederate army; that did not contain 40,000 men; McDowell's forces were not inferior in numbers to it, and they were not entirely composed of "volunteers for ninety days." As the Union army was the attacking party, to speak of them standing their ground or keeping their positions is sheer nonsense. The Confederate forces were driven back, but they were not rallied by Stonewall Jackson; nor were any cannon taken from the *battle-field* late in the day by Federal troops.

Of Jackson's death at Chancellorsville, it is said (page 297), "He was returning in the evening to his camp, when he was fired upon through a blunder of some of his own men, and was mortally wounded." Jackson was killed during a lull in the battle while he was preparing to press his victory further. Nothing could be wider of the mark than to say he was returning to his camp.

In regard to Gettysburg, it is said (pages 297-8), "The armies were equal in numbers, each counting 80,000 men. * * * * The Southern loss is said to have been 36,000; that of the North, 23,000." There is no excuse at this day for so gross a misstatement of facts. Lee's force was between 60,000 and 70,000 men, Meade's something over 100,000. The losses were about equal, and were in the neighborhood of the figures given above as the Northern loss.

On page 311 we find: "On the 1st of April Sheridan advanced to Five Forks, twelve miles in rear of Lee's position, and captured its garrison of 5,000 men." Five Forks was not in Lee's rear and had no "garrison." It was the scene of a pitched battle between Sheridan and Pickett, where the Confederates were badly defeated and lost many prisoners.

Again, on page 312, we have: "Finally, on the 9th, Lee surrendered his entire command, then consisting of less than 28,000 men, at Appomattox Courthouse, Va." As Lee's command was 20,000 less than 28,000 at the surrender, the author might have been satisfied with a smaller margin.

This same sort of carelessness may be found through the book from the earlier pages, where Richmond is made a flourishing settlement in 1660, downwards.

3. But after all, these, though important, are not the chief defects. The whole book is a poor, scrappy, ill-arranged syllabus, written much in the style of an abridged dictionary, and the study of its pages under the guidance of the questions for review and of the synopses given would be about as valuable and interesting to the children for whom it is intended as the study of so many pages of an inaccurate and badly compiled dictionary. It is about as well suited to strengthen and develop mind as sawdust is to promote the growth of muscle.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE R. E. LEE CAMP FAIR opened in Richmond on the night of the 14th of May under the most flattering and promising auspices.

We have no space to describe the brilliant occasion—the beautiful decorations, the piles of useful and fancy articles sent with liberal hand from all parts of the country, the crowd which packed the large armory hall, the speeches of Corporal Tanner, of New York, and General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, the appearance of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, and Phil. Kearney Post, G. A. R., marching in fraternal ranks, and many other features too numerous to mention—but we will only say that the opening was a sure prophecy that the Fair will prove a grand success and add handsomely to the fund already in hand towards establishing here in Richmond a “Home” for disabled and needy Confederate soldiers of every State.

The following letters, selected from a large number received, coming from representative men of opposite sides well express the feeling with which this great enterprize is being prosecuted.

FROM GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1884.

Peyton Wise, Esq., Chairman, &c.:

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the formal invitation to be present at the opening of the Fair for the home of disabled Confederate soldiers on the 14th of this month, and your kind letter accompanying it.

If it was possible for me to do so I would accept this invitation, but, as you may know, I am still on crutches—not from injuries received in conflict with those in whose behalf the Fair is given—and cannot hope to be in good traveling condition for some months yet.

I hope your Fair may prove a success, and that the object contemplated may receive a support which will give to all the brave men who need it a home and a rest from cares.

The men who faced each other in deadly conflict can well afford to be the best of friends now, and only strive for rivalry in seeing which can be the best citizens of the grandest country on earth.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

It should be added to General Grant's honor that the above letter was written amidst his severe pecuniary troubles, and that he had previously contributed five hundred dollars (\$500) to the fund.

FROM GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1884.

Hon. Peyton Wise, Chairman:

MY DEAR SIR,—You will understand how grateful to my sensibilities are the contents of your letter of May 5th, and how gladly I should accept the invitation of the committee and yourself. It seems now, however, impossible for me to get away from New York at the time designated. I have delayed answering, hoping that I should be in Washington and would be

able to go thence to Richmond, so as to take part in the pleasing and imposing ceremonies at the opening of the Fair. My whole heart is in this cause, but I must deny myself the pleasure of being with you bodily on the 14th. I shall be there, however, in spirit.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. GORDON.

It may be proper to say to our friends everywhere that this effort to establish a Confederate Home on a proper foundation will need large sums in addition to what we may be able to realize from the Fair; that additional contributions will be thankfully received, and that if we can be of any service in giving information or conveying funds to the treasury we should be glad for our friends to command us.

RENEWALS were never more "in order" than *just now*. We have due us, in small sums all over the country, *over three thousand dollars*, which would be a very small matter to the individual subscribers, but is a very great matter to us.

We beg our friends to remit *at once*.

ROSTER CORRECTIONS.—General Lane calls attention to the fact that our types in the April number made us change into "*Coward*" the name of the gallant Colonel, *R. V. Cowan*, of the Thirty-Third North Carolina, whose death since the war has been so widely lamented by old comrades and friends.

The following makes important corrections in the artillery organization Army of Tennessee, which we take pleasure in publishing:

FEAGAN'S, HOUSTON CO., GA., April 7, 1884.

Rev. J. William Jones. Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR,—In reviewing your published list of the artillery battalions of General Bragg's army engaged at the battle of Chickamauga, I find several errors, which I hope you will not think it vanity or presumption in me to ask corrected, for I think it due not only to myself but to the batteries that opened the fight, and who suffered most, that they should be mentioned. Very little artillery was brought into the action, the density of the forest not permitting its use. The fight was opened early Saturday morning by Captains Lumsden's, Little's and Yates's batteries, who went with Colonel Nilson's Georgia regiment, Colonel Ector's Texas regiment and a Georgia battalion (name of Major forgotten), to assist General Forest to hold the enemy in check until General Bragg could be informed of General Rosecrans's approach. The above troops were from Major-General W. H. T. Walker's reserve corps, composed of General Walker's division, commanded by General Gist, and General Liddel's division.

On the formation of the new corps I was ordered to report to General Walker, and placed in command of his artillery, and Major Felix Robertson ordered to my battalion, the Fourteenth Georgia artillery, Reserve Artillery A. T.

Reserve Artillery A. T., composed of Major Felix Robertson's command; Anderson's Battery, Georgia, Commander Anderson; Havis Battery, Georgia, Commander Havis; Massenburg Battery, Georgia, Commander Massenburg; Basset Battery, Missouri, Commander Basset.

Artillery of General Walker's corps, Major Joseph Palmer commander.

Liddel's division, Captain Charles Suett commander.

Lumsden's Battery, Ala., Lumsden commander.

Yates Battery, Mississippi, Yates commander.

Suett Battery, Mississippi, Lieutenant Shannon.

Higgins Battery, Mississippi, Captain Little commanding.

General Gist's Division, Major Robert Martin commander:

Ferguson's Battery, First South Carolina, Ferguson commander.

Houel's Battery, Georgia, Houel commander.

Bledsoe's Battery, Missouri, Bledsoe commander.

Le Gardeau Battery, Louisiana, Le Gardeau commander.

Hoping I have not trespassed upon your time, or asked too much of you,
I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH PALMER.

WE take pleasure in publishing the following from the gallant Colonel R. A. Hardaway, concerning the Artillery Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia:

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA,

TUSCALOOSA, *May, 3, 1884.*

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society:

DEAR SIR,—In the January and February (double) number of the *SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS* is published "Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, August 31, 1864."

"Corrections earnestly solicited if errors are found."

I do not see the "PAPERS," not being a subscriber. This number was kindly lent me by Mrs. Gorgas.

In the Artillery of Second corps, Brown's battalion, Colonel J. T. Brown. Powhatan Artillery, Captain W. J. Dance, &c., &c.

Colonel John Thompson Brown (having been for more than a year previously in command of a division, consisting of two or more batteries, Colonel Thomas H. Carter being in command of the other division of the Artillery of the Second corps), was killed in the battle of the Wilderness May 4th, 1864. Major David Watson, of the same battalion, technically First Regiment Virginia Light Artillery, was killed on the 10th May, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert A. Hardaway had been in actual command of this battalion since August, 1863.

After the death of Colonel J. T. Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Hardaway was, by order of General R. E. Lee, assigned to permanent command, the same order designating it Hardaway's Battalion.

As such battalion—Lieutenant-Colonel Hardaway in actual command, Major Willis J. Dance absent, wounded—it was surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

It is an historical fact, that the last shot of the Army of Northern Virginia was fired by the Third Richmond Howitzers, one of the batteries of this battalion.

Very respectfully,

R. A. HARDAWAY.



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., June, 1884.

No. 6.

The Last Chapter in the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina—Administration of D. H. Chamberlain.

By F. A. PORCHER, President South Carolina Historical Society.

PAPER No. 3.

RICEFIELD RIOTS.

In May of this year occurred one of those riots which distinguished the close of Chamberlain's administration, and seemed to demonstrate how utterly unfit he was for his elevated position. A strike for higher wages took place among the negroes of the Cornlaher ricefields. Whether the negroes had just grounds of complaint against their employers, is a question of no moment whatever. A morbid sentiment endeavored to excuse them on the ground of unfair conduct on the part of the planters. It is a sufficient answer to this that the negroes, who by contract lived and worked habitually on the plantations, did not begin the strike. It began with those who, living elsewhere, were occasionally hired to assist the regular forces. These persons not only refused to work for such wages as were offered them, (which

they had a perfect right to do,) but they became lawless, when they compelled the contract hands to stop work also. It is a high-handed outrage, becoming so common all over the country as to be acquiring the force of unwritten law—a practice which strikes at the root of all civilization, by making the will of an unreasoning mob, the superior law of the land. As soon as men resort to violence to bend others to their wills, all considerations but that of order must give way to the higher one of saving the country from anarchy, and even if the cause is originally right, it becomes thoroughly vitiated when it is attempted to enforce it by violence.

The Governor failed to adopt those decisive measures, which alone could restore order. A trial justice was appointed to arrest the ring-leaders and bring them to punishment, and he issued, through the sheriff, a proclamation full of wisdom and good counsel, but, unfortunately, an offer of amnesty if the rioters would desist. The appointment of this trial justice seemed to give offence to the negroes, but it does not appear that he took any steps to quell the disturbance, and, indeed, when the Governor promised immunity to the guilty, what was the use of proceeding against any one? Whatever may have been the cause of the disturbance, it was soon converted into a conflict of races, and the hostility of the blacks was excited by all sorts of devices. Among these was the following parody of a popular hymn, which was sung when the rioters wished to stimulate themselves and encourage others to join them :

A charge to keep I have,
A negro to maintain,
A never dying thirst for power,
To bind him with a chain.

To sever the present age,
Our pockets we must fill;
We'll make them work for wages now
And never pay the bill.

Arm me with zealous care
To make him know his place;
And oh thy servants, Lord, prepare
To rule the negro race.

Help us to rob and shoot
The nigger on the sly,
Assured if they don't vote for us,
They shall forever die.

This precious parody bears on its face the mark of a white radical. The war of races was already begun in the rice-field districts. The disturbances continued for a fortnight, and ended seemingly because, after the negroes had manifested their power, and found that the Governor was either unable or unwilling to repress them, they were willing to leave the country quiet until a later season, when they could renew the disturbances and do more mischief.

About the same time an incident occurred in Edgefield which grew out of the mistrust entertained by the people against the trial by jury as practised in the State. It was an act of will-justice perpetrated by white men, with no consideration of party politics, and which was used with telling effect in the bitter contest approaching for the chief magistracy of the Union. An aged couple named Harmon, living on the border of Edgefield and Abbeville, were found one morning murdered, and there were manifest signs that robbery had been committed and arson attempted. Suspicion against certain negroes was soon converted into certainty by the confession of one of them, and six men and two women were brought before the coroner. A verdict of guilty of murder was brought in against all of them, and the coroner delivered the prisoners to the Sheriff to be taken for trial to Edgefield jail. Some two hundred white men were now present on the occasion. As soon as the sheriff had received his prisoners he was approached by some men disguised, a sheet thrown around him. He was conveyed to a neighboring house and locked in. Meanwhile the prisoners, all but the women, were led off into the woods and quietly shot. Neither the sheriff nor any one else seemed to know the persons who committed this act of violence; but it would be unfair not to add that the public mind was not displeased that summary justice had speedily overtaken the perpetrators of the outrage upon the unhappy old couple, and were not allowed the chance of escape, which a jury trial made so very probable. When law is lax or impotent, society is forced to recur to first principles. This is, unfortunately, too often done all over the United States; but that which in a Northern or Western State is regarded as an occasional and regrettable act of violence, is held, when done at the South, as the result of deep design and of premeditated mischief. The governor again issued a proclamation, full of moral and political wisdom, but directed against no one. He wrote to Carpenter, the circuit judge, to urge him to discover the perpetrators of the outrages, and to bring to trial the women who had been found guilty by the coroner's inquest, but spared by the lynchers.

TWENTY-EIGHTH JUNE.

Meanwhile rumors were rife respecting the conduct and attitude of Chamberlain. It was asserted that the feud between him and Patterson was to be healed over and certain tamperings with the funds of the State effected for their joint benefit. To this rumor Chamberlain gave an indignant denial. He said that no terms of reconciliation had been offered, and that he would regard any settlement of dissensions in the Republican party in the State which compromised the cause of reform as worse than defeat. It was by such declarations as these that he continued to preserve the good will with which he was regarded by many of the Conservatives. They saw in him the one man in whom they could hope for any mitigation of radical misrule, and though he often showed deplorable weakness, they would not desert him. They clung to him as their anchor of hope. They saw no alternative but to take him with all his imperfectness, and a desperate struggle against fearful odds, in which defeat was certain destruction.

Then came the celebration in Charleston of June 28th.

This day, peculiarly the day of Charleston and of Carolina, has always been celebrated by some of the military companies of the city. On this occasion the Rifle Club, known as the Palmetto Club, had determined to expose to view a monument which they had erected in White Point Garden to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie. All the rifle clubs in the city took part in the celebration, together with several companies from Georgia, and detachments from companies in New York and Boston, which had come to assist in the pageant. The command for the day was conferred on Gen. Wade Hampton, the chief of the cavalry of the Confederate army. The Governor was invited to partake of the festivities and cheerfully accepted the invitation. It must be remembered that the rifle clubs were bodies without legal organization, which had sprung into existence at the conduct of Governor Scott, when he refused to reorganize any white militia, and lavishly bestowed arms and ammunition upon the negroes, whom he had organized throughout the State. They were bodies organized under the great law of self-preservation, when it seemed to be the object of the Governor to put the whites entirely at the mercy of the negroes. If Chamberlain reflected upon the unlawfulness of these organizations he kept his thoughts to himself, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the cel-

celebration with as much zeal as any one else. It was not long after that he discovered that they were unlawful and dangerous associations, and brought the whole weight of his own authority, as well as that of the Federal Government to disarm and suppress them. But to-day all was calm and bright, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion except the fierce rays of a midsummer's morning sun, which prostrated the troops engaged in the pageant and spoiled the show. In this pageant were representatives of the army. The era of good feeling seemed to have commenced, the North and the South, the Gray and the Blue, the Confederates and the Federals, all united in doing honor to the historic day of Charleston, and all marched under the orders of a Confederate General. The Governor was among the happiest of the guests. This day was one of the last of peace and good will. Events were speedily approaching which were going to establish the deepest hostilities between the Governor, who was growing rapidly popular, and the only people who had given him an intelligent support.

HAMBURG RIOT.

On the evening of Saturday, July 8th, a conflict arose at Hamburg between sundry white citizens and a party of blacks, who pretended to be the militia of the State, which resulted in the killing of a young man by the name of Merriweather. Exasperated at the death of their companion, and unable to make any impression upon the brick house into which the negroes had thrown themselves, the whites sent to Augusta for a piece of artillery, with which they battered the house and drove out the blacks. The latter escaped from the house, and twenty-five of them fell into the hands of the whites. There was some talk of sending them to the jail in Aiken, but after a while they were dismissed. As they ran off on being released, five of them were shot dead and three wounded. This story was circulated over the country the next day with all the horrors which a partisan press could invent. Gen. M. C. Butler, one of Carolina's favorite and most trusted sons, was represented as the leader in the attack on the house and the instigator of the inhuman massacre which followed their capture. It was a story too shocking for belief. But it so happened that Gen. Butler was there, and had been enough concerned in the events which preceded the tragedy to give a color to the story. Gen. Butler indignantly denied the whole accusation; said that he was in Hamburg on professional business, which he was prevented from accomplishing by the officers of the militia, and added

that "the collision was the culmination of the system of outrage and insulting the white people, which the negroes had there adopted for several years; many things were done on that terrible night that cannot be justified, but the negroes had sown the wind and had reaped the whirlwind."

Having related the general fact of the collision and massacre, I am at a loss to determine how to proceed. Though often urged, the government never made this tragedy the subject of a judicial enquiry. A coroner's inquest was held, at which an immense amount of the most extravagant testimony (*ex parte*) was offered, and subsequently, on proceeding on a *habeas corpus*, other testimony of a very different character was given by witnesses whose character and standing entitled them to respect. But in neither case did the testimony undergo that sifting and scrutiny which a judicial examination alone can elicit. *Prima facie* the testimony for the government must have been considered insufficient to make a case against the accused; for though repeatedly urged to prosecute, they refused to do so. Another very ugly feature in the case is, that though a coroner's inquest was promptly held to enquire into the death of the negroes, no notice was taken of the death of Merriweather, who was the first victim of the affray. Perhaps the best plan that can be pursued is to tell the story as it was told by each party, beginning with that of Chamberlain and his Attorney-General, Stover, which, having an official character, was received as true and greedily swallowed by everybody outside of the State. I must premise by saying that the two great parties in the country had selected their candidates for the Presidency, and the contest promised to be bitter and unscrupulous. It was known that the Southern States, except those under negro dominion, would support Mr. Tilden, whose great services in weeding out corruption in New York had commended him to good men all over the country. To counteract this favorable opinion, it was the aim of the supporters of Mr. Hayes to stigmatize the cause of Tilden by representing him as the supporter of Southern outrages upon helpless negroes. Any event, therefore, like the Hamburg massacre was a godsend to them, as it would wonderfully advance the interest of Hayes. Now, when we remember that Chamberlain was one of the accredited leaders of his party in South Carolina, and that his power was due to the aid which he could obtain from that party, it is not doing him injustice to presume that he would put no gloss over his report of the massacre so as to relieve the Democratic party from any of the odium which attached to it. The only fault that was apparent in his report is, that

he assigns a cause for the outbreak so trivial and so absurd that men in their senses ought to have called for a more consistent account. But men were not in their senses, and anything that would show the Southerners to be fools and madmen was swallowed by the North with eager credulity. A few facts should be considered before we reach the Governor's report. The affair took place on the night of the 8th. He could not have heard of it before the next day. Instead of going himself, as a Governor should have done, he sent Stover, his Attorney-General, and Purvis, his chief military officer. These men probably reached Hamburg on the 10th, conversed with such persons as they casually saw, found the coroner's inquest at work, and made their report on the 12th, which had this remarkable conclusion: "It may be possible that a judicial investigation may show some slight errors in the minor details stated in this report, but making due allowance for such errors, the facts show the demand on the militia to give up their arms was made by persons without lawful authority to enforce such demand, or to receive the arms had they been surrendered; that the attack on the militia to compel a compliance with this demand was without lawful excuse or justification, and that after there had been some twenty or twenty-five persons completely in their power, five were deliberately shot to death, and three wounded." This report was made by the Attorney-General nearly three weeks before the coroner's inquest was completed.

Now follows the Governor's account in a letter to Senator Robinson: "Two young men—Butler and his brother-in-law, Gatsten—passing through Hamburg in a buggy on the 4th July, encountered a company of militia in the street under parade, commanded by Doc. Adams. The street is over a hundred feet in breadth, and the company was marching in a column of fours. While thus marching, and of course occupying a very small portion of the street, they were met by these two whites, who insisted on keeping their course in the street without regard to the movements of the militia, and drove against the head of the column, which halted. A parley ensued, which ended in the company yielding, opening their ranks, and allowing the young men to proceed on their course.

"For this offence" (so far from offence, this is a report of unusual civility on the part of the negroes) "a complaint was made the following day to Prince Rivers, who discharged the double duty of General and Trial Justice. He sent a summons to Adams to appear before him, but he was not obeyed. Rivers determined to arrest Adams, and the case was adjourned until the 8th. On that day a number of whites

appeared in arms, among whom was Gen. Butler. Rivers again summoned Adams, who again did not come, and Rivers, fearing a collision of races, did not enforce his summons. The whites demanded the surrender of the arms of the militia, who had taken refuge in a brick house, and a conference ensued. At last the whites said that if the arms were not surrendered in half an hour they would fire upon them. To this the negroes replied that the demand was unlawful; that they were necessary for their personal safety, and that they would not give them up. On this the whites commenced firing, and a shot from the building killed Mr. Merriwether. A cannon was then brought from Augusta, and the house battered. The negroes then left the house, and twenty or twenty-five of them fell into the hands of the whites, who killed five of them," as has been already described.

Such, in substance, is the report of Gov. Chamberlain, derived from the report of his Attorney-General, Stover. If the report is true, it warrants all that he said in conclusion as to the character of the act—viz.: that it leads to the supposition that our civilization is but skin deep, and that nothing short of condign and ample punishment can discharge the obligation of society and of the State towards the authors of this causeless and cruel massacre. But the report is lacking in one very essential particular. It does not assign a cause for the events which succeeded the 4th July. The two young men who encountered the militia seemed to have revelled in all the insolence of madmen. In a wide and open street nothing would satisfy them but that particular track which was occupied by the company, which, as they were marching in a column of four, must have been very narrow. With a spirit bent on mischief they drove against the head of this narrow column, insisting that the company should make way for them, and after a brief parley the company yielded. This story is one which any decent young man would blush to hear reported of himself; he would try to forget it and hope it might soon pass into oblivion. But this was not their temper. On the following day they applied to Prince Rivers (whether general or trial magistrate we know not) for redress. Redress for what? Their own unpardonable insolence, or for the cruelty of the militia officers? And when this double functionary was disregarded by Doc. Adams in either his civil or military capacity, another day is appointed for hearing the case, and this time their advisor and counsellor is no less a person than General Butler. Is it possible that he could so far forget his dignity and his character as to be the aider and abettor of young men who had shown so little sense of propriety as they had done?

Men who think must have seen that there was something not reported; that a man like General Butler had too much at stake to become the champion of two hot-headed boys. If the report of Stover and Chamberlain is true, Butler should have counselled them to go home and learn to behave themselves. It is the natural and necessary award of good conduct that when a good man is charged with folly and wickedness, people should call for proof before yielding belief to the charges. But in the temper with which the North regarded the South, the ordinary principles of judgment and of action were laid aside, and it seemed quite natural that the heroic Butler should act the part of a mad boy.

Let us now endeavor to arrive at the truth, and find a cause for the demand for redress which brought on the catastrophe. Our statement is taken from General Butler's letters, and from the testimony elicited on a proceeding on *habeas corpus*. This testimony was given by gentlemen of high character in that locality.

Since the war the town of Hamburg, once a wealthy part of the State, had sunk both in wealth and population, and was a mere colony of negroes. They enjoyed the corporate rights which had been granted to the town, and their council frequently acted both arbitrarily and eccentrically, to the great annoyance of those neighbors who had occasion to visit or pass through the town. Of late a military body had been revived on the basis of one of Scott's companies. This company was in the habit of acting as most of these companies do when not under the moral restraint of the whites, and had at several times been troublesome. It seemed to them right and proper that when their Captain was arrested, whether on civil or military process, to surround him and resist the arrest, and this they did both on the 6th and on the 8th July. Gatsten and young Butler were coming out of Augusta in a buggy on the 4th. Doc. Adams's company was on parade in the street. When they saw the buggy coming they stretched themselves intentionally across the only available space. The street is generally one hundred feet wide, but just here it was so narrow and blocked up by the troops, that there was no course for the buggy to pass. On one side was a ditch, on the other a fence, and in their rear a wall. The insult was open, designed, obstinate and aggressive. The young men were obliged to stop, and whilst they stood still the negroes cursed and villified them in the grossest manner, and beat their drums about the horse's head. If they attempted to pass through any space that seemed open the gap was filled up by the negroes with their bayonets. After this ob-

struction had lasted about fifteen minutes a rain came up and the negroes dispersed. Here, then, was reasonable ground for Mr. Butler to complain. The militia had not only, in violation of the law, obstructed the highway, but had added outrage and insult to the illegal act, and if this company was not a lawful militia the offence was an aggravated one. On the following day Mr. Butler called on Prince Rivers with a complaint against Doc. Adams for forcibly and outrageously hindering him from peaceably pursuing his way through a public street. Mr. Butler, the father of the complainant, lived about two miles from Hamburg, and had occasion, either himself, some of his family or his servants, to pass almost daily through the town. Frequently annoyed at the usage they had received at the hands of these militiamen, he determined to try on this occasion whether the law would not protect him against these repeated annoyances. When, therefore, the case was adjourned to the 8th he sent for General Butler to act as his legal adviser.

On this summons General Butler went to Hamburg. He called on Prince Rivers, but could not learn whether the case was to be a civil or a military one. He seemed to be either unwilling or unable to proceed against the unruly Captain, who had posted himself in a brick house which was used as an armory and drill-room. He was attended by a large body of his men. Several persons (negroes) came to General Butler to offer to accommodate matters, to all of whom he gave ready ear. They went off on their mission of peace, but did not return. General Butler and his client declared distinctly that all that they wanted was that the outrages complained of should not be repeated. While thus waiting for a settlement General Butler went to Augusta on private business, and there in answer to inquiries did not hesitate to declare that matters looked very badly in Hamburg, and that he thought a collision of races was imminent. He asked for no help, though it is not unlikely 'twas his declared opinion induced many to go over. On his return to the town Prince Rivers requested an interview. At first he refused, because Rivers had more than once failed to keep his appointment; but more moderate counsels prevailed and he went. He then told Rivers that Adams's company was not a military body organized under the laws of the State, had no right to the arms in their possession, and that they must be given up and sent to the Governor. Rivers asked Butler whether he would be responsible for their delivery if surrendered. Butler replied in the affirmative, and said that he was willing to give a bond to that effect with any amount of security. Rivers wished to know whether

the men so surrendering their arms would be safe from violence. Butler replied that that would depend on the way they behaved themselves, but that they had no right to the arms and that they must be given up. The conference ended here, and not long afterwards the men in the house began to fire upon the whites. As soon as Merriweather was slain the whites went to Augusta and brought thence a cannon, with which they drove the negroes from the house. As it was very late, General Butler left the place and went to Mr. Robert Butler's, where he spent the night.

Such is the substance of General Butler's statement. In a subsequent letter, called out by Chamberlain's letter to Senator Robertson, he indignantly said: "No man knows better than Chamberlain that what he says in that letter to Robertson is false in every essential particular. No one knows better than himself that he has published it in the bloody-shirt outrage interest." Meanwhile a coroner's inquest, conducted by Prince Rivers, with the assistance of Harmost, was sitting on the case, and continued its sessions until the end of the month. The result of this inquest was a verdict of murder against seven men, and eighty others of being accessory to the murder, and warrants of arrest were served by the sheriff on all who lived in South Carolina of the men thus accused (at least one had been dead several years, two were in California, and one was, on the night in question, confined in the station-house in Augusta). Ten of the jury made their marks on this verdict.

It was prudent on the part of the accused to fortify themselves with testimony in rebuttal of that which had been taken by the coroner, and a mass of sworn testimony was carried before Judge Maher, before whom the accused appeared and demanded to be bailed. From this it was proved that Adams had organized his company in the spring, with the avowed purpose of killing the whites; that for several days before the collision, the negroes had threatened to force a fight; that a white man named Schilber, a Hamburg shopkeeper, had gone to Columbia on the 5th and returned the next day with a tin case of cartridges, which was delivered to the officers of the company; that runners were sent to Beach Island, to Bath Mills, and elsewhere, to call the negroes into Hamburg on the 8th, many of whom obeyed the call; that the negroes had ammunition and a cannon stored in their armory; that Adams, Athony and others had publicly declared their intention to kill out the whites before the election; that the shooting in the night had begun with the negroes, and not a single fire had been returned until Merriweather was killed. It was proved, and

this by the testimony of Prince Rivers himself, that Doc. Adams's company was not a legally organized body, and that they had got possession of their arms irregularly and unlawfully. With affidavits to these facts, made by men of the highest character in the neighborhood, the accused went to Aiken, before Judge Maher, and after some factious and ineffectual opposition by Attorney-General Stover, were discharged on bail. The matter was never brought before a court by that officer. He was too busy manufacturing outrages for the political market to attend to the proper duties of his office. Towards the end of the month the Governor went to Washington, a practice common with our radical governors and judges when trouble of any kind existed. He also wrote a letter to President Grant, which we shall presently give, but it was not published until called for by the House of Representatives.

On the 4th August the Secretary of War ordered that all troops not required to act against the Indians be held in readiness to act in the Southern States, and not long afterwards troops were stationed at Hamburg. It was naturally supposed that this was the result of his late visit to Washington, but the Governor indignantly denied that he had visited Washington with that end in view. He wanted no troops to assist him, and had made no such request. He did not consider the riot at Hamburg as significant of anything more than a mere local affair, the result of bad feeling in a particular locality. A very few days afterwards his letter to the President was made public, and Chamberlain's character for veracity was utterly ruined.

In this letter he declares that the massacre of Hamburg had struck terror into the hearts of the negro, and as it was probably made with a view to the approaching elections, it would have the effect of deterring them from the polls, and he more than insinuates that it was a political move. He says that the demand made by the mob on the militia company for surrendering their arms, with the fact that the militia had not done, nor threatened to do, injury to any one in that community, seems to indicate a purpose to deprive the militia of their rights on account of their color or political associations. Those who made the demand were whites and Democrats. The effect of this act has been to terrorize the blacks and cause some elation among the whites. All the whites are not so bad as those of Edgefield, but their mild disapproval of such outrages does not prevent them, and as political advantages may grow out of them, they overlook the brutality and seek to find some excuse for it. Their intention is to introduce the Mississippi plan into the State. In this state of general

alarm among the negroes, may not the Governor expect help from the President?

President Grant, who a year before had turned a deaf ear to the call of the Governor of Mississippi for help, now when the elections are approaching finds that the rights and liberties of the citizens are in peril, sympathizes deeply with the Governor of South Carolina. In the Hamburg massacre he finds only a repetition of Mississippi violence. He volunteers the opinion that the latter State is governed by a body of officials chosen through fraud and violence such as was scarcely to be accredited to savages, much less to a civilized and Christian people. He closes with a remark the truth and significance of which doubtless did not appear either to himself or to Chamberlain, but which everybody can understand now—a *government that cannot give protection to life, property, and all civil rights is a failure.*

When the leaders give the key note, the masses are sure to follow. On the evening of the 17th July an indignation meeting was held in Charleston, at which the Rev. Cain (Daddy Cain) and the Rev. Adams were conspicuous. Their language was such as this: "*This thing must stop! Remember there are eighty thousand black men in the State able to bear Winchester rifles; and twenty thousand black women who can light the torch or use the knife.* Governor Chamberlain must bring Butler and his clan to justice."

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By LIEUTENANT IREDELL JONES, of First Regiment South Carolina Regulars.

FORT SUMTER, August 22, 1863,

My Dearest Mother,—The firing continued all day yesterday with unabated fury, no less than 1,000 shots being thrown at us, and to give you an idea of the accuracy, our flag-staff was shot away four times. The firing was concentrated principally on the eastern face, though but little damage was done, save the disabling of two guns. In the evening, the Ironsides came in, and we opened on her with considerable spirit for a short while, until she thought it best to retire. The casualties were few, but one of our best men had his leg shot off and afterwards amputated. General Beauregard came down about dusk, and General Ripley was here also somewhat later. The former, while he appeared highly pleased and confident, could not help displaying a silent wonder and amazement at the ruined and dilapidated

Fort. He says it must be held for one month yet. To-day the firing has been unusually heavy, and, though only one or two casualties, it has resulted in considerable injury to us, in the way of dismounting guns. We have now only four guns fit for immediate service, though these are well protected by sand traverses, and probably will not be hurt at all. Besides, several others are only temporarily disabled, and to-night, when the firing ceases, they can be repaired. One company was sent out of the Fort last night, and to-night another goes. This will leave three to keep the old machine going. Our men act splendidly. No troops probably ever stood with so little concern and for so long a time such a terrific and constant shelling, and the more honor is due to them for such behavior when it is recollected that they do it without being allowed to reply. They have to sit quiet and take it the livelong day. You have no idea what a relief it is at night when the enemy stops pelting us; the feeling is delightful; we feel refreshed and rejoiced, and seem to breathe more freely an air that seems purer.

The eastern face of the Fort is very little injured so far, and the Fort is still tenable, though no one expects it to be held any length of time. The object of holding now is to get time to build or complete batteries on James's Island. Powder is being moved out as rapidly as possible. It is not impossible to save them, but it is probable that the guns will be blown up with the Fort when we evacuate. The Fort is so torn to pieces, and there is so much rubbish in it, that it would be a difficult job to get them out, and would require too much energy for we Confederates. It has come to our ears that the *croakers* have already opened their terrific battery, that never ceases firing. Every gun must be saved, say they, and the Fort must be defended, casemate by casemate, tier by tier, brick by brick! Build a bomb-proof, and get in it, and stay there and never give it up! I wish some of these boys would come down and give us a lift. It is said their *battery never ceases firing*, but I venture to say that if one of these same boys were to come down here and sit with us six hours, his battery would be completely silenced, and he would never open again, though he should live to the age of twice three score and ten.

One of Ripley's fancy aids-de-camp came down the other night with orders to Colonel Rhett to hold the Fort *at all hazards*, and was accidentally forced to remain in the Fort during next day; but he left here as soon as possible, the most disagreeably scared man you ever saw in your life, and I venture a prediction that he won't come back to *this place* any more.

Night before last Captain Carlin, with a small steamer made for the purpose, accompanied by a detachment from the Fort under Lieutenant Fickling, went out to blow up the Ironsides. They reached the old monster without the slightest alarm being given, but, unfortunately, instead, of striking her with bow ahead, the tide drifted them round, and the boat struck with its side, the torpedo hanging in some chains on the Ironsides and being torn off and left. They all have frightful stories to relate about the drums beating to quarters, seeing men rush on deck and to their guns, and seeing guns run in battery, and blank cartridges fired. But suffice it to say, that they succeeded in getting off safe, though making a hair-breadth escape. I have told you about Fickling, particularly his height. He is only nineteen years old, but a more gallant fellow never lived. How near he came being immortalized!

IREDELL JONES.

FORT SUMTER, August 23, 1863.

My Dear Father :—You will have heard, before this reaches you, of the fight with the enemy's monitors this morning. They came up, five in number, about half-past three o'clock and opened on us, in our helpless condition, a most terrific and destructive fire. We had but one solitary gun amid the ruins, the remnant of thirty-five splendid barbette guns, with which to contend against them. They were within 800 yards of the Fort, and could not be seen by the other fortifications on account of the denseness of the fog; so that for some time our single gun was the only one on our side engaged. I could scarcely restrain my tears at our helpless situation. It was a sad reflection indeed to think that all our guns were disabled, and that, too, when we so much needed them, and that we had only one with which to fight the sneaking sea-devils. After awhile, however, Moultrie, Bee, Simpkins, Gregg, all opened, and, after a hot fight of two hours, in which we in the Fort were the only ones to suffer, the enemy thought fit to retire. I need not speak of the injury that we sustained, for we could scarcely be injured more than we already were. The reason of the enemy's appearance this morning was doubtless on account of their belief that the Fort was abandoned; for, before we opened, a launch filled with troops was seen approaching the Fort, and was quite near the wharf when we gave the alarm, whereupon the launch was seen to return hurriedly. The garrison had been ordered previously to turn out with small arms to defend the

ruins against an assault, and when the launch was first discovered it was thought to be a storming party, but it was evidently only a small force to take possession of the Fort. The enemy were doubtless induced to believe that the Fort was evacuated from the fact that no evening gun was fired yesterday—a thing so unusual, and which was caused partly by neglect and partly by an accident.

We have endured another day's hard shelling and pelting. It is now just after dark, and not a sound salutes the ear. The whole harbor seems at rest and quiet; whether *they* are or not, I cannot tell. We look for the monitors to come up again in the morning. How I wish we had something with which to fight them! I was officer of the guard yesterday, and during the fight this morning had to remain at the sally-port with my guard. I had a dangerous post, being in the line of fire, but fortunately escaped untouched. One of my men was killed, and seven negroes, who were taking protection in the casemates with me, were wounded. There were an unusual number of casualties to-day, particularly as to officers. A shell burst just over the mess-room while several officers were at dinner, wounding slightly the Colonel, Adjutant and ordnance officer, together with a negro waiter.

It seems to be the policy of General Beauregard to hold the Fort at all hazards until he gets his fortifications completed on James and Sullivan's Islands, when we will probably be sent to the latter place. I don't think that the enemy will make an assault. If they do, however, they will find it an ugly little job. Our men are in good spirits, though considerably chafed and worried in consequence of the tremendous bombardment that they have been under for seven days. If it is the wish of our Generals that we should remain here and suffer for the good of our country, I hope we will be equal to any danger or hardship that we may be required to endure. I trust the city will be saved, even after Morris' Island and Sumter are abandoned. * *

IREDELL JONES.

FORT SUMTER, August 25, 1863.

My Dear Mother:—It gratified me much to receive your kind letter yesterday evening. It so happened that I read it at the same time that I received the Charleston papers containing the vile, brutal, uncivilized demand of the wretch who commands the Yankee forces in this department, and its pure, pious, trustful spirit, representing the

mothers and daughters of our noble old city, against whom (for it was meant for no others to suffer by it) the atrocious demand was made had the effect to increase, if that were possible, the deep feeling of disgust and revenge that I already harbored in my breast, from witnessing on Saturday morning the unprecedented act that he threatened, actually performed. And now, before God, I vow that if such an act is repeated, and I am ever placed in a situation to take revenge, I shall neither give nor ask quarter, but slaughter every wretch that comes within my power. I know this is a change from the views and principles that I have heretofore entertained; but my principles can have no force when my feelings are so touched. Such an act forewarns us what we may expect at the hands of General Gilmore; and, while it demonstrates his brutality, it demonstrates still more his weakness and recklessness, and however well he has seemingly conducted affairs in this attack, I venture to predict that he is not a man of ability. Beauregard's reply everybody considers excellent. The General can write if he can't fight. The enemy's battery in the marsh, from which the shots were fired on the city, can be seen plainly from here, and has only one gun mounted, and at such a distance (five miles) no one thinks that it can injure the city materially. We cannot imagine any other object that General Gilmore could have had, save malicious spite. He could not have supposed that by firing on the city he would compel the surrender of Morris's Island and Sumter. He is chagrined that he cannot, with his all-powerful combined force, make two poor little batteries crumble before him; that Sumter, though knocked to pieces, still continued to show fight; and that he has expended on the latter alone 100,000 pounds of powder and 1,000,000 pounds of wrought iron. But, though he cannot boast of having whipped us at all, much less in six hours, he cannot *injure* us much more than he has already.

I told you in my last that we had but one serviceable gun. Since then, however, we have rigged up two others that were disabled, which, though the parapet is knocked away in front of both, we expect to fight in case the Ironclads try us again. Colonel Rhett has fully equalled our expectations, as regards being a cool, collected, brave man, and he has certainly acted well in this affair. The Generals tried to make him shoulder the responsibility of abandoning the Fort, the other day, by endeavoring to induce him to say the Fort was untenable; to which he replied that he intended to hold the Fort until he received orders, and that if they refused, on his applying, to give him any, he would then not sacrifice his garrison,

but leave when *he* thought fit. From all I can learn, the Fort is to be held for the present, and now the best guns are being removed. It is a slow and difficult work, however, and it is only at night that we can do anything at all. You may suppose that there is danger, while in a helpless condition, of our being taken prisoners by being cut off, but rest assured that there is not the remotest probability of any such occurrence. You know by this time that I always tell you exactly what I think. We cannot be taken otherwise than by a storming party, and though the Yankees are smart enough to undertake almost any job, I give them credit for being a little *too smart* to take the contract. Probably it would not pay.

Wednesday Morning.—Yesterday evening at dusk the enemy made an attack on our rifle pits in front of Wagner, and after a sharp little fight, were repulsed. They have advanced their saps to within 400 yards of the battery. Our loss was six killed and twenty-five wounded.

The firing continued on us all day yesterday, but nothing like so rapidly as previously; and while I write this morning, the firing is going on slowly again. Last night two of our companies were relieved from here and sent to the batteries on James's Island. Their place was supplied by two picked Georgia companies. There are now only two of our own companies in the Fort—Captain Harleston's and Captain Fleming's. * * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

Military Operations of General Beauregard.

By ALFRED ROMAN.

A REVIEW BY COLONEL WM. ALLAN, FORMERLY CHIEF OF ORD-
NANCE SECOND CORPS, A. N. V.

This book contains much of interest and value. General Beauregard was one of the highest officers in rank in the Confederate service, and was concerned in many important operations during the civil war. Indeed, few officers on either side had an experience more varied and extensive. The narrative throws light on many of the great junctures of that struggle, and is enriched by a mass of official documents, many of which are here published for the first time. Though there is no little diffuseness and repetition in the book, the arrangement is clear and the style easy and attractive. The care and

labor shown in the preparation, as well as the mass of valuable materials it contains, render this book indispensable to the student of the history of the war.

We regret that we cannot go farther in praise of this book, but its whole tone, temper and manner of composition forbid it. Its faults are too glaring to be overlooked. The chief sufferer from its publication is likely to be General Beauregard himself, and it had been better for his reputation if he had assumed less directly the responsibility for Colonel Roman's work. The book is not so much a history of General Beauregard's career as it is a fulsome panegyric of him, an overstrained and often disingenuous defence of everything he did, or did not do, during the war, and an unfair and ill-natured critique upon the conduct of his superiors. We believe there is not a single superior officer of General Beauregard that is not disparaged in this book, and accused of damaging, at one time or another, the cause of which General Beauregard is represented as the only ever wise and ever unselfish defender. The object of our author's special hostility is Mr. Davis, but the Confederate Secretaries of War, the chiefs of the war bureaus in Richmond, and Generals Cooper, Lee, A. S. Johnston, J. E. Johnston, besides many of lower rank, come in for their share of criticism—a criticism often ill-judged, in most cases partial, and nearly always truculent.

The author's mode of dealing with history is illustrated by his account of the first battle of Manassas. The facts in regard to this are simple. In July, 1861, the Confederate Government had two principal bodies of troops, hastily collected, to oppose the invasion of Virginia, threatened by the as hastily gathered levies of the Federal Government. The larger of these, under General Beauregard, held the line of Bull Run, and in its front was the principal Federal army under General McDowell. Beauregard's force was being augmented by new regiments as fast as they could be armed and equipped out of the meagre supplies the South could then command, and by the middle of July numbered about 20,000 men. The other Confederate army, of about 10,000 men, under General J. E. Johnston, was opposing General Patterson's advance into the Shenandoah Valley. Besides these, General Holmes had a small force on the lower Potomac. Both of the larger bodies were greatly inferior to the Federal forces opposing them. McDowell had about 35,000 men and Patterson about 20,000. As McDowell's was the principal Federal army, it was pretty clear that the first serious advance would be made by it. It was also evident that the Confederate forces at Manassas would

not grow fast enough to place it on an equality with the army in its front, and therefore General Beauregard suggested the expediency of uniting the forces of Johnston and Holmes with his own for a sudden attack upon the Federal armies in succession. This proposal Beauregard submitted through one of his staff to Mr. Davis on the night of July 14. Generals Cooper and Lee were called in conference by Mr. Davis. The plan required that General Johnston, who was seventy-five miles away, should leave 5,000 men to hold Patterson in check, and rapidly join Beauregard with 20,000. This would double the Confederate force at Manassas and make it superior to McDowell, who was to be attacked and beaten. Then Johnston was to return with his own and 10,000 of Beauregard's men and overwhelm Patterson. Beauregard thought a week would suffice for this, after which Johnston was to reinforce Garnett in West Virginia and destroy McClellan. Then Johnston's and Garnett's forces were to cross the Potomac and attack Washington in rear, while Beauregard assailed it in front. This scheme was rejected as impracticable by all present at the conference, because: 1, Johnston had hardly 10,000 men, instead of 25,000, which Beauregard's plan assumed; 2, McDowell's army was too close to Washington to permit of its being crushed in the way indicated. If pressed, it could readily fall back to that city and its reserves. Another reason General Beauregard might himself have added: neither of the Confederate armies was supplied with transportation or stores sufficient for the complicated movements mapped out.

On July 17, the third day after this conference, McDowell advanced, and Beauregard telegraphed the fact and asked for reinforcements. Johnston was then ordered to join him if practicable with his effective force, and Holmes was also sent up. Next day occurred Tyler's attempt at Mitchell's Ford, ending in a Federal repulse. Beauregard's report apparently caused the Confederate authorities to think that McDowell had been severely checked, for next day (19th) Beauregard was telegraphed as follows: "We have no intelligence from General Johnston. If the enemy in front of you has abandoned an immediate attack, and General Johnston has not moved, you had better withdraw the call upon him, so that he may be left to his full discretion." * * * Beauregard, seeing that the Federal army in front was only perfecting its plans for attack, of course did not stop Johnston, who reached Manassas on the 20th, followed by his troops during that night and the next day. As Johnston had merely eluded Patterson, who must soon learn of his movement,

both Confederate Generals felt that no time was to be lost in fighting McDowell. Johnston was senior, and in command, but, having no time to learn the country or disposition of the troops, adopted Beauregard's plan of attacking McDowell at Centreville next day (21st). The aggressive movements of the Federals early on the 21st prevented the execution of this plan. Beauregard then proposed to check McDowell's movement against the left by attacking with the Confederate right. This, too, was approved and adopted, but the orders sent by General Beauregard failed to reach the Confederate right in time. Meantime McDowell had turned the Confederate left and was pressing back with overwhelming force the troops there stationed. All plans of aggression were now abandoned in order to resist McDowell's attack, and a battle, unforeseen in character, location and disposition of troops, ensued. Both Generals hastened to the point of danger and exerted themselves successfully to stay the progress of the Federals. Johnston then left Beauregard in command of the troops engaged, and, taking a position with reference to the whole field, devoted himself to hastening forward reinforcements. These came up so promptly that Beauregard, taking advantage of the check which Jackson's stubborn stand had wrought, was soon able to resume the offensive, and within a short time the Federals were not only defeated but routed and driven with fearful panic across Bull Run.

Mr. Davis reached the field after the battle was over, and that night, when the panic of the Federal army had become partially known, was anxious for an immediate advance toward Washington. Both Generals thought this inadvisable, so great was the exhaustion and confusion in the Confederate ranks produced by the battle, and so inadequate the stock of supplies and transportation then available. On the night of the 22d, at another conference, the Generals declared it was impracticable to cross the Potomac or to advance at once on Washington in the wake of the defeated army. Mr. Davis seems to have been satisfied with the propriety of this judgment, and the idea was abandoned.

Such are the facts. Let us see what Colonel Roman makes of them. On the rather slim basis of the reduction of Fort Sumter, General Beauregard's skill and reputation are spoken of in the most extravagant terms. He then describes the proposal of July 14 as a stroke of genius, and says: "A high tribunal, composed of the President, Generals Cooper and Lee, took upon itself to check and render barren the strategic powers so greatly developed in General Beaure-

gard, and in which the immortal Jackson alone is acknowledged to have been his peer." Over and over again, with tiresome iteration, are Davis, Cooper and Lee denounced for not committing themselves without hesitation to a scheme utterly impracticable as Beauregard put it, since it assumed nearly three times as many troops with Johnston as he actually had. Had the troops been at hand, half-drilled, inexperienced, badly equipped, with insufficient transportation, as they were, the chances of success would not have been more than one in one hundred, and there is nothing in General Beauregard's subsequent career to lead to the conviction that he was the man to seize that single chance. Again, the dispatch of the 19th is tortured to mean a withdrawal of assent to the union of Johnston and Beauregard, and the latter is highly praised for pocketing the dispatch and thus insuring the junction of the two forces, while Mr. Davis is unsparingly condemned for sending it. The dispatch shows for itself. Johnston was not to be stopped unless McDowell had abandoned his immediate attack, and even then discretion was left with Johnston (the senior officer) as to his movements. McDowell had not abandoned his attack, and therefore Beauregard did simply his duty in holding the dispatch. Colonel Roman goes on to say :

"We assert it as an incontrovertible truth, fully proved by later events, that the President of the Confederacy, by neglecting to compel his Quartermaster-General to procure the transportation which could have been easily procured more than a month before the battle of Manassas ; by refusing, as early as the 13th of June, to assent to General Beauregard's urgent request that authority should be given to concentrate our forces at the proper moment at Manassas Junction ; by again refusing, on the 15th of July, to allow him to execute his bold, offensive plans against the enemy, the certain result of which would have been the taking of Washington—that the President of the Confederacy, by thus persisting in these three lamentable errors, *lost the South her independence.*"

It is hard to know how to characterize this wild statement seriously. That the Quartermaster and Commissary, as well as all other departments of the Confederate Government and army, were new and in many respects inefficient, was certainly the case ; but probably no country without any military establishment or central government, and peopled by citizens untrained to war for generations, ever acted with greater energy than did the South in the three months between the opening of the war and the battle of Manassas in raising and supplying armies. The victory of Manassas is itself one of the best

proofs of this. General Beauregard is entitled to a large share of credit for this remarkable victory, and we think this has been accorded to him; but it must have been under some malign star that he allowed his biographer to make such claims as we have quoted.

There is no better commentary to be found upon the claim that General Beauregard was prevented from taking Washington and thus perhaps ending the war, than in Beauregard's own action after Manassas. Colonel Roman's claim is that if Johnston had been ordered to join Beauregard on July 15th, McDowell would have been overthrown, and next Patterson, and next, perhaps, McClellan, and that then Washington might have fallen before the Confederates advancing on both sides of the Potomac. Well, Johnston *was* ordered to join Beauregard with his whole force on July 17, and eluding Patterson with great skill he reached Manassas in time to secure a victory over McDowell, a victory one of the most thorough and complete upon record. This was in accordance with General Beauregard's programme. What then became of the rest of that plan? We do not hear that Beauregard urged the return of Johnston to demolish Patterson and McClellan, and Colonel Roman informs us distinctly that Beauregard opposed any advance on Washington at the time and declared it impracticable. Now, no one can show that General Beauregard could have reasonably expected more favorable conditions, had Johnston joined him two days earlier, than were actually at the command of the Confederate leaders after their victory. Yet he saw then that it was impossible to carry out the scheme he had proposed. It would be perhaps unkind and unfair to Beauregard to say he ought to have seen this before the proposition was made, but surely, to speak of Colonel Roman's course as unkind and unfair, in bitterly denouncing Beauregard's superiors twenty years after the above facts became known, is to characterize that course but mildly.

Our author continues in the same strain in regard to Beauregard's position on the field of Manassas, about which there is no proper room to doubt. He was second in command under Johnston, who adopted his plans until McDowell's advance checkmated them, when each in his sphere did his best to secure success—Beauregard as commander of the troops engaged, and Johnston as commander-in-chief. After the battle Johnston was strongly opposed to advancing, and so, too, was Beauregard for a time. But Colonel Roman, through many pages, labors to prove that Johnston had nothing to do with the battle of Manassas except to act as a dead weight upon Beauregard.

A similar tone pervades the whole book. When General Beaure-

gard is sent to the West, he finds everything wrong in General A. S. Johnston's department. The line of defence has been badly chosen, the works to strengthen it have been laid out without judgment, the vital importance of the defence of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers has not been foreseen or properly provided for. General Beauregard promptly proposes a plan of operations to counteract these blunders. It is not adopted, and hence follow, in his opinion, the fall of Donelson and the subsequent disasters of the Confederates. Again, it is General Beauregard who, in spite of the indifference or opposition of his Government, and without the aid of his commanding officer, collects and organizes an army at Corinth, urges and finally induces General Johnston to unite his forces with it, and plans and does everything about the battle of Shiloh—except to fight it. General Beauregard is made to stand out as a solitary rock in a sea of incompetency and petty jealousy. Yet when the chief command devolved upon Beauregard, by the death of Johnston, he no doubt realized more fully how much easier it was to criticize the shortcomings of others than to master the tremendous difficulties which beset the Confederate Government and its Generals in the field. A great victory was just within the grasp of the Confederates. It was allowed to slip away from them. Next day the tables were turned, and Beauregard was forced to retire to Corinth. Weeks followed, during which not a single stroke by the Confederates checked the onward progress of the Federal arms in the West. Beauregard's strategy consisted in waiting at Corinth until the advance of the Federal army made a retreat necessary. He then fell back to Tupelo.

Again we find it impossible to sympathize with the violent attacks made upon the Confederate administration in connection with the controversies in which General Beauregard's ideas of official propriety sometimes involved him. Most remarkable, however, is the complaint made about his removal from command after his retreat from Corinth. The Confederate army had just fallen back before overwhelming forces, the Mississippi seemed about to fall into Federal hands. It was the first of June, when the Union armies might be expected to push their advantage with increasing vigor. At this juncture, without conference, and without any notice beyond a telegraphic dispatch to his Government, General Beauregard proposed to leave his army, on a surgeon's certificate, to seek rest and recuperation at a distant watering-place. General Bragg, the next officer in rank, had been ordered elsewhere by his Government, but General Beauregard retained him, turned over the command to him,

and actually left his post for the purpose indicated. The Richmond authorities promptly relieved Beauregard and placed Bragg permanently in command. It is hard to see how so intelligent a soldier as Colonel Roman can complain of this, but he does. General Beauregard's sickness was not sudden or unforeseen. It was a trouble he had been suffering from for months. Either he was fit to command his army or he was not. If not, no injustice was done. But in either case, the Richmond authorities should have been informed, and the step of turning over the command to the next in rank not entered upon without conference with and approval by them. It will be hard to convince anyone that at the first of June, and in the circumstances that then surrounded the western army, General Beauregard was justified on the plea of ill-health and that his presence was not important, in leaving his post for a contemplated absence of some weeks without waiting to learn the views of his Government.

Colonel Roman's book is so filled with indiscriminate praise of General Beauregard, and indiscriminate blame of nearly everybody else, that we are apt to lose sight of General Beauregard's really brilliant achievements. It is far more pleasant to contemplate these than to read Colonel Roman's incessant criticisms of distinguished Confederates, whose sacrifices for the land of their birth were not less costly, whose conduct was not less unselfish, whose patriotism was as devoted, whose aims were as high, whose courage was as marked as General Beauregard's, and whose ability and skill were certainly not inferior to those of the distinguished Louisianian.

General Beauregard was assigned to the command of South Carolina and Georgia in September, 1862, his most important duty being the defence of Charleston. Here General Beauregard had a field eminently adapted to his talents. A most skillful and accomplished engineer, he not only displayed ability of the highest order in this memorable defence, but exhibited astonishing fertility of resource and tenacity of purpose. At the end of January, 1863, the Confederate gunboats made such a descent upon the blockading squadron as to cripple it and drive it off for the time. Early in April the Federal fleet, under Dupont, made the first grand attack upon Fort Sumter, but was beaten off with terrible loss. Again in July a most formidable armament, equipped with the best means at the command of the Federal Government, and under one of the best engineers in the old army, General Gillmore, began a most determined and protracted attack upon the defences of Charles-

ton. With comparatively slender means Beauregard completely baffled and kept at bay the prodigious armament with which the Federal Government sought to reduce the "cradle of secession." For nearly six months his works sustained a fire which has rarely, if ever, been excelled in persistence and weight of metal. When Fort Sumter had become simply a heap of rubbish he continued to hold it and to defeat every attempt on the part of his assailants to capture it. At the end of the year the Federals gave up in despair, and the Confederate flag continued to float over Fort Sumter until Sherman's march northwards from Savannah, in the early part of 1865, compelled the evacuation of the city. There is probably in modern warfare no more splendid instance of a skilful and determined defence than that of Charleston, and it will ever remain a noble testimony to the ability of Beauregard.

In the Spring of 1864, General Beauregard was called from Charleston, with a large part of his forces, to Richmond and Petersburg, to take part in the defence of the Confederate Capital. Here, General Beauregard's achievements were such as to add deservedly to his reputation. He saved the Southern approaches to Richmond and, perhaps, that city itself, by defeating and "bottling up" Butler at Bermuda Hundred. But his greatest feat in this campaign was his defence of Petersburg on June the 15th, 16th, and 17th. General Grant managed his crossing of the James so well as to deceive General Lee for some days and to keep him in ignorance of his real design. In this way Grant succeeded in throwing a large part of the Federal army against Petersburg, before General Lee reached there with the advance of his army on June 18. Beauregard meantime held the defences of Petersburg, and made a brilliant and tenacious struggle for them. He managed his small force with such skill and courage as to keep back the half of the Federal army, and though forced from his advanced positions he saved the city, and placed his troops on the lines which the Army of Northern Virginia was to defend with such wonderful pluck for more than nine months thereafter.

We have not space to follow General Beauregard's career in the West in connection with Hood's disastrous campaign, or his operations in Sherman's front in the spring of 1865, until General J. E. Johnston was placed in command. There was nothing done on either of these fields, however, that could add to the reputation which General Beauregard won at Charleston and Petersburg.

Letter from General Lee to President Davis.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

July 29, 1863.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis,

President of the Confederate States:

Mr. President,—Your letter of the 21st instant has been received, and I am much obliged to you for the suggestions it contains. As soon as I receive an official account of the casualties in the army it will be forwarded. The list of our wounded and missing I know will be large. Many of the first could not be moved and had to be left behind. The latter will be swelled by the stragglers, who commenced, on crossing the Potomac, to stray from the line of march, and were intercepted by the enemy's cavalry and armed citizens, notwithstanding every effort which was made to prevent it. Our people are so little liable to control that it is difficult to get them to follow any course not in accordance with their inclinations. The day after the last battle at Gettysburg, on sending back the train with the wounded it was reported that about 5,000 well men started back at night to overtake it. I fear most of these were captured by the enemy's cavalry and armed citizens who beset their route. These added to other stragglers, men captured in battle, and those of the wounded unfit to be transported, will swell our list of missing, and as far as I can judge the killed, wounded and missing from the time we left the Rappahannock until our return will not fall short of 20,000. This comprises, however, the slightly wounded and those who straggled from the ranks, who are now rejoining us. After recrossing the Potomac I commenced to consolidate the troops, considering the cases individually, and united Archer's and Heth's (Field's) former brigade under General H. H. Walker, and Pender's and Heth's divisions under General Heth. The accession of convalescents and stragglers is enlarging these divisions so much that I shall have to separate them again.

As regards General Davis's brigade, I think it will be better to attach the three Mississippi regiments to Posey's brigade, in Anderson's division, where I hope they will soon be increased in numbers. The North Carolina regiment of this brigade I suggest be attached to Pettigrew's old brigade.

The only objection to this plan is that it breaks up General Davis's command; but if his indisposition will detain him long from the field,

it will be best to do it, for the present at least. Although our loss has been so heavy, which is a source of constant grief to me, I believe the damage to the enemy has been as great in proportion. This is shown by the feeble operations since. Their army is now massed in the vicinity of Warrenton, along the Orange and Alexandria railroad, collecting reënforcements. Unfortunately, their means are greater than ours, and I fear when they move again they will much outnumber us. Their future plans I cannot discover, and think it doubtful, with their experience of last year, whether they will assume the Fredericksburg line again or not, though it is very probable. Should they do so, I doubt the policy of our resuming our former position in rear of Fredericksburg, as any battle fought there, except to resist a front attack, would be on disadvantageous terms, and I therefore think it better to take a position farther back. I should like your views upon this point. The enemy now seems to be content to remain quiescent, prepared to oppose any offensive movement on our part. General Meade's headquarters are at Warrenton. I learn by our scouts that the seven corps are between that point and the Orange and Alexandria railroad. They are all much reduced in numbers. From the observation of some corps, the report of citizens and their prisoners, the reduction is general, and the corps do not exceed from 6,000 to 8,000 men. I have halted Ewell's corps on Robinson's River, about three miles in front of Madison Courthouse, where grazing is represented to be very fine, and in the vicinity of which sufficient flour can be obtained. We have experienced no trouble from the enemy in crossing the Blue Ridge. Except the attempt at Manassas Gap upon Ewell, and of a cavalry force on the Gourd Vine road on A. P. Hill, our march has been nearly unmolested. Our cavalry is in our front along the Rapahannock. I am endeavoring to collect all the provisions I can in this part of the country, which was also done in the Valley. While there, in order to obtain sufficient flour, we were obliged to send men and horses, thresh the wheat, carry it to the mills and have it ground. There is little or no grain in that vicinity, and I cannot learn of more in Madison than sufficient for Ewell's corps.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Incidents of Prison Life at Camp Douglas — Experience of Corporal J. G. Blanchard.

By REV. WILLIAM G. KEADY.

[The following interesting narrative is from the pen of a gallant soldier who lost an arm while serving in the trenches at Vicksburg, and whose empty sleeve tells as eloquently of his devotion to the Confederate cause as his voice now pleads the cause of the "Prince of Peace"]:

Amongst the prisoners captured at Island No. 10, and sent to Camp Douglas, Illinois, in April, 1862, was Corporal J. G. Blanchard, of the celebrated Pointe Coupee Battery, of Louisiana. Though then barely seventeen years of age, he had already been over a year in active service; and the restless activity, untiring energy, and unbounded enthusiasm characterizing his course from the time of his entry into service, bespoke unmistakably of how lively he would make matters if circumscribed for an indefinite term within the boundaries of a prison camp. When the news of the capture of his native city reached Chicago, restraint broke loose, and his one expressed determination was to escape from prison and rejoin the Southern army.

For several days his efforts were bent towards effecting a quiet escape. Realizing, however, the impossibility of so doing, he determined on an attempt at any hazard, and on a dark and stormy night, early in May, he scaled the lofty fence inclosing the camp, within a few feet of the sentinel, the report of whose gun drew upon him the concentrated fire of half a dozen more, so incessant were the lightning flashes at the time. Having reached the outside walk, without a moment's hesitation he walked to the very gate of the prison camp, where all was excitement, and entered a street car which was just starting for the city.

Whilst the Federal soldiers were roaming for miles and miles around Camp Douglas in search of young Blanchard, he was enjoying the comforts of a Chicago hotel, busying himself in the meanwhile in ascertaining the best method of leaving the city and returning South. The second day after his escape he met a former acquaintance who professed the deepest solicitude for his escape, and offered to further the same by every means in his power.

The next day he became suddenly convinced of his supposed

friend's treachery, and immediately took passage on a two-masted vessel bound for Buffalo, N. Y. Arrived at Detroit, Mich., the vessel was boarded by a military officer, who called on the captain for the delivery of "that New Orleans boy." The captain, ignorant of Blanchard's antecedents, and never for a moment suspecting that he was an escaped prisoner, denied having such a passenger aboard, and seemed paralyzed when the Federal officer exclaimed, "There he is!" pointing at the same time to the young man, who was standing near the wheelman, in doubt whether to jump overboard and attempt to swim to the Canada shore. Under guard of the Federal officer he was taken to jail and placed in a cell. The captain of the vessel, at the same time, was released on his parole that he would appear at the jail the following morning.

It happened that young Blanchard was the only prisoner in the jail at the time, and no sooner had the Federal officer departed than the jailor, without any cause or provocation, commenced abusing and vilifying his prisoner. This unexpected assault so angered Blanchard that he challenged the jailor to open the cell door and dare to repeat his insults. The jailor then left, but returned in a short while accompanied by another man, and having opened the cell door, pistol in hand, ordered Blanchard to stand up. His hands were then pinioned behind his back with handcuffs, and he was ordered to sit down, and shackles were then riveted to his legs just above the ankle. In this condition he lay on the bare bench of his cell all night. The following morning, on the arrival of the Federal officer and the captain of the vessel, the shackles were taken off, but the officer refused to take off the handcuffs, for the reason that he had received a telegram from the commanding officer at Chicago to keep the prisoner handcuffed.

At about 10 o'clock the same day, under the escort of a company of infantry, Blanchard was taken to the United States Court to give testimony in regard to the assistance rendered to him by the captain of the vessel. It is needless to say that his testimony secured the honorable discharge of the captain, who, in solemn earnestness, implored the judges to have the handcuffs removed from the youth. The court, however, disclaimed jurisdiction in the matter, and Blanchard was brought back to Chicago in handcuffs. Here he was incarcerated in the celebrated White Oak dungeon, in Camp Douglas, where he remained for some forty days.

Immediately after his liberation from the dungeon he set to work to escape again, and on the fifth day thereafter he proposed to make

an attempt. The time selected was 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and the ruse adopted was to feign a fight between two Confederate prisoners, which, experience had shown, would be sure to draw some of the guards away from their beat. At such a deserted beat Blanchard successfully scaled and cleared the fence, and was about fleeing to the lake shore when he heard a heavy thud and a groan behind him. Looking back he discovered a fellow-prisoner (not a soldier), by name Carico, lying on the ground apparently unable to rise. When Blanchard took hold of him to assist him Carico groaned again and said he was badly hurt. In a few minutes the guards were again on their beat, a plank fence alone between them and the two prisoners.

Realizing the danger of attempting even to crawl away from the fence, lest the crackling of a dry twig should betray them to the guard, Blanchard lay alongside of Carico, waiting for night to approach, when they could take advantage of the tramp of the relief guard to deaden the sound of their footsteps as they proceeded to the lake shore. But when the relief came, at 7 P. M., Carico was unable to move, so great was his suffering; and at his earnest solicitation Blanchard agreed to remain with him until the next relief, at 9 o'clock. At half-past 8, however, they were startled by the discovery of a corporal's guard approaching them, the corporal holding a lighted lantern. Hoping that the course of the march of the guard would take them some distance from the fence, Blanchard and Carico lay perfectly quiet; but when about ten feet from the spot where they lay the corporal incidentally held his light toward the fence, the glare of which revealed the two prisoners. Quickly the guns of the guard were levelled at them; but Blanchard exclaiming immediately, "Don't shoot, boys—man badly hurt here," the guns were brought back to a carry, and the corporal approached the prisoners. Finding that Carico was seriously hurt, a litter was sent for and he was carried to the hospital, whilst Blanchard was once again taken to the White Oak.

The third day after his reincarceration three Federal deserters and a renegade Confederate of the Third Tennessee Regiment were also confined in the White Oak. It was proposed by the deserters to effect an escape by tunneling to the outside of the fence, about twelve feet distant, if a knife could be procured; which, being converted into a saw, would enable them to cut a hole in the floor of a dungeon. The knife was procured through one of Blanchard's friends, and in less than six hours a hole, eighteen inches square, was cut into the floor. The digging was accomplished with a spade (which

was one of the appurtenances of the dungeon), and the tunneling with pocket-knives, spoons and forks. One man worked at a time, by turns. When the officer of the guard visited the dungeon, morning and evening, a blanket was spread over the hole, the prisoners engaging in a game of cards seated on the edge of the blanket.

For three days and nights they worked like beavers. Foremost in the labor was Busy Bill, the renegade; he did yeoman's work. On the evening of the third day, realizing that but a few hours' more work would enable them to breathe the air of freedom, it was proposed to suspend work at 6 o'clock, and to resume at 9 o'clock, which would bring the hour of escape at about the dead of night. At about 8 o'clock, however, Busy Bill was apparently taken with violent paroxysms, and so intense seemed his suffering, that the Sergeant of the Guard was asked to take him up out of the dungeon and do something for him.

A few minutes after he was taken up the Sergeant of the Guard came down into the dungeon, and remarking, "Boys, your game is up—Busy Bill gave it away," walked up to where the hole was covered and kicked the blanket away. Busy Bill had actually betrayed his companions in the hope, doubtless, of some reward, which he received in the shape of a merciless castigation when he was returned to the dungeon. So badly was he beaten by his fellow-prisoners that he had to be sent to the hospital.

A few days afterward Blanchard was taken from the dungeon and ordered to clean the quarters of the Federal officers with bucket and swab. This he peremptorily declined to do, notwithstanding the Provost Marshal drew his pistol the second time he gave the order. He was then marched to the quarters of the commanding officer, who, after hearing the statement of the Provost Marshal, exclaimed: "Is it 'that New Orleans boy?' Take him to the Black Hole, and starve him until he will work."

The Black Hole was an iron-clad cell, three feet by six. Thus confined, Blanchard remained two days and nights, without a morsel to eat, being visited morning and evening by the Provost Marshal, who would merely remark, "Are you going to work?" On the morning of the third day Blanchard was taken out of the Black Hole and marched to the Colonel's quarters, and being told that he was brought out at the request of several citizens merely to be given a chance to save his own life, the question was put to him sternly by the Colonel, "Will you or will you not work?" His answer was simply, "Never!" He was ordered to be taken back to the Black

Hole, whence he expected to come out again only "as a corpse," as he had been threatened; but, to his amazement, he was released a few hours after and returned to his mess.

The cartel for a general exchange of prisoners was soon thereafter effected, but Blanchard was destined for another exploit before taking leave of Camp Douglas. Through the instrumentality of some of the Federal officers who had taken quite a fancy to him, he was employed to do clerical work at headquarters regarding the exchange of prisoners. At this time, through the kindness of sympathizers in Chicago, he was enabled to dress in first-class citizens' clothes, in which garb he was not recognized as "a rebel" by the mass of prisoners. It happened that whilst alone in the office he was accosted by a ragged prisoner, who, mistaking Blanchard for some Federal officer, stated that he wanted to take the oath. Blanchard questioned him as to his name, command, etc., and finally asked him why he had joined the Confederate army. The soldier replied that he had been forced into the service. As the regiment to which he belonged was among the first volunteers, Blanchard knew that this statement was false, and, springing from his seat he sent the soldier sprawling out of the room into the hallway, and as the astounded prisoner started to rise he was assisted by a vigorous kick which sent him headlong out of the hall-door into the arms of a Federal officer who was just entering. It is needless to say that for this well-merited chastisement of a renegade Blanchard once more visited the White Oak, whence he emerged only to be sent South.

The writer had no personal knowledge of Blanchard's military career after the exchange, as the latter received a commission in the Provisional army on his arrival at Vicksburg, and was ordered to the army of Tennessee. In 1864, however, we heard of him as Inspector-General on the staff of Major-General Cheatham, during the Georgia campaign, being severely wounded at Kennesaw Mountain. He was undoubtedly the youngest officer holding so high a position in the Confederate army. After Hood's defeat at Nashville he was ordered on detached service on the Mississippi river, where the writer met him once more, and remained with his command until his surrender at Jackson, Miss., in May, 1865. He is now living in New Orleans, as retired and quiet in civil life as he was dashing and enthusiastic in war.

W. G. K.

Operations from the 6th to the 11th of May, 1864—Report of General B. R. Johnson.

HEADQUARTERS JOHNSON'S BRIGADE,
DREWRY'S BLUFF, May 31, 1864.

Captain T. O. Chestney, A. A. G.:

Sir,—I submit the following report of the operations of the troops under my command on the southside of James river from the 6th to the 11th May, 1864, inclusive :

At 3 A. M. on the 6th instant I arrived at Drewry's Bluff from Chaffin's farm with my brigade, numbering in the aggregate 1,168 officers and men present, and occupied Fort Stevens. About 5 A. M. a part of the Twenty-first South Carolina regiment of Hagood's brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, arrived, and was placed in position. While making a personal examination of the adjacent country a dispatch from Major-General Ransom, commanding department, was received by my Assistant Adjutant-General, ordering Hagood's brigade to proceed immediately to Port Walthall junction, by rail, if there was a train to carry it. There being no train at the station, some three or four dispatches were exchanged in my absence by my Assistant Adjutant-General ; during which correspondence the detachment of the Twenty-first South Carolina regiment marched for Port Walthall junction.

About 11 A. M. the following dispatch was handed to me in person :

RICHMOND, May 6, 1864.

Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson :

I am astonished Hagood's brigade is not now at Port Walthall junction. March it, and if necessary to stop the enemy, your own, too, as quickly as possible to that point. The railroad must not fall into the enemy's hands. Rapidity is necessary. Act at once. If the enemy be at Port Walthall dislodge him.

[Signed]

R. RANSOM, *Major-General.*

This was the first intimation I had that the enemy was threatening the railroad. I immediately put my brigade in motion, and had advanced to within about two miles of the junction when I received the

following dispatch from Major F. A. Smith, commanding at Drewry's Bluff :

General,—Our scouts report the enemy at Ware Bottom church, six miles hence. I have already sent couriers to you with this intelligence. Had you not best return, as the Yankees have burnt houses on the river and the fleet is advancing?

[Signed]

F. A. SMITH, *Major Commanding*.

As everything was quiet in the direction of Port Walthall junction, I halted my command, sent a staff officer to communicate with Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, now at the junction, and endeavored to obtain further information of the movements of the enemy.

About 5 P. M. I heard firing at Walthall junction, and immediately put my brigade in motion for that place. On reaching the junction I learned that Colonel R. F. Graham had arrived at that place from Petersburg at about 4½ P. M. with the remaining companies of the Twenty-first and three companies of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina regiments, and with this command of about 600 men that he had encountered a brigade or more of the enemy with two pieces of artillery, and drove them gallantly from the field. Their skirmishers at dark were still on the skirt of the woods southeast of the junction. The report of Colonel R. F. Graham is forwarded herewith. I immediately occupied the railroad excavation just southwest of the junction with my brigade, placing skirmishers in front, Colonel Graham's command occupying a position on my left and front. During the night the remainder of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh South Carolina regiments, with their brigade commander (Brigadier-General Hagood), arrived. Major-General D. H. Hill, of General Beauregard's staff, reached the junction in the morning, and by his skill, counsel, and active supervision throughout the period of those operations, contributed in an eminent degree to the success attained.

At daylight on the 7th instant it was ascertained that the enemy had entirely retired from our immediate front. Through scouts we learned that their forces were in the vicinity of Ware Bottom Church and at Cobb's farm. For the most reliable information I was indebted to Roger A. Pryor; who was active, tireless and daring in reconnoissance. At about 10 o'clock it was resolved to advance towards the church, with a view to feel the strength and position of the

enemy. General Hagood was ordered to move in front, with Johnson's brigade in support. The head of the column had not advanced more than a mile, when General Hill, who had gone to the front to make a personal examination, returned and reported the enemy's cavalry advancing immediately upon us, at about 300 yards' distance from our column. General Hagood was directed to bring his leading regiment into line and advance its skirmishers. Subsequently another regiment was advanced and formed on a line with the first. These regiments were for nearly an hour engaged in a sharp skirmish with the enemy.

The movements of the enemy's infantry seeming to indicate a purpose to flank these regiments on their left, they were retired to our line of battle on the railroad.

In the meantime the enemy had shown in considerable force in two lines—four regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery—in front of our right, near the house of Mrs. Dunn. Skirmishers from Colonel Graham's regiment were advanced to attract the attention of this force, and a section of Hankins's battery, supported by two regiments of Johnson's brigade, was advanced under cover of the woods on the right of Port Walthall railroad to fire on the enemy's infantry. A few rounds from the artillery drove the infantry under cover of adjacent grounds. The fire of the artillery appearing no longer effective, and the movement of the enemy indicating a purpose to make a general attack, I thought it best to procure a compact line; consequently our artillery and infantry were withdrawn to the line of the railroad. The enemy soon appeared in two lines on the open grounds and skirting the woods on the high grounds east of the junction and of Ashton Creek, fronting Hagood's brigade, stationed on my left. At the same time they also reappeared in their original force in the vicinity of Mrs. Dunn's house, threatening Johnson's brigade, on my right. Aided by General Hill, I placed two pieces of artillery on the left of Craig House to open on the enemy in the vicinity of Mrs. Dunn's, and four pieces behind the railroad, or west of it, near the water-tank, to play upon the enemy's infantry east of Ashton Creek. Subsequently one of these latter pieces was removed to a piece of high ground further north, on the south side of the railroad, affording a more direct fire on the enemy. Two other guns which came to the junction were manned with uninstructed convalescents and men on furlough picked up in Petersburg, who deserted their pieces before they fired a shot. These I caused to be manned by men from the Tennessee brigade and placed

on the hill on the turnpike west of the railroad. The forces in front of Johnson's brigade contented themselves with threatening our right and firing artillery at the batteries and infantry in vicinity of Craig's house. Those on the east of Ashton Creek opened about 2 P. M. with artillery and infantry fire, to which we replied very successfully, so that they for a time seemed about to withdraw, and the firing ceased.

General Hagood was instructed to cover the turnpike with his left regiment. After some delay this was accomplished by the foresight and interposition of General Hill, just in time to meet the second line of the enemy, which had been moved under cover of the woods by the right flank, and now appeared bearing down on and flanking Hagood's left. General Hagood now changed the front of his left regiment so as to meet the enemy on his left. In this movement this regiment was exposed to a heavy cross fire. At this juncture occurred the sharpest and most critical part of the conflict.

The two pieces of artillery stationed in the pike, on the west of the railroad, was, at call of General Hagood, sent to the left; and the second regiment from the left was drawn out to support the left regiment, the regiment on the right closing in to fill the interval. General Hagood's left now advanced, drove the enemy back with heavy loss, and regained the railroad to the left of his former position. The enemy again advanced on Hagood's front, his brigade being under cover of the railroad, and were driven back with heavy loss. During both conflicts the artillery on the left of Craig's House played handsomely upon the enemy's line which had advanced on the east side of Ashton Creek and attacked Hagood's front. The pieces nearest Craig's House had several horses killed and one of the carriages damaged. The artillery sent to the left was badly served, and gave but little assistance. Lieutenant-Colonel Estleman brought up in the evening a battery of the Washington artillery, which was sent to the support of Hagood's brigade, but it was then too late to afford any assistance. The infantry ceased firing, save a few sharp-shooters, about 4 o'clock P. M. The artillery continued fire until about 6 o'clock, when the enemy retired from the field. The enemy's loss is supposed to be about 1,000 men. Prisoners have estimated it much higher. The Provost Marshal of Johnson's brigade reports twenty-one prisoners captured. I distinguished four brigades of Federals in the field. Their forces are reported to have consisted of five brigades, commanded by Brigadier-General W. T. H. Brooks. Our aggregate

was 2,668, of which 1,500 were of Hagood's brigade and 1,168 of Johnson's brigade.

The conflict was maintained on our side entirely by Hagood's brigade and the artillery. My right flank—Johnson's brigade,—after making the demonstration as stated on the enemy's left, had only to watch the threatening columns of some two brigades in its front. Seven men of that brigade were wounded, one mortally, while Hagood's brigade lost 177, viz: 22 killed, 142 wounded, and 13 missing. Brigadier-General Hagood handled his men with marked ability, coolness, courage and watchful care. His report, herewith enclosed, will furnish more particular details in regard to the meritorious services of officers and men. The steady valor of his command was worthy of its State and the great cause for which it is fighting.

After dark another regiment and a battalion of Hagood's brigade arrived, giving us an aggregate of about 3,500. It was evident that the enemy's force was much superior to our own, and no doubt was entertained in regard to their receiving new accessions.

During the evening I received the following communication:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA,
PETERSBURG, VA., May 7th, 1864,
5 o'clock P. M.

GENERAL.—If you *cannot* hold your present position you had better come back to Swift Creek.

The enemy are advancing on this side of the river; have sent you every man that has arrived. For safety I must stop the next detachment here. Even should they come on, which is problematical.

Very respectfully,

[Signed] G. G. PICKETT, *Major-General.*

General B. Johnson, Commanding Port Walthall Junction.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA,
PETERSBURG, May 7th, 7 P. M.

GENERAL.—If you cannot hold your present position, you must fall back to the line of the Swift Creek. Send one regiment to reinforce Clingman at once. We are compelled to protect our right flank. Make your dispositions at once. I will continue to send on whatever troops which may arrive, although I cannot learn at what time the next detachment may come on.

Please make a report to me. Let me know exactly what you are doing. I am, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

G. G. PICKETT, *Major-General.*

Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson, Commanding, &c.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA,

PETERSBURG, VA., Saturday, 1864.

GENERAL.—I have sent you two dispatches this evening, and have received no reply. I have received no re-enforcements except what you have now with you. You will fall back, therefore, to Swift Creek, bringing off your artillery which has been disabled first. Place one regiment and a battery in position on the crossing of the road from Chesterfield Courthouse to this point. Leave a line of pickets to withdraw at daylight. Intrenching tools will be sent you at Swift Creek.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

G. G. PICKETT, *Major-General.*

This was received by me about 10 P. M. on the 7th of May, 1864.

Between 10 and 11 P. M. the artillery was put in motion. At 12 P. M. the infantry moved, and by 3 A. M. on the morning of the 8th of May our forces had crossed to the south bank of Swift Creek. During the day and night of the 8th I sent out several parties to the junction to collect property, arms and accoutrements. The field of battle was occupied by our troops until about 10 A. M. on Monday, the 9th inst., when the enemy advanced upon our position at Swift Creek. In this advance they passed to the north of the junction. From reports of cavalry and from the observations of Major-General Hill, who returned from the junction about 10 A. M., the enemy must have come into the turnpike, south of Timsberry (?) Creek. From subsequent information it appears that a portion of their forces went as far north as Chester. During the 8th and the morning of the 9th our troops were engaged in constructing a good line of rifle pits with batteries under the supervision of Col. Harris. Hagood's brigade was posted on the left, covering the turnpike bridge, and extending well out on either side. A detachment from this brigade and a section of artillery occupied Brander's bridge on the extreme left. McKathen's Fifty-first North Carolina regiment covered the railroad bridge, and Tilman's brigade was posted on the right, covering Level Ford and

adjacent grounds. Some eighteen pieces of artillery, consisting of Hankin's, Payne's, Owen's and Martin's batteries, were distributed along our lines mainly at the fords and bridges.

From the Forty-fourth Tennessee regiment, Johnson's brigade, twenty-two men and three sergeants, under Lieutenant F. M. Kelso, were detached to man the heavy artillery in Fort Clifton, where Captain S. J. Martin commanded.

At 9 o'clock A. M. on the 9th of May, a small boat appeared in the Appomattox below Fort Clifton, which was fired on and driven off. At about 11 A. M. five gun boats advanced and engaged the battery at Fort Clifton. The firing was continued from the first until after 2 o'clock, P. M., when four gun boats retired and the fifth was found to be crippled. A party was organized to board the boat, but the enemy set fire to it, abandoned and burned it.

For their services and gallant conduct at Fort Clifton, in the fight with the gun boats on the 9th of May, the officers and men have received the special commendation of the General commanding the department.

By 12th May the enemy were in strong force on the north side of Swift Creek, and slight skirmishing was commenced with artillery and infantry. About 11 A. M. I received a note from Major-General Pickett informing me that reinforcements were on their way from Weldon, and advising me not to bring on a general engagement if possible to avoid it. At 2 P. M. I received the following dispatch from Major-General Pickett:

HEADQUARTERS PETERSBURG,
May 9th, 1864, 1 P. M.

GENERAL,—The Major-General commanding directs that you move forward at once and see what the enemy are doing. Further instructions will be sent in course of half an hour. I inclose a copy of dispatch just received from General Bragg.

I am, General, yours, &c.,

[Signed]

C. PICKETT, A. A. G.

To Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson, Commanding, &c.

I immediately ordered General Hagood to move forward by the turnpike and take the eminence beyond the creek, believing from the dispatch of General Bragg that it was my duty to press upon the enemy with nearly my whole force. I now dispatched to Major-General Pickett that I had received the order to advance, and had given the order to commence the movements. The skirmishers of

Hagood's brigade had not engaged the enemy when I received the following communication:

HEADQUARTERS PETERSBURG,
May 9th, 1864.

GENERAL,—The Major General commanding directs me to say to you that you had better hold the line of Swift Creek till reinforcements arrive, and we can then make the advance.

Try and find out whether the present demonstration is a feint or a real movement. I am, General, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] C. PICKETT, A. A. G.

To Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson, Commanding, &c.

My dispatch announcing to General Pickett that I had given orders to commence the movement, was returned with the following endorsement:

HEADQUARTERS PETERSBURG,
May 9th, 1864.

GENERAL.—Since the order was given for you to advance, General Pickett has sent another countermarching it, and telling you to hold the line of Swift Creek if the enemy, as reported, were advancing in force on you.

[Signed] C. PICKETT, A. A. G.

General Johnson, Commanding, &c.

As a consequence of these communications, the movement ordered became a reconnoissance with a part of Hagood's brigade. The enemy were found in heavy force in vicinity of the turnpike, on the north side of Swift Creek. After a very sharp skirmish General Hagood withdrew his forces from the north side of the creek, having lost, in a brief period, nine officers and 128 men, killed, wounded and missing. It was evident that the whole of the enemy's forces were in our front. Communications were received during the night from Major-General Ransom and Brigadier-General Barton, at Drewry's Bluff, inquiring for the enemy, and stating that there had been but little demonstration in their front during the day. The enemy's sharpshooters were now pressed forward, especially in the vicinity of the railroad bridge. They reached a fence in the open field, within some five or six hundred yards of the Dunlop House, and very much annoyed our main line. With the first design of making a determined attack upon

the enemy, the Fifty-first South Carolina regiment had been replaced at this point by a part of the Sixty-third Tennessee regiment. Captain J. W. Robertson, of the latter regiment, was now directed to take two companies and drive the enemy's skirmishers back. This was handsomely done by a charge. Somewhat later, in the darkness of the night the enemy's reserve—about a regiment—made a demonstration, fired a volley on our skirmishers, raised a shout and made an effort to charge them, but Captain Robertson's command held its position until a late hour at night, when it was relieved by two companies of the Fifty-First North Carolina regiment. A heavy line of skirmishers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Akin, of the Sixty-third Tennessee, held Level Ford during the night of the 9th. The enemy, however, attempted to cross some men above the ford, and brought up a piece of artillery to the stream, but they were promptly driven back by a detachment under Capt. Millord, of the Sixty-third Tennessee regiment.

In the skirmishing at Swift Creek, Johnson's brigade had five men wounded, one mortally, making the total number of casualties at that point 142. The loss of the enemy was, perhaps about an equal number.

During the morning of the 10th, parts of Wise's, Ransom's and Hoke's brigades arrived. About half-past 1 P. M. the prevailing quietude along the line induced me to order the artillery near the railroad bridge to open. It drew no response from the enemy, who had previously made very free use of a battery of artillery just opposite. I then ordered forward our skirmishers, and found the enemy had withdrawn without any manifest cause.

Major-General Hoke arrived this evening and assumed command on the morning of the 11th of May.

I forward herewith Col. R. F. Graham's report of the affair at Port Walthall junction on the evening of the 6th of May; also Brigadier-General Hagood's report of the actions and casualties at Port Walthall junction on the 7th and at Swift Creek on the 9th of May, 1864.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

B. R. JOHNSON, *Major-General.*

Is the "Eclectic History of the United States," Written by Miss Thalheimer and Published by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati, a Fit Book to be Used in Our Schools?

A Review by J. WM. JONES.

PAPER NO. I.

We propose to confine ourselves for the present to that part of this so-called "History" which treats of the origin, progress, and results of the late "War between the States." At some future day we may take occasion to point out some of its "sins of omission and commission" in its account of the Colonial, Revolutionary, and civil history of the country.

We will first give a few illustrations of the *tone and spirit* of the book, which its friends claim to be preëminently fair, non-partisan, and non-sectional.

1. Let any one turn to the account given (pp. 265-266) of the Kansas troubles and he will find that it is entirely one sided and partisan—telling of outrages committed by the pro-slavery party, aided by Missourians, and saying not one word about the "Emigrant Aid Societies" of the North—the eloquent appeals of Mr. Beecher to "send Sharp's Rifles to Kansas instead of Bibles"—or the outrages committed by the Abolition party of Kansas.

2. The friends of the book think that it (p. 268) tells the truth when it says that John Brown "*had no support*" in his raid, and that therefore the "rage of resentment" through the South was uncalled for. We would advise them to read up on this question, and they will find that in the Senate of Massachusetts a motion to adjourn on the day of John Brown's execution in respect to his memory was lost by only three votes—that town bells were tolled, funeral sermons preached, and eulogies pronounced all over the North—that John Brown at once took his place in the pantheon of Abolition saints—and that the resentment of the South was justly aroused, not against this mad fanatic, but against his *supporters*, whose vanguard he led in invading the South to free the negroes whom their Fathers had sold to our Fathers, quietly pocketing the money, and only discovering the "crime of slavery" after they had reaped its full benefits.

3. The book (p. 270) pronounces the firing on the "Star of the West" at Charleston "*the opening act of the civil war.*" On page 276, speaking of Lincoln's inaugural address, it says: "He threw

upon the politicians of the South the whole responsibility of the calamities which must follow the destruction of the Union, assuring them that there could be no conflict unless they themselves should choose to begin it," and (same page, 276,) then proceeds to give the account of the bombardment of Sumter, without one single hint of the circumstances under which the Confederates opened fire.

The author ignores the efforts of Virginia to keep the peace by calling the Peace Conference—the Crittenden compromise, which was a Southern peace measure—the sending by South Carolina of peace commissioners, who were promised by Mr. Buchanan that "the *status*" in Charleston harbor should not be disturbed, but who refused to order Major Anderson back, when, in violation of the compact, he removed by night from Moultrie to Sumter—the fact that the "Star of the West" was attempting to violate again the plain terms of the compact by reinforcing and provisioning Sumter—the fact that one of the very first acts of the Confederacy was to send commissioners to Washington "to treat with the Federal authorities for a peaceful and amicable adjustment upon the principles of equity and justice, of matters pertaining to the common property and public debt"—that Mr. Seward promised that Sumter should be evacuated, and assured the commissioners that "faith as to Sumter" was "fully kept" at the very time that a powerful fleet for its reinforcement, secretly fitted out, was almost within sight of its walls—that this expedition was persisted in, notwithstanding the Confederate commissioners assured Mr. Seward that it would be regarded as "a declaration of war against the Confederate States"—and that under all of the circumstances, therefore, the firing on Sumter was as purely an act of *self-defence* as is to be found in all history.

4. On page 271 the author revives the old slander that secession cabinet officers of Mr. Buchanan filled Southern arsenals with arms taken from the North, and scattered the army and navy so that the South should be better prepared for war than the North.

Compare the statement given there—that "The National Government was paralyzed. Its navy was scattered to the most distant seas, and a great part of its cannon, rifles, and military stores were in Southern forts and arsenals, which were taken almost without exception by the authorities of the Confederate States"—with the statement in paragraph 497, pages 279–280, that the South "had begun the war with abundant supplies of money and material," [notice that the author here refers back to paragraph 484 for proof], and it seems perfectly clear that the book means to teach that secession "leaders

in the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan" had stripped Northern arsenals to supply the South with arms, had scattered the navy in order to paralyze the "National Government," and had really brought it about that the South was better prepared for the war than the North. This is a favorite theory with Northern writers, it is fully brought out in such books as Greely, Draper, Lossing, Moore's *Rebellion Record* and Badeau, which the author advises our children to read, and we are not surprised that she adopts it.

This theory is, of course, utterly untrue, and would seem to need no labored refutation; but if any one desires to go into the matter more fully, let him read the article on Confederate Ordnance, by the able and accomplished chief of the Department, General J. Gorgas, published in the January-February, '84, number of our SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, and they will find a thorough refutation of this slander, a precise statement of the very small number of arms with which the Confederacy begun the war, and a clear account of how we were not only without arms, but without arsenals, armories, founderies, percussion cap manufactories, machinery, powder mills, material, or even skilled workmen.

And when it is remembered that the white population upon which the Confederacy could draw was even nominally but a little more than 7,000,000—but really only 5,000,000—while the Northern Government had a white population of more than 20,000,000, with the rest of the world as their recruiting ground, that the North was the great manufacturing region, and that the Northwest was accustomed to furnish the cotton States with the bulk of their provisions, it seems amazing for any one to argue that the South was in any respect better prepared for war than the North, save in the *morale* of her soldiers and the patriotic devotion of her noble women.

5. We insist that it is untrue as stated (p. 277) that Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland "*refused to secede*," in the light of General Lyon's operations in Missouri, the arrest and imprisonment of the secession members of the Maryland Legislature, and the pinning of Kentucky to the Union by Federal bayonets.

6. All of the ingenious twisting possible cannot make the account of the Baltimore riot (p. 277) fair, in view of the well-established facts that the troops fired first on the citizens, in response to their jeers and the throwing of several stones from the crowd, and that the attempt to make this Massachusetts regiment the representatives of the patriots who were fired on by British soldiers at Lexington in 1775, exactly reverses and falsifies the truth of history. These Massachu-

setts soldiers were the invaders, and the unarmed citizens of Baltimore (nine of whom were killed and a number wounded, while only two soldiers were killed and several wounded) were the patriotic defenders of their homes; the soldiers were the representatives of despotic power, and the citizens of patriots struggling for independence.

7. The statement (p. 278) that "a majority of the people" of West Virginia "were attached to the Union" is utterly untrue, in view of the fact that only 20,000 votes were cast against secession in the whole limits of old Virginia. And certainly our children should not be taught, even by implication, that this infamous division of Virginia territory—this "political rape"—was in any sense justifiable.

8. We call attention to the outrage, at the bottom of page 281, of teaching our children that in the death of Abraham Lincoln "The South felt that it had lost its best friend;" and that "his name is fitly coupled with that of Washington, and the martyred President will ever remain *sacred* in the memory of the American people." This is in the same spirit as the statement (p. 309) that Phil. Sheridan was "the most able cavalry leader of the war"—that Sherman's "march to the sea" (p. 310) was "one of the most celebrated events of history"—that, "considering his surroundings and the place of his birth, Geo. H. Thomas's adherence to the Union (p. 303) is remarkable"—that "the characteristics of E. M. Stanton's administration (p. 327) were integrity, energy, determination, singleness of purpose, and the power to comprehend the magnitude of the rebellion and the labor and cost in blood and treasure involved in suppressing it"—that Grant's "generalship at Chattanooga is considered by military authorities the masterpiece of the war," and the horrible sacrifice of his men in the campaign of '64 justifiable, and that President Hayes, in making his appointments, (p. 339) consulted "the service of the public rather than that of the politicians," and regulated "both his appointments and dismissals by questions of personal worth."

And in this connection we call especial attention to the general scope and bearing of the biographical sketches given in the book—eleven very tame sketches of Confederates, and twenty-six sketches of Federals, most of the latter glowing eulogies.

It will not do to say that the sketches are chiefly of Generals commanding armies, for many of the Federals sketched would not come under this head, while a number of Confederates who commanded armies, such as John B. Floyd, Henry A. Wise, J. A. Early, John B. Hood, S. D. Lee, Leonidas Polk, Stirling Price, Earl Van Dorn,

Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, Hardee, &c., are omitted. The truth is the Confederates largely outnumbered the Federals in men worthy of places in *general* history, and for Southern schools it is unpardonable to omit such names as Ashby, Stuart, Forrest, Hampton, Ewell, A. P. Hill, Pat. Cleburne, M. F. Maury, Buchanan, and scores of others who should be household words among our people.

The sketches of Lee and Jackson are the only ones which make any pretence to being even fairly appreciative, (and *they* are both utterly unworthy of their subjects,) and that of Lee is marred by inexcusable blunders in his name, and place of birth, in giving him the position of commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies in 1862, and in apologizing for his "grave mistake" in invading Pennsylvania, in 1863, on the ground that he yielded "his own judgment and advice to a higher political power," whereas the facts are that this campaign was undertaken not only with General Lee's full approbation, but at his own suggestion, and that it would have culminated in a brilliant success, and in the Independence of the Confederacy, but for the failure of others.

9. We insist that the statement about the "plundered Kentuckians" (p. 286) is false, and that if it were true it would be unfair to introduce it without also bringing out, as the book fails to do, the universal plundering done by Federal troops in the South, and the orders of General Lee in Pennsylvania.

10. The statements on pages 295-296 that Mr. Lincoln acted in good faith as to slavery (notwithstanding he said in his inaugural address that he had no right or disposition to interfere with it), and that "*the South*" had declared slavery to be "the corner-stone" of the Confederacy, are so palpably untrue as to need no discussion. The quotation from Mr. Stephens (whose utterances were very far from being those of "*the South*"), might be met by quoting the declaration of General Lee, that "if the slaves of the South were mine, I would free them at once to avert this war," and by other facts which we have not time to give.

Our printers admonish us that we have no more space, and we must reserve for our next other illustrations of the miserable stuff which some of the children of the South are learning.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS ARE NOT ONLY STILL "IN ORDER," but are absolutely essential to the comfort and well-being of "these headquarters."

Three dollars is a small matter to the individual subscriber, but the one thousand three dollars due us is a very large matter to us. In fact, it is just exactly the difference between meeting all of our expenses this year without trouble, and being seriously embarrassed in meeting our current obligations.

We beg, therefore, that those indebted to us will *remit at once*, and not wait for further dunning of any kind whatever. *We need your subscription now.*

THE "LEE CAMP FAIR," held in Richmond, was a splendid success, and a very handsome sum was realized for the "Confederate Home." So soon as the plans of the committee are fully matured, we will announce them; but we may say that in the meantime more money will be needed to carry out these plans, and contributions to the fund are still in order.

THE "SOLDIERS' HOME OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA" has been fully organized, with General F. T. Nichols as President, and John H. Murray as Treasurer, and we have received the report for the year ending 1st of May, 1884, which gives a most encouraging exhibit of its affairs.

They have twenty-two inmates of the "Home," and seem to have made all proper arrangements for their care, and admirable regulations for the management of the "Home."

COLONEL HEROS VON BORCKE, the gallant and accomplished Prussian, who tendered his sword to the Confederacy and served with such distinction on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart, is now on a visit to his old comrades, and has been received with open arms at Baltimore, Richmond, and at other points.

Confederates generally will give him a warm welcome and a hearty greeting.



Vol. XII.

July—August—September.

Nos. 7, 8, 9.

The Seventeenth Virginia Infantry at Flat Creek and Drewry's Bluff.

By COL. A. HERBERT.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society :

In response to invitations given by you in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS to officers and men of the late Southern Confederacy for incidents interesting in their character, but lost or submerged in weightier events of the late war, I feel encouraged to give a sketch of an engagement of my old command, the Seventeenth Virginia infantry, at Flat Creek bridge, Richmond and Danville railroad, with Kautz's cavalry on the 14th May, 1864, and events following. The time was fraught with events of great moment to the then struggling Confederacy. The great battle of the Wilderness commenced between Lee and Grant on the 6th May. Butler, with 20,000 men, had thrown himself between Petersburg and Richmond; Kautz, with a strong force of cavalry, had cut the Petersburg railroad in several places, and everywhere our small armies were confronted with the enemy in larger numbers, and every command and every Confederate soldier

was called to endure a strain upon nerve, heart and brain that in the long lapse of years can never be forgotten.

On the 5th May the Seventeenth Virginia regiment was under Hoke in front of Newbern, N. C., right resting on the Neuse River, forming a part of our line then investing that place. When our position was revealed, by the careless firing of a picket upon a passing fishing smack, we were treated to a vigorous shelling by the enemy's gun-boats. This made a lasting impression upon our memories, as we had to lie down and take it without a return shot, and with the chance of being impaled by pines, whose tops every now and then, taken off by a ten-inch shell, dropped with a crash in our midst. General Hoke's polite request for a surrender not being complied with, he would have followed by an assault of the town in force, but for the vigorous opening of that memorable campaign by Grant and Butler, and he was reluctantly compelled to make a forced retrograde movement to Kingston, and from thence *via* Weldon for Petersburg and Richmond. The morning of the 10th found us on the cars with the Thirtieth Virginia, the rest of our brigade having preceded us. We were delayed by forest fires that burnt the ties and spread the rails in many places. We were again delayed between Weldon and Petersburg by burnt bridges and torn up track, the work of Kautz and his raiders, causing a march of nine miles at one point before reaching Petersburg. On our arrival, to our dismay we found that three regiments of our brigade, General Corse and staff, were near Richmond, and General Butler in between. To my military readers this forced orphanage of a whole regiment from its military head and family will be understood as being anything but pleasant. We wanted to fight under our own commanders and by the side of our old and tried comrades.

But to the old Seventeenth, who knew no home but the regimental camp (their homes being during the four years of the war in the enemy's lines), a few words of explanation was all that was necessary to take in the situation. Reporting to General Wise, then in command of Petersburg, we were ordered into camp across the Appomattox, for which point the men took up the line of march with that cheerful hope of the future, the "devil me care air" and swinging step peculiar to the old ragged battalions of that period.

About 1 o'clock at night I was aroused from a sound sleep by a courier with a characteristic order from General Wise, on a slip of ragged paper, viz: "Hold your regiment in readiness to move at any moment, in any direction, at a double-quick." A soft rain was falling

upon our bivouac, and as we had no preparations to make, and the men were in that deep sleep so sweet to the soldier, I would not rouse them, but waited the order to move, which came just as day was breaking. Following the guidance of a staff officer, in delightful uncertainty of our destination, we found ourselves once more in town at the Southside depot, rapidly embarking upon flats and freight cars, for a destination as yet unknown. All aboard and off we started, the men clinging to sides and roofs of as rickety an old train of cars as ever excited the fear and ire of any command. Once on the way, our orders were read. We were to go to Burkeville junction, from there to the bridges on the Danville road. We then for the first time took in the situation—that it was to be a race between ourselves and Kautz, which should get there first. The thought flitting through our brain meanwhile that Kautz and his bold riders might turn up somewhere on the road, misplace a few rails, ditch our old train, and play wild havoc with us. Thanks to our lucky star this evil fortune did not await us. We reached Burkville and then Farmville, where some refugees from Alexandria, and the citizens who were in mortal terror of the raiders, filled our haversacks and wished us God speed! The men, after such a reinforcement of material and moral support, in turn promised to give a good account of themselves when they struck the enemy.

May 13th we arrived at Flat Creek Bridge early enough to go over the ground and make proper dispositions of the companies for the fight expected next morning.

The enemy the same evening made a demonstration at the upper and larger bridge, defended by detachments of the Eighth, Thirteenth, and Thirtieth Virginia regiments, with artillery. Finding it too strong to carry in front, they crossed at the junction of the two streams, some miles below, hoping to surprise and carry the smaller and unfortified bridge guarded by the Seventeenth Virginia, and then taking the larger bridge in rear of its works destroy both, and so cut the only communication between Richmond and our base of supplies at the South. In this lies the whole merit of our little but important fight, which found no place in reports to headquarters and was scarcely noticed by the press of the day, so deeply absorbed were all by the mighty struggle then going on for the capture of Richmond.

By night the companies were all posted, some below the bridge behind a stone wall, some so placed that their fire covered it and the approach on the opposite side, some up the stream and behind a barricade made at a country road bridge, above the railroad bridge—all

with orders to sleep on their arms. I gave Colonel Talcott (the then Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the railroad, who, though a non-combatant, was drawn to the spot by his deep interest in the safety of the bridges), a part of my blanket, and we soon fell asleep. Just before dawn a few dropping shots were heard, and the officers and men of the advanced picket came across the bridge, reporting the enemy close behind. The picket shots were all the orders necessary. The men looked to their guns, fixed their eyes upon the opposite bank of the creek, then passed fording, and awaited the appearance of the enemy. They had not long to wait. While a mounted company charged down upon the county road bridge a long line of dismounted men charged up to the end of the railroad bridge with combustible materials to set it on fire. The company at the barricade emptied the saddles of the first line of fours, and their officers could not get them to charge mounted again. The sight of the enemy making a dash for the railroad bridge brought out a well directed fire from the other companies, which drove the enemy from the approach back under cover of the wood. Evidently their reception was a surprise, and after reforming they came up again in gallant style, the officers shouting, "drive the d——d conscripts out of the way." and we could hear the reply, "If you think these are conscripts, come down a little closer yourselves." A rattling fire from both sides ended the second attempt and we hoped the affair was over. But not so. After another interval they brought up two or three mountain howitzers with which they shelled us, and under cover of this fire another plucky advance upon the bridge was made; but thanks to our well chosen position and the steadiness of the boys, they had to give ground before our fire, and so after many attempts they had to fall back. Two companies of the regiment crossed close in their rear, capturing thirteen prisoners, five of them badly wounded, besides a large number of (17) seventeen-shooters, pistols, &c. They lost nine killed, most of their wounded being carried off. Our loss was three killed and a few wounded. Result: Bridges saved and Richmond's southern communications kept open.

On May 15th we marched to Powhatan Station, and from there were ordered to Richmond by rail by a despatch from General Beauregard. We reached Richmond at daybreak on the ever memorable 16th May, in a fog that some of my old comrades remember as one that would have done credit to London. We changed trains after some delay, and the old regiment, in good heart and spirits from its late success, soon found itself steaming away for Drewry's Bluff to

be once more united to its old command. On arriving there the fog still hung pall-like over everything—objects could clearly be seen only a few feet in advance, adding much to the confusion. The road being filled with a motley crowd of cavalymen, ambulances, wagons, infantry; men enquiring for their commands, all asking questions, but no one seemingly able to give the desired answer. We called a halt until I could find a courier or staff officer to show us our position in line, which was accomplished after much trouble. In the meanwhile, the men were making the usual complimentary and appropriate remarks about the Commissary Department, no rations being in sight, an aching void within, and so far nothing but cold fog to fill the vacuum. I promised that once in position the rations should soon follow. Under the guidance of the courier we started for our place in line. On arriving at the top of a hill, where the balls from the enemy's sharpshooters dropped in a most uncomfortable manner, we halted. The regiment was then formed in line of battle, and we moved forward in quick time for the position assigned us. Just then one of the most weird and singular sights caught my eye. On our left a long line of troops were moving into the works in line of battle, and as they moved up the hill the fog lifted and this long line of legs were to be seen moving in perfect unison, the fog obscuring the men from their waist-belts up, making a most phantom-like picture. My attention was soon called to our own surroundings; for as the mist rose in our front it brought us in view of the enemy's sharpshooters, and before reaching the trenches we lost several men. We had hardly settled in line and taken in the bearings of our new position, and given the men, in camp parlance, time to "look into their haversacks and grow fat," before orders were brought by a dismounted courier (as no man could have lived a minute mounted), to fall in, and be ready to charge the enemy's works when the signal was given. "Here's your rations, boys," the men called to each other. Fighting rations, they meant, which they thought were given without stint, and wanted to be a little sarcastic to the Colonel. But every man drew his waist belt a little tighter, drew down his hat closer over his eyes, looked once more to his accoutrements, and waited with bated breath the order to clear our works and charge the enemy. Just here let me add that the fire from the enemy's picket line by sharpshooters had been so severe that a hat elevated above the works would be perforated by bullets in a few moments, and the order to prepare to charge meant that some who mounted that parapet would look their last of earth from its summit. Want of stick upon the part of the enemy alone was the cause of our

loss not being much heavier. The order came quickly. At the command "Forward!"—rung out in loud tones all along the line—the regiment bounded forward as one man, with the old yell that rings in my ears as I now write, and starts my old blood in fresh surges through my veins.

As the ground in our front between us and the enemy was covered with felled timber, no alignment could be kept; there was one mad rush, and but few laggards. Our batteries opened with every gun, and with one desultory fire we carried the enemy's lines and captured over a hundred prisoners who did not know enough English to surrender.

The enemy's camps furnished the rations we failed to get in the morning, and the old regiment, with the loss of one field officer and thirty men killed and wounded, stood ready the next day to still farther tighten the cords around General Butler's lines in Bermuda Hundreds.

So ends my article, written with the hope of its meeting the eye of some old soldier of the Seventeenth, or comrades of other commands to whom it may give pleasure, and to whom the events narrated may bring up the stirring times of the past and cause their pulse to beat more quickly as the old scenes and the old comrades once more pass in review. To the survivors of my old regiment now widely scattered, in whose faces in the providence of God I may never look again, I would like to express how much their confidence, prompt obedience in many emergencies, and their friendship and sympathy, begotten of the time, have brightened many an hour when memory has brought up again those grand old days never to be forgotten.

ARTHUR HERBERT,

*Colonel Commanding Seventeenth Virginia Infantry,
Army Northern Virginia.*

General Sherman's March from Atlanta to the Coast—Address Before the
Survivors' Association of Augusta, Ga., April 20th, 1884.

By COLONEL C. C. JONES, JR.

Friends and Comrades:

When, a twelvemonth since, we assembled to celebrate the fifth anniversary of our Association and to testify our loyal appreciation of the holy memories which appertain to this Memorial

Day, the shadows of the great griefs caused by the recent deaths of Governor Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and of Senator Benjamin H. Hill, who during the Southern struggle for independence had been a close friend and trusted adviser of President Davis, were abroad in the land. And now, as we come together to revive the recollections of the past and to confirm the ties which unite us in the present, we find ourselves encompassed by kindred sorrows.

Since our last annual convocation General Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance of the Confederate States, whose special mission it was to arm for the war and to supply the thunderbolts of battle, has taken his chamber in those voiceless halls where are never heard reverberations from the "fatal cannon's womb" and the din of contending hosts. General J. F. Gilmer, Chief Engineer of the Confederacy, and an accomplished officer, but a few months since passed into that realm where

* * "The clang of steel,
The human shout and cry,
Are silent."

Only a little while ago the Hon. John Letcher, war Governor of Virginia, was gathered to his fathers; and of those who were foremost in the armies and the councils of the Confederacy, not a few are hastening rapidly to the extreme verge of human life.

In our own Association we have been called upon to mourn the demise of our beloved, honored, and venerable member, Professor L. D. Ford, M. D., LL.D., Surgeon in the Confederate army, whose long, useful, and patriotic labors were crowned by a peaceful and triumphant death. The memory of his stainless career, of his remarkable professional attainments, and of his medical skill and humane ministrations alike in peace and war, abides with us as a precious legacy. Major Samuel H. Crump, of the Twelfth Georgia infantry battalion, a gallant soldier, a true friend, and an upright, efficient public servant, will participate no more in these earthly reunions.

Our comrades, Robert M. Barnes, private Company B, Cobb's Legion, Georgia infantry; John Osley, private Company E, Eighth regiment Georgia infantry; and Dr. Sterling C. Eve, Assistant Surgeon in Confederate service, and an esteemed physician in this community, have also bade us a long farewell.

On this Memorial day, consecrated to the memory of our Confede-

rate dead, we reverently place a brother's garland upon their new-made graves.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their snowy tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

We have recently adopted a badge, the possession and exhibition of which are esteemed by us all not only as an honor, but as a genuine privilege. It is in the form of a shield, bearing upon its upper surface the word "Survivor." Just below appear the historic letters "C. S. A." On the right and left of the centre are delineated in realistic colors the flag of the Confederacy and the battle flag—symbols at once of national entity and of martial renown—both hallowed by associations the most patriotic and valorous. On the one hand is inscribed the date 1861, commemorating the commencement of the Confederate struggle for independence, and on the other the date 1865, perpetuating the year of the termination of the war between the States and the surrender of the Southern armies. Beneath the intersection of the staffs of the flags we have engraven the motto of the great seal of the Confederacy—*Deo Vindice*. With these words upon our lips, we confidently appeal from the arbitrament of the sword to the forum of conscience and that supreme tribunal where justice immaculate and eternal sits enthroned, and, thus appealing, solemnly protest that so far from being "rebels against legitimate authority and traitors to their country," all loyal Confederates were "lovers of liberty, combatants for constitutional rights, and, as exemplars of heroic virtue, benefactors of their race." Nay, more: in all reverence and fidelity we affirm that the issue furnished only a physical solution of the questions involved in the gigantic endeavor; that cannon and bayonet never did and never can compass other than an arbitrary award in matters of principle; and that the fundamental claims, political privileges, and vested rights, in support of which the Southern people expended their blood and treasure, although disallowed, denied and repressed by the mailed hand of superior force, are, in a moral point of view, undetermined by the result of the contest.

"'Tis a cause, not the fate of a cause, that is glorious."

Symbol of a past, consecrated by aspirations the purest, impulses the most patriotic, sentiments the most ennobling, examples of valor,

chivalry and loyalty the most illustrious, deeds of loftiest emprise, and privations the most marvellous, precious indeed is this badge in our eyes. Sure am I that no knight of St. John ever exhibited his *Croix de Malthe* with greater pride, or survivor of our primal Revolution esteemed in higher honor his Eagle of the Order of Cincinnati. Wear it bravely and cherish it holily, my comrades, for the memories which it perpetuates are sacred, grand, stainless, pathetic, soul-inspiring, and far beyond the reach of malediction or the "rasure of oblivion."

There is a sad chapter in the history of Georgia, which has been written chiefly by those who made light of her afflictions, laughed at her calamities, gloated over her losses, and lauded her spoilers. An invasion inaugurated with a full knowledge of her weakness, conceived largely in a spirit of wanton destruction, conducted in many respects in manifest violation of the rules of civilized warfare, and compassed in the face of feeble resistance, has been magnified into a grand military achievement worthy of all admiration. The easy march of a well-appointed army of more than sixty thousand men through the heart of a State abounding in all supplies, save men and materials of war, and at the most delightful season of the year, has been so talked of and written about by those who either participated in the enterprise or sympathized with its leaders and objects, that multitudes have come to regard this holiday excursion as a triumph of consummate military skill and valor—as one of the most wonderful exploits in the history of modern warfare. That this impression is not only exaggerated, but also positively erroneous, is capable of easy demonstration.

"Until we can repopulate Georgia, it is useless to occupy it ; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people, will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads we will lose a thousand men monthly, and will gain no result. I can make the march and make Georgia howl. * * * * * Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive I would be on the offensive. Instead of guessing at what he means, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference, in war is full twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochie. *I prefer to march through Georgia, smashing things to the sea.*"

So wrote Major-General Sherman, from Atlanta, to Lieutenant-General Grant. That officer having sanctioned the proposed move-

ment, and indicated a preference for Savannah as the objective point of the campaign, General Sherman, about the middle of November, 1864, put his columns in motion for their march of spoliation and devastation through the heart of Georgia. The "smashing" operation of this modern Alaric was fairly inaugurated by the wanton, merciless, and almost total destruction of the cities of Atlanta and Rome.

For the purposes of the incursion the Federal army was divided into two wings; the right—commanded by Major-General O. O. Howard—comprising the Fifteenth corps, under Major-General P. J. Osterhaus, and the Seventeenth corps, under Major-General Frank P. Blair, Jr., and the left, under Major-General H. W. Slocum, consisting of the Fourteenth corps, brevet Major-General J. C. Davis, and the Twentieth corps, Brigadier-General A. S. Williams. This infantry force of fifty-five thousand men, was accompanied by a cavalry division numbering fifty-five hundred sabres, commanded by Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick. There was an allowance of about one field-piece to every thousand men, aggregating between sixty-five and seventy guns, fully manned and thoroughly equipped. A pontoon train was assigned to each wing of the army, and an efficient pioneer battalion organized for each corps. The entire command was amply provided with good wagon trains, loaded with ammunition and carrying supplies approximating forty days' rations of bread, sugar and coffee, a double allowance of salt for the same period, and grain forage for three days. Beef cattle, sufficient for forty days' subsistence, attended the army. No equipment was lacking which could in anywise enhance the comfort, power and efficiency of this formidable expedition. Acquainted with the character of the country through which his route lay, and aware of the fact that he would meet with an abundance of provisions and forage everywhere, General Sherman anticipated little difficulty in subsisting his troops. At this season of the year plantation barns were filled with newly-gathered harvest. Corn, peas, fodder, sweet potatoes, syrup, hogs, cattle, mules and horses were to be expected without stint. The recent movement of General Hood, ill-advised and pregnant with disaster, left the State of Georgia fairly open to a Federal advance. She was destitute of offering substantial resistance. Few troops remained within her confines to dispute Sherman's passage to the coast. Such were the physical peculiarities of the country, that there existed only occasional and partial obstacles to a rapid and successful march; none which could not be readily

overcome by the pontoon trains and pioneer corps with which the Federal army was supplied. For his rear Sherman entertained no reasonable fears, because the forces of General Thomas were an overmatch for General Hood's advancing columns. Under no possible circumstances could Sherman have been overtaken by Hood, had the latter abandoned his plans and started in pursuit. Nor was there any likelihood of his encountering serious opposition from the Confederates in his front. They were far too weak to do more than skirmish in a desultory manner with his powerful army of invasion. Enveloped by an ample guard of cavalry, and presenting a front varying from thirty to sixty miles in extent during their sweeping march toward the Atlantic, the Federal General readily perceived that his columns could speedily overcome any local interruptions and partial hindrances which might be attempted by newly organized and feeble bodies of citizen soldiery hastily assembled for the defense of their immediate homes. At best there were, in the interior of the State, only old men and boys to shoulder their fowling-pieces and dispute the passage of swamps. General Lee, sore-pressed in Virginia, could not spare from his depleted ranks a single battle-scarred brigade for the emergency. A reinforcement of seventy-five thousand men would not have placed him in position to have coped, man for man, with the ever-multiplying hosts marshalled under the bloody banners of Grant. Such was the posture of affairs at Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and elsewhere, that no disposable troops could be found with which to form even a tolerable army of observation. General Hood, as we have intimated, was now so far removed from the scene of action that no change in his plans would necessitate the postponement of the proposed advance. The once puissant armies of the Confederacy were sadly reduced by sickness, poverty, wounds and death. Tens of thousands of her bravest sons had been gathered to their patriot graves, and there were none to stand in their places. Her treasures and supplies of every kind were well-nigh exhausted, and no helping hand was outstretched in that hour of supreme need. Whole departments did not comprise within their limits troops requisite for the defence of a sub-district. Isolated in position and cut off from all avenues of succor, each drop of shed blood flowed from her single arm, every feather which warmed and sheltered her offspring was plucked from her own breast.

Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was capable of no demonstrations which would

compel the recall of the formidable reinforcements hastening to the relief of General Thomas. Such was the scarcity of troops in Alabama and Mississippi, that Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor could detach but a handful in aid of Generals Cobb and Smith, who, with the Georgia State forces, were concentrated in the vicinity of Griffin. Lieutenant-General Hardee could muster forces barely sufficient to constitute respectable garrisons for the fixed batteries on the coasts of Georgia and South Carolina. General Beauregard looked in vain throughout the length and breadth of his extensive military division of the West for the means of effectual resistance, and was disappointed in the amount of assistance which he hoped to realize from the militia, home guards and reserves of the respective States embraced within the geographical limits of his command.

By carefully concealing his objective, and, with the heavy masses at command, by well-conceived feints cloaking his real designs, General Sherman readily conjectured that the small army of observation which the Confederates might bring into the field would be so divided in the effort to defend various and important points, widely removed the one from the other, that unity of action would become quite difficult. For the same reason the chances of his encountering anything like formidable resistance were well-nigh dissipated.

At the outset, the cavalry corps of Major-General Joseph Wheeler, and the Georgia State troops under the command of Major-Generals Howell Cobb and Gustavus W. Smith constituted almost the only opposing forces on the Confederate side.

The season of the year selected for the movement was most propitious ; just the period of invigorating airs and delightful autumnal suns, of clear skies and bracing frosty mornings, of firm roads and abounding health. The stock upon the plantations, now in fine condition, could be relied on to supply any lack of transportation.

As, more than three hundred years before, the Spanish Adelantado in his quest for treasure compelled the red men of this region to bear the burdens of his command while despoiling the homes and graves of the sons of the forest, in like manner did it enter into the calculations of these modern expeditionists to utilize the negroes found on the plantations adjacent to the line of march by compelling them to accompany the columns and assist in transporting the booty which was to be collected on every side at the hands of unprotected women, fatherless children, and decrepit old men.

In all fairness, therefore, this vaunted undertaking of General Sher-

man might well have been characterized, in advance, as a holiday excursion on a gigantic military scale, and not as a martial enterprise involving exposures, dangers, and uncertainties.

Having completed his preliminary arrangements, General Sherman, on the morning of the 15th of November, 1864, put his right wing, accompanied by Kilpatrick's cavalry, in motion in the direction of Jonesboro and McDonough, with orders to make a strong feint on Macon, cross the Ocmulgee about Planter's Mills, and rendezvous in the neighborhood of Gordon in seven days, exclusive of the day of march. The same day General Slocum moved with the Twentieth Corps by Decatur and Stone Mountain, with instructions to tear up the railroad from Social Circle to Madison, burn the railroad bridge across the Oconee east of Madison, and, turning south, reach Milledgeville on the seventh day, exclusive of the day of march. General Sherman left Atlanta on the 16th in company with the Fourteenth Corps, brevet Major-General Jeff. C. Davis commanding, and moving by way of Lithonia, Covington, and Shady Dale, advanced directly on Milledgeville.

By the 23d General Slocum was occupying Milledgeville and the bridge across the Oconee, and Generals Howard and Kilpatrick had massed their troops in and around Gordon.

Promptly advised by Major-General Wheeler of the Federal movement, General Beauregard, then in command of the military division of the West, ordered a concentration of all available forces, with a view to an interruption of General Sherman's march. He also suggested to General Hood the necessity for immediate and continued offensive operations in the hope of distracting the enemy's advance. "Adopt the Fabian system." Thus did he telegraph to the Confederate General officers commanding in Georgia. "Do not run the risk of losing your active forces and guns, available for the field, to hold any one place or position, but harass at all points."

The General Assembly being in session at Milledgeville, then the capital of the State, in acknowledgment of the imminent danger, and in earnest effort to compass the protection of the Commonwealth, on the 18th of November, 1864, passed an act authorizing a levy, *en masse*, of the population of Georgia for the preservation of her liberty and independence.

So rapid, however, was the progress of the Federal columns, so strong were they, and so wide a front, completely enveloped by Kilpatrick's cavalry, did they present in their sweeping march toward the coast, that no Confederate forces sufficient to dispute their

passage, or powerful enough to administer even a moderate check, could be accumulated in their path. Roads were indeed blockaded, and bridges destroyed at important points, but these obstacles were quickly removed by pioneer corps, and crossings speedily re-established through the intervention of convenient pontoon trains. Constant and heavy was the skirmishing maintained between the Confederate cavalry, commanded by Major-General Joseph Wheeler, and the Federal cavalry, led by Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick. Sometimes affairs of moment transpired which might be almost classed as hotly-contested battles. Among these will be specially remembered the encounters near Sandersville, at Waynesboro', and near Buckhead Creek. "My force," says General Wheeler, "never exceeded 3,500 men, and was so distributed in front, rear, and on both flanks that I seldom had more than 2,000 under my immediate command, which 2,000 frequently charged and routed more than double their numbers. The enemy had been falsely informed by their officers that we took no prisoners, which caused them to fight with desperation and to run very dangerous gauntlets to escape capture, which frequently accounts for the large proportion of killed."

And now, my comrades, much as I desire to do so, time will not permit me to enter upon a detailed account of the Federal demonstration against Macon; of the battle of Griswoldville, which, while it reflected great credit upon the gallantry of the Confederate and State forces engaged, in no wise crippled the movements of the enemy, and entailed upon us a loss which, under the circumstances, was unnecessary and utterly unproductive of any good; of the stubborn tenure of the Oconee bridge; of the resistance offered at Milen, at No. 4½ on the Central railroad, and at Montieth, until these defensive lines were consecutively abandoned under heavy pressure by the overmastering United States columns; or of the rapid transfer of the Georgia State forces to Grahamville, in South Carolina, in the vicinity of which town, on the 30th of November, 1864, a noble battle was fought, which resulted in the effectual and bloody repulse of a Federal army, under General Hatch, seeking to sever the railway communication between the cities of Charleston and Savannah.

This victory at Honey Hill relieved the city of Savannah from an impending danger which, had it not been thus averted, would have necessitated its immediate evacuation under perilous conditions, maintained the only line of communication by which reinforcements were expected for the relief of the commercial metropolis of Georgia,

and finally afforded an avenue of retreat when, three weeks afterwards, its garrison, unable to cope longer with the enveloping legions of Sherman, evacuated that city. In acknowledgement of the gallantry, patriotism, and distinguished services of General Gustavus W. Smith and his command in this brilliant affair the General Assembly of Georgia on the 9th of March, 1865, passed the most complimentary resolutions. In this memorable and successful engagement the Augusta battalion, under the command of our comrade, Major George T. Jackson, bore a conspicuous and most efficient part.

Although every effort had been exhausted in concentrating the largest force for the defence of Savannah, such was the pressure upon the Confederacy, and so few were the troops capable of transfer from other points, that at the inception and during the progress of the siege not more than 10,000 men fit for duty could be depended upon for the tenure of the newly-constructed western lines extending from the Savannah river at Williamson's plantation to the Atlantic and Gulf Railway bridge across the Little Ogeechee. Georgia reserves and State militia constituted nearly one-half of this army.

The forts and fixed batteries commanding the water approaches to the city were well supplied with ammunition, guns, and artillerymen. Against these works the naval forces of the enemy, in anticipation of the advent of General Sherman, were preparing to demonstrate heavily.

By the afternoon of the 9th of December, 1864, the Confederate garrison was in position along the western line, and on the following day the Federals closed in upon our field works covering the land approaches to the city of Savannah. With this date commences the siege, a history of which lies not within the compass of this hour.

A few words more, touching the conduct of the Federals during this vaunted march of Gen. Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and I will, my friends, trespass no longer upon your patience.

After alluding to the almost total demolition of the Central Railroad from Gordon to Savannah, and the partial destruction of the Macon and Western, the Augusta and Waynesboro, the Charleston and Savannah, and the Atlantic and Gulf Railways, Gen. Sherman, in his official report, says: "We have also consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah, as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry, and have carried away more than ten thousand

horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at one hundred millions of dollars ; at least twenty millions of which have inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simple waste and destruction.”*

Contrast this official confession with the address of Major-General Early to the citizens of York, when his invading columns were passing over Pennsylvania soil : “I have abstained from burning the railroad buildings and car shops in your town because, after examination, I am satisfied that the safety of the town would be endangered. Acting in the spirit of humanity which has ever characterized my government and its military authorities, I do not desire to involve the innocent in the same punishment with the guilty. Had I applied the torch without regard to consequences, I would have pursued a course which would have been fully vindicated as an act of just retaliation for the unparalleled acts of brutality perpetrated by your own army on our own soil. But we do not war upon women and children.”

Compare General Orders No. 72 of the immortal Lee—redolent, even amid the smoke and carnage of the hottest warfare, of exalted civilization and generous humanity—with the atrocious proclamations of General Butler or the vandal acts of Sheridan, and then listen to the words of Polybius, spoken when the world was two thousand years younger than it now is, and uttered not in the tone of passion and hate so rife in his day, but in inculcation of the soundest lessons of political and moral wisdom : “When men proceed to wreak their fury on senseless objects, whose destruction will neither be of advantage to themselves nor in the slightest degree disable their opponent from carrying on the war, especially if they burn the temples of the gods, destroy their statues, and waste their ornamental furniture, what else can we say of such proceedings except that they are the acts of men devoid of all feelings of propriety, and infected by frenzy ? For it is in no way the object of war, at least among men who have just notions of their duty, to annihilate and utterly subvert those from whom they may have received provocation, but to induce them to amend that in which they acted amiss ; not to involve the innocent and guilty in one common ruin, but rather to save them both. We may also observe that it is

* The total value, at this time, and upon a specie basis, of the taxable property in Georgia, including lands and slaves, did not exceed \$650,000,000.

the act of a tyrant only, who hates and is hated by his subjects, to exact by force and terror a reluctant and unwilling obedience."

While it is admitted that the chief of an army may levy contributions on the enemy's country in order to compass the maintenance of his troops; while he may forage for corn, hay and provisions when circumstances render it impossible to proceed in the regular way of taxation; it is absolutely obligatory upon a commander, who is actuated by sentiments of honor and observes the recognized rules of civilized warfare, that he take from the enemy "only what he strictly wants," and that he adopt all possible means to prevent extortion or personal violence at the hands of his subordinate. "He is guilty of revolting cruelty who permits his soldiers to put inhabitants of a belligerent nation to torture or otherwise subject them to bad treatment to force them to disclose the places where their wealth or provisions are concealed. Nothing may be taken as personal booty. Excepting the cases of taxation, contribution, or absolute necessity," international law commands that all property, personal or real, belonging to individuals, be scrupulously respected. Any infraction of that rule must be punished as pillage or marauding.

Tested by these accepted rules of civilized warfare, the conduct of General Sherman's army, and particularly of Kilpatrick's cavalry and the numerous detached parties swarming through the country in advance and on the flanks of the main columns during the march from Atlanta to the coast, is reprehensible in the extreme. Not content with the violent and inordinate destruction of everything which might be regarded as even remotely contributing to the military strength and resources of the country, and not satisfied with the appropriation of such animals and provisions as were necessary for the efficiency and maintenance of the army, the Federals indulged in wanton pillage, wasting and destroying what could not be used. Defenseless women and children, and weak old men were not infrequently driven from their homes, their dwellings fired, and these non-combatants subjected to insult and privation. The inhabitants, white and black, were often robbed of their personal effects, were intimidated by threats and temporary confinement, and occasionally were even hung up, to the verge of final strangulation, to compel a revelation of the places where money, plate, and jewelry were buried, or plantation animals concealed. Private residences along the line of march were not exempt from rude search and the application of the torch. Articles of value which they contained were carried off at

pleasure, and insults continually offered. Corn cribs emptied of so much of their contents as sufficed to fill the commissary wagons, were often either pulled to pieces or committed to the flames. Cotton-houses, gins, screws, and cotton were universally consumed. Agricultural implements were broken up or carried away, and horses, mules, cattle, and hogs were either driven off, shot in the fields, or uselessly butchered in the pens and lots. Such was the wholesale destruction of animal life that the region stank with putrefying carcasses. Earth and air were filled with innumerable turkey buzzards battenning upon their thickly strewn death feasts. Even churches did not escape the general wreck—their wooden benches, doors, and sides being used for camp-fires, and their pulpits stripped of their scanty vesture. Grist, flour, and sugar mills shared in the common ruin. Labor was sadly disorganized, and the entire region swept by the Federal columns was left in poverty, ruin, demoralization, and ashes. To repress the commission of these enormities and prevent this prodigal and unwarrantable waste, effort was seldom used or disposition manifested by subordinate officers. Soldiers often vied with each other in acts of violence, insult, outrage, pillage, desolation, and murder.

These intolerable violations of the rules of civilized warfare are, by the commanding General when, in the official report to which we have already referred, commenting upon the conduct of the rank and file of his army, cavalierly dismissed with the remark, "a little loose in foraging, they did some things they ought not to have done, yet, on the whole, they have supplied the wants of the army with as little violence as could be expected, and as little loss as I calculated." This General complacently and boastfully announces to his government that eighty million dollars' worth of the property destroyed in Georgia by his army while on this march was "simple waste and destruction," in no wise contributing to the wants of the invader, but plunging the unarmed invaded in a sea of sorrow, tribulation, and ruin. The picture is not overdrawn, and this march of Sherman through the heart of Georgia forms as memorable and mournful an epoch in the history of this State as in Roman annals does the passage of the victorious Goths, encumbered with weighty spoils, through the southern provinces of Italy, annihilating whatever opposed, and madly plundering an unresisting country. The key note to the conduct of the whole campaign is sounded in the letter to General Grant from which we quoted at the commencement of this address. General Sherman set out to "make Georgia howl," and

preferred to "march through that State smashing things to the sea." Unfortunately for the prosperity of Georgia, the good order of her plantations, and the peace of her defenseless women and children, he was able, almost unmolested, to carry into merciless execution this intention so ruthlessly formed. That he could thus easily compass the desolation of this Egypt of the South argued most plainly the growing weakness of the Confederacy—sore pressed at all points, isolated on every hand, overwhelmed by numbers, and despoiled of her defenders—and gave painful token that the aspirations which her sons had cherished in tears, agony, and blood, for right and liberty and independence, were doomed to early disappointment.

The student of history searching among the annals of modern warfare for examples of moderation, humanity, justice, honor, and a chivalrous recognition of the rights of an enemy, will turn with regret and disappointment from the pages containing a true narrative of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

It really seems as if the Federal General on this occasion sought to rival the conduct of Prevost when, in 1779, he raided through the richest plantations of South Carolina. Behold the picture painted by the historian, Bancroft: "The British forced their way into almost every house in a wide extent of country; sparing in some measure those who professed loyalty to the king, they rifled all others of the money, rings, personal ornaments and plate, stripped houses of furniture and linen, and even broke open tombs in search of hidden treasure. Objects of value, not transportable by land or water, were destroyed. Porcelain, mirrors, windows, were dashed in pieces, gardens carefully planted with exotics were laid waste, domestic animals, which could not be used or carried off, were wantonly shot, and in some places not even a chicken was left alive. * * Fugitive slaves perished of want in the woods, or of fever in the British camp."*

The enormities of 1779 committed by the British soldiers in their effort to perpetuate English rule over a colony then in open revolt against the Crown which had planted and nurtured it, were more than repeated by the United States troops in their attempt in 1864 to subjugate and drive back into the Federal Union a sovereign State which had withdrawn from a political compact into which she at first voluntarily entered, and from which, more than three years before,

*"History of the United States," vol. x, p. 294, Boston, 1874.

she had freed herself because, in her judgment, that Confederation no longer promoted the ends of justice, the equal rights, general benefit, and mutual protection for which it was originally formed. If we unhesitatingly reprobate the rigor, revenge and cruelty of the royalist, Prevost, by what law, human or divine, do the raiding, devastating columns of the Republican Sherman stand acquitted of even severer condemnation?

It has been estimated that not less than ten thousand negro slaves were seduced from their allegiance by the Federals in their march through the Georgia plantations. Hundreds of them died of want, small-pox, and other diseases incident to neglect, privation, and the lack of suitable shelter and clothing. More than twenty thousand bales of cotton were consumed in gin-houses and sheds, and some twenty-five thousand more were seized in Savannah after that city was evacuated by the Confederates. In their official returns the United States officers account for thirteen thousand head of cattle, nine million five hundred thousand pounds of corn, and ten million five hundred thousand pounds of fodder taken from planters and issued to the troops and animals, but make no mention of horses and mules stolen *ad libitum*, or of the stock, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry killed on every hand and in the most irregular way to satisfy the wasteful appetite of prowling bands of bummers and freebooters, and, when that was glutted, uselessly shot in yards, pens, and fields of the owners and by the road-side to gratify wanton sport, barbaric cruelty, and ribald hate. Of the consumption of rice, sweet potatoes, syrup, peas, and vegetables, of the destruction of houses, furniture, fences and agricultural implements, of the quantity of personal property stolen and carried away, of the insults offered, the outrages perpetrated, and the crimes indulged in, no inventory has been taken.

The record exists however, and may be authenticated by thousands upon whose homes the shadows of dire calamity descended like the black vapors of hell. We quarrel not with the legitimate hardships of war, but in the name of humanity and civilization, we do protest against the wanton waste, the unnecessary ruin, and the unjustifiable cruelties inflicted upon Georgia by this expedition, led by an officer whose published order to his command was: "The army will forage liberally on the country during the march."

As a military movement this expedition can be justified only upon the hypothesis that it was planned and conducted with full knowledge

of the weakness of the Confederates. It reached its objective because General Beauregard could summon to the field not even a tolerable army of opposition. That it was not intercepted in its progress, and totally defeated in its execution, must be attributed to accident—to the utter inability of the Confederates to concentrate a force sufficiently strong to deliver battle along the line of march.

Reconstruction in South Carolina.

By PROFESSOR F. A. PORCHER.

PAPER NO. 4.

JOINT DISCUSSIONS.

I have dwelt the longer on this riot because it was the first in a series of riots which gave a character to the election contest which was at hand ; because it was greedily received by Northern Republicans, and dinned into the ear of excitable masses willing to believe anything discreditable to the South, and because of the character and social position of many who were implicated in it. No opportunity was ever given by the State to sift the mass of conflicting testimony which it elicited. The government pretended that no trial could be had. One of two things must be true. The government discovered that it had no good ground for a prosecution; in that case it had slandered many of the best men in the State for political ends, or it was really unable to bring the criminals to justice, and therefore a failure, a sham, and a mockery, whose existence was an offence against civilization.

On the 12th August one of those scenes occurred in Edgefield, at which Chamberlain was deeply disgusted, but of which, as according to the statement of Judge Carpenter, he had four years before given, and led a striking example at Chester, he could not bitterly complain. The Radicals had called a meeting on that day, at which Chamberlain was to be present. As such meetings had always been attended with much boisterous and roystering conduct, it was determined by the whites to attend it in such numbers as would make riotous conduct on the part of the others a dangerous procedure. Accordingly, about six hundred men rode in town on the track of the Radicals and sent a civil message to the Governor that they were anxious to have an opportunity of speaking to the blacks, and

proposed that the meeting should be a joint discussion. As there could be no reasonable objection to this reasonable request, it was granted. Chamberlain began the discussion; he was tame and dull, and it was no wonder, for he had to confront men whom he had denounced as murderers and conspirators. He was replied to by General Butler and General Gary, both of whom handled him without gloves. Several annoying accidents happened to disgust the Radicals, and the meeting was broken up. The excentric Judge Mackey, who had gone to the meeting with the Governor, remained with the Democrats. A like meeting was held a few days afterwards at Newberry. It must be borne in mind that the Radical party looked upon the black population as their own, and any attempt on the part of the Democrats to win them was regarded as a trespass on their rights, and fiercely resisted. The deluded blacks were instructed to believe that the success of the Democratic party would be followed by remanding them back to slavery. Emmissaries were sent all over the State to urge the negroes not even to go to listen to the persuasions of the white men, and those negroes who dared show any leaning towards them were punished in every conceivable way. Social ostracism was imposed upon them; they were refused admission into the churches, and the women were even more outrageous against any black man who dared to falter in his allegiance to the Radical party. At a later period personal violence was added to the moral influences, which had at first been practiced. The only way in which the whites could get a hearing from the negroes was by going to meetings called by the Radicals and soliciting a hearing. This was at first granted. But when men were present who could and did repel their monstrous assertions, the Radicals found that a prime source of their eloquence was taken away from them, and instead of playing the part of saviours and immaculate leaders, they were often put on their defence and made to suffer humiliation, when they had expected to act the part of philanthropic heroes. It became, therefore, a prime object with the party to stop these joint discussions.

On August 15th the Democratic State Convention met. Chamberlain's letters had fully stripped him bare, and General Hampton received the unanimous vote of the convention. As this nomination deprived Chamberlain of any hopes he may have entertained of receiving the votes of the Democrats, he was no longer under the necessity of wearing a mask, and could break openly with that party. Indeed it was time; his conciliatory policy had alienated from him almost

all the leading Republicans. We shall show directly what powerful opposition he had to encounter. It was first of all necessary to secure the powerful aid of the government. At the approaching election it was certain that the South generally would vote for Tilden, and though South Carolina was largely given over to the negroes, it was certain that Tilden would make a very respectable show of votes. With the Republicans the great end of policy was to secure the election of Hayes ; and nothing pleased them more than a tale of outrages against negroes, which was eagerly sought after, invented if no better could be had, and published broadcast over the Union, to demonstrate the semi-savage and rebellious conduct of the Southern people. Chamberlain himself, as we shall shortly see, entered without scruple into this business. The Secretary of War had directed that all the troops not wanted to meet the Indian troubles should be sent to the Southern States, and on September 4 a circular was issued by the Attorney-General, directing all the marshals in the Southern States to take charge of the approaching elections. Both Chamberlain and Patterson were in the Attorney-General's office that day, and expressed the opinion that it would be impossible without this aid to have a fair election. It is a curious coincidence that on that very day a telegram was sent to the Governor's office in Columbia, praying aid against some lawless negroes who had for more than a week stopped entirely all work on the rice-field of Combahee. This telegram was never answered. The Governor was in Washington, providing for Republican votes at the next election. In comparison with this object the riots and lawlessness of the southern district were insignificant.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

It was about the middle of September before the Republican convention met to nominate State officers. The prospect of the Governor for nomination appeared very gloomy. The better portion of the party was disgusted with his pretended zeal for reform ; some of the worst because they feared that this zeal was real ; all denounced him as a traitor to his party and a flatterer of the whites. Elliot could not forgive him for withholding Whipper's commission, and declared that he had documents in his possession which, if produced, would send the Governor to the penitentiary. Amid this storm of denunciation, it seemed that Chamberlain must be overwhelmed. He was saved by Patterson, whom he had not long

before denounced as one, a reconciliation with whom he would consider as worse than a defeat. Patterson's speech saved him ; but is an ebullition of his contempt for the Governor. It is so curious and characteristic, that I shall insert it as a part of the history of the times. The ball seemed to be opened by Whittemore, who had been guilty of peddling in appointments at West Point, and had resigned his seat in Congress to avoid expulsion. He opposed Chamberlain because he was too thick with the Democrats. He wished there was no such thing as color in the State. In other words, he wished he was a negro. He was glad of the straight Democratic ticket because it would shut them straight out of their hopes in November. Ever since he was inaugurated Chamberlain had been plowing with Democratic heifers, and holding the Republican party up to scorn. He could not countenance for a moment a man who would rise above party and not be governed by the men who put him in office. He would support T. C. Dunn for Governor. His life had been threatened, but he thanked God that if there are Democrats in South Carolina, there is also a God in Israel.

I have given this speech merely as a specimen of the drift of thought of those philanthropists who came from New England to enlighten the ignorance and tame the barbarity of the unhappy Southern people. The speech of Patterson decided the question. He spoke by authority ; he was the organ of President Grant. In all matters relating to South Carolina, President Grant surrendered himself completely to the dictation of John J. Patterson. This disreputable adventurer had been elected to the United States Senate by bribery so palpable, and so shame-faced, that even the Republican party was compelled to prosecute him for it. He was saved by one of those blunders which the party was always making. The day before that fixed for his trial the Attorney-General whose duty it was to prosecute, but who intended to save him, called up a petty and insignificant case. In the preliminary conversation which ensued, the question of the legality of the jury was discussed, and it appeared that through some informality, some neglect, possibly, of the jury commissioner, the whole jury of Richland county was illegal, their indictments void, and Patterson was free.

He had been a noted Pennsylvania swindler before he came to South Carolina, and a fugitive who had been more than once in the hands of justice. It has been well observed by the *Nation* newspaper that one of the shameful incidents of this Presidential struggle was the calm with which good Republicans watched this wretched

criminal figuring at Washington as the adviser of the President as to his policy towards the contending parties in South Carolina. In fact the paper adds: "We can recall nothing more discreditable in political history than the determination with which the Republican party kept up its alliance with these jail-birds and relied on them as an instrument of government years after they were either notorious or objects of strong suspicion. Numbers of worthy men in the party seemed to have worked themselves into a state of readiness to suspend the laws of morality in order to carry out one particular experiment in protection of the negro, and to have supposed that they were in some measure benefitting him by leading him to believe, on the very threshold of his new life, that in the opinion of good men of the North, ignorance, obscurity, and disrepute are no disqualification for office in a Christian State, and that there was far deeper guilt in fighting on the wrong side in a just civil war than in committing theft, forgery and embezzlement."

With this introduction we may understand the better the speech of Patterson before the convention.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention :

This is, as I understand, a convention of the representative people of South Carolina. I am happy to be with you, and I greet you, my friends, as Republicans. It has been said in some places that the Republican convention in South Carolina would not meet, but, thank God, you are here, and in your countenances I see a determination to do your duty. Let every man in South Carolina, rich and poor, white and black, rise up in recognition of the great importance of the hour. You have rights that men are bound to respect. No armed force under heaven dare attempt to take these from you. Carry the determination to your homes to demand that your rights be respected, and you will prove that you are not only Republicans, but American citizens, and you can't prove it any other way. The Republican party is on trial, and you must assert yourselves like men, and repel the base attempt to intimidate and coerce you. *I tell you I know a thing or two, that the great arm of the North will stand by you, and be here to protect you and see that you are not deprived of your rights by Democratic arms.* You have the great principle of universal freedom in your hands. See that every one of you discharges his whole duty. You have a right to your choice, and no man, nor set of men, has a right to dispute it with you by armed force.

There are three great issues before you. The first of these is Reform. There is no reform in the Democratic party. If you see a community poor, beggarly, ignorant, and degraded, you may know without asking that these people are under Democratic rule. In 1868 the great Republican party took possession of the government which had been shattered to atoms by Democratic rule. *They took it and built it up to what it is now*, and yet you hear from the Democrats nothing but Reform—Reform. It is very well to shout reform when you are out of office, but I would rather trust the man who does reform while he is in office. The Republican party has acted reform and carried it out. We don't mean the reform that reforms the Republicans out and the Democrats in. The Republican party in South Carolina may have done wrong, and may have made mistakes, but it is the great party of freedom, and shall be protected. Take Georgia to-day, and what showing has a colored man? No schools for their children, while the taxes and the salaries are higher than ever they were under Bullock, the last Republican governor. Why don't the Democratic press say something about that? (A voice—Because it is a lie, and you know it.) Under Governor Chamberlain, reform after reform has been effected. Everything has been done that has been demanded by the people, to bring about good government. When Governor Chamberlain became so thick with the Democracy, and they began to praise him so much, I began to get suspicious of him, and it was said we had quarreled. I was opposed to him for none of his reforms, but because he was too thick with the Democrats, and I got suspicious of him. [Chamberlain—Well, do you think so now?] No, I see that you have thrown off your new friends, and Daniel is all right again. Why don't Democrats vote for Chamberlain now? What has Wade Hampton done for South Carolina that he should be her governor? The Democrats don't want good government, and by the eternal God they shan't have any part in the government at all. President Grant, I tell you, has an eye on this State, and you know that when he puts his eye on anything he means business. I know enough to say to you that the man on horseback will take care of you. You shall have the right of free speech and expression of opinion, and no armed men shall now dare intimidate you. Albany penitentiary still stands with doors open, and with plenty of room, and I warn those fire-eaters now that some of them will get there as soon as this election is over, if they don't look sharp. I am rejoiced to hear that General Hampton wants joint discussion, and if he

can, by argument, by force of reasoning, or the power of his eloquence, convince his hearers to vote for him, all right; but if he means by joint discussion to come with a band of armed men and say how long we shall speak, why, we wont put up with it, that's all. I tell you that there is a strong power ready and willing to let its strong arm fall upon these men who go to Republican meetings to intimidate Republican voters. The Northern people are the masters of the Southern people (to the reporters), yes, put that down. If they have not learnt it they will know all about it before the election is over. The power of this government will protect you and keep the Republican party in power. Let us have no bloodshed, let us go as citizens, and not behave as brutes and villains.

The Republican party will be in power in South Carolina for ten years longer, and you will never hear of the Democratic party any more. We will change the whipping-post for the school-house, where every colored child will be educated and learn as good as the best people in the State. The Democrats don't want the colored people educated, because, if they are, they can't fool them as they are trying to do now. They thought I was opposed to Chamberlain, but they were mistaken. I was only opposed to his Democratic friends. The principles of the Democratic party are the principles of hell and damnation, and no decent man should vote for them. The Democratic presses here say that I and Governor Chamberlain entered into a contract in Washington about the conversion of bonds, etc., and worse than that, that after I had made the bargain I told about it. Now, I have been called a liar and a thief, but I have never been called a fool, and I don't think any one thinks Daniel a fool. They said I would oppose Governor Chamberlain. The Democratic party don't know me. The man that thinks I would do anything to bring such discord into the Republican party of South Carolina is mistaken. I think more of my party than I do of myself. The Democrats thought that we would wrangle and quarrel, but we are no fools. We know what we are about. Every day during my service for the Republican party have I laid my hand on my heart and prayed that I should not swerve from my duty to my party. I have been called a liar and a thief by the Democratic press for years. I defy them now and here to prove that I have ever done one single corrupt act or stolen one cent from the people of South Carolina or the United States. If they can prove it, I will resign my commission, for if I am a thief I should not represent you in the Senate of the United States. In conclusion, I repeat that the north will help

you, and they will see that Hayes and Wheeler are elected ; and if anything happens in South Carolina, you will still have a man on horseback to come to your relief."

This precious morsel of eloquence, with the repeated promise of the advent of the man on horseback, coming from a man who certainly appeared to have the ear of the President and Chamberlain, restored harmony to the convention. In the evening a business meeting was held and the next morning the nominees entered the convention—Chamberlain, the designated Governor, and Elliott, designated Attorney-General, walking in, arm locked in arm. Chamberlain had forgotten that he had denounced Elliott as opposing the civilization of the Puritan and the Huguenot, and Elliott that he had documents in his possession, the production of which would consign the Governor to the penitentiary. These were the men for the election of whom the aid of the man on horseback was to be obtained ; and now, each party having selected its standard-bearer, the election canvass was regularly begun.

RICEFIELD RIOTS.

Meanwhile the State generally, and the low country particularly was drifting into chaos. I have already mentioned the alarming riots which had disturbed the labor in the rice-fields of the Combahee district. These seemed to have subsided of themselves, perhaps with the design of another and more serious disturbance, when it would produce more serious results. There was quiet in that region, but no sense of security. Those who had presumed to put themselves above the law, and to determine that men should not work but on terms which they should dictate, had felt, not the power, but the imbecility of the government—nay, the Governor, while condemning the lawless acts, had more than intimated that they had grievances which ought to be redressed. In August the riots recommenced, not only more formidable in their dimensions, but occurring just when the rice was ready for the harvest, promised to spread desolation over the whole country. The plantations were visited by mobs who went into the rice-fields, stopped all who were disposed to work, and flogged all who did not readily yield to their orders. Information was quickly forwarded to the Governor, who directed a trial justice to issue warrants, and the sheriff to summon a posse to arrest the guilty parties, if it took the last man in the county to make the arrests. Several men were arrested and put in charge of a constable to be carried to jail. They were rescued by the strikers and

set at liberty. Then came Gleaves, the Lieutenant-Governor, like a *Deus ex machina*, to make peace, and the peace which he made was actually praised, even by the Democratic papers. Gleaves went to the mob, and persuaded the leaders to submit to arrest, on condition of being released the next day. To this mockery of government the leaders made no objection. They submitted, took a pleasant jaunt to the Court-house, and the next day were released, according to the terms of the contract. And this was the Lieutenant-Governor's method of upholding the majesty of the law. For a few days there was quiet, but by September 1 the riots began again as furiously as ever, and now there was not even the shadow of a government to go through the mockery of repression. Several gentlemen of the county, Messrs. Elliott, Bellinger, Bissell and Campbell, despatched from Green Pond the following despatch to the Governor: "Strike in progress in Combahee; sheriff and trial-justices both absent. Mob stopping the laborers and beating them. Plenty of hands willing to work, but are afraid. Can you stop it? If not, say so, and we will." There is no doubt but that if the Governor had "said so," the strike would have been easily subdued, and without any bloodshed. But he did not answer the telegram. He was not in Columbia to receive it. Regarding the social troubles of the State of which he was Governor as a matter of minor consideration fit only for trial-justices, he had gone to Washington to provide by military means that the poor negro should not be disturbed in the exercise of the inestimable right of voting as the Radical party should direct. At the moment that telegram was sent he was calmly sitting in the Attorney-General's office preparing for the advent of the man on horseback which would insure a free election in the State.

After a time the sheriff appeared on the scene. He began work by organizing a *posse* of colored men to arrest the leaders. The strikers resisted, and the *posse* was driven off and took refuge in Bissell's store. They were immediately surrounded by the strikers who breathed curses and vengeance against them, and kept them in confinement all that night.

Among the prisoners were about thirty members of a rifle-club, who were taken to serve as a *posse*. Their task was a difficult and a delicate one. They had every reason to believe that nothing would be so pleasing to the government as an act of violence on their part. They had observed that while no negro was safe from the violence of the mob, no white man was in peril. They were insulted and provoked, but no violence was offered them. It was evidently the

design of the supreme directors that a few negroes should be killed, not in self-defence, but to punish insults. These men could have extricated themselves from their confinement, but it might be at the loss of some lives, and they determined to forbear, and not do the thing which they believed their enemies wished them to do.

And here let me deign to say a few words to account for the conduct of the white men during all the stormy scenes that were enacted until the contest was closed by the triumph of the Democratic party.

Many persons were grieved and astonished that the people should so tamely submit to outrageous insults which were often offered by the negroes. When just before the election Governor Hampton was escorted through the streets of Charleston by his enthusiastic friends, the streets were thronged with negroes, both men and women, who saluted him as he passed with the most filthy and abusive language, and the thousands of friends who made the escort bore it all with patience. Nay, when one negro, more audacious than the rest, ran up to the General's carriage and used such foul language that a policeman on duty (the policemen were all radicals) felt himself compelled, for decency's sake, to arrest the foul-mouthed rioter, the General begged forgiveness for him because he knew not what he did. The spirit manifested by the great leader on this occasion was the same spirit felt by all of his friends. It was universally believed that what the Republicans most wanted was an outrage on the blacks by the whites. A batch of such, even if well imagined, would have been greedily received by Chamberlain and his associates and published throughout the North in the interest of the Republican party. It was a wise policy, therefore, to refuse to do that which their enemies anxiously desired them to do. Hence a spirit of forbearance, manifested on all occasions, which was harder to exercise because the negroes mistook its meaning, construed it as timidity, and became the more aggressive in consequence. As I have said, the Rifle Club, in duress in Bissell's store, forbore to release themselves, lest it might occasion the killing of some negroes, and sent for Gleaves to come to their assistance. During the day Gleaves did come, but he had pressing business of his own which called him to Charleston. Aid, however, did come in the person of Lowells, the member of Congress, who dispersed the mob. Meanwhile it was proposed in Charleston to send efficient aid to the authorities, and application was made to the Governor, who, as usual, sent his chief constable, Laws, to visit the disturbed districts and report on their situation. Laws reported that, since the appear-

ance of Lowells, all was quiet and peace restored. But the peace of Lowells was short-lived and delusive. On the night of the 10th Roberts' store at Enslow's Cross-Roads was burned. The next day men, women and children, armed with clubs, paraded the different plantations on the Combahee and Ashford, and beat or threatened with violence all negroes who were at work or disposed to work. The rioters always asserted that they were acting in obedience to instructions from the Governor. This was doubtless not true ; but it was fairly presumable from the conduct of those whose duty it was to keep the peace and preserve order, that their inefficient conduct was not disapproved by those in authority, and therefore the ignorant and deluded rioters might without absurdity have inferred that the Governor approved of that which his subordinates did not seem to condemn.

Again the Governor was informed of the renewal of the violence, and again he had recourse to trial-justices. The blacks, the objects of the rioters' vengeance, themselves implored the aid of the Governor in the following touching telegram :

"The rioters continue to keep us from our work on the Combahee. For God's sake stop this thing and let us make bread for our families."

To this dispatch, signed by W. Middleton and others, the Governor the next day dispatched the following answer :

"You must first use the ordinary means before calling on me. Go to trial-justices, get warrants and have all persons arrested who molest you. If resistance is made, report to me. D. H. C."

The ordinary means had been tried and failed for three weeks. The governor could not turn from his high purpose of securing freedom of election to attend to such petty matters as giving tranquility to two counties. This work might be left to a trial-justice. The rifle clubs were then ready to assist to restore peace and tranquility, but the Governor had a motive for ignoring them, which appeared afterwards. The militia had been once or twice called, but they fraternized with the rioters. At last Terry, the sheriff of Colleton, sent to the Governor that he was utterly helpless and unable to preserve the peace. With this letter he sent the warrants which he had been unable to serve. The Governor sent back the warrants with directions that they were to be kept until the arrival of the

United States troops. To them was to be committed the police duty of the county. (It may as well be stated here, that the troops were never sent into that neighborhood. Their services were wanted elsewhere to intimidate the whites, and so protect the polls that the Radicals might win).

While imbecility was thus permitting lawlessness to run riot in Colleton, the Radical Sheriff of Beaufort, Wilson, appeared on the scene and showed how easily the troubles might have been nipped in the bud had the Government wished or dared to stop them. Without a *posse*, with no aid beyond a strong will and a revolver, judiciously displayed, Wilson appeared in the mob and arrested the leaders. The prisoners were carried to the Beaufort jail, and a short time afterwards were tried and acquitted of the charges which were brought against them. This was little encouragement for a good officer to go on in the way of enforcing the law. But by this time the riot had run its course; it had done nearly all the mischief it had intended. The harvest season was nearly over, and as troubles of a serious nature were rife in other parts of the State, the rioters were no longer the sole object of attention, and by degrees the country was quiet, if not at peace. A dangerous lesson had been taught to an ignorant and half-savage people, that violence was above law, and that the Government had no power which they were bound to respect. Throughout all the troubles which distinguished his administration the conduct of the Governor was disgraceful. He showed clearly to the world that he considered himself not the Governor elected by the people to be their leader and director, but the clerk—let us say the chief clerk—of an administration bureau. In Edgefield, at Hamburg, and in the rice-fields, he kept aloof from the scenes, but sent agents, not to quell and punish, but to report what they had seen, and, if they could, to pacify. A real Governor appearing and invoking of the people that aid which they had virtually promised to give him when they made him their leader, might, and probably would, have changed the whole course of this history. But his philosophic mind never conceived the simple and obvious duty of a chief magistrate, never comprehended the magic power which can be exercised by a chief. To Edgefield he sent the corrupt Dennis, whose mission was treated with contempt by all parties. Then he sent Judge Mackey, not to punish, but to pacify. To Hamburg he sent the facile Stone, who eagerly and instantly concocted an indictment against the whole county. To Combahee he sent proclamations, trial-justices, and Colonel Laws. It never occurred to him

that when any part of the State was in trouble, there was the place for the Governor to show himself. But he had more important and more pressing duties to perform. The fate of the Republican party might depend upon the vote of South Carolina. He had promised to President Grant to bend all his efforts to obtain it, and to accomplish it was his first and his last object.

Operations Around Petersburg—General Hagood's Report of 16th, 17th
and 18th of June, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS HAGOOD'S BRIGADE,
HOKE'S DIVISION, 15th July, 1864.

Capt. John A. Cooper, A. A. G.:

Captain,—I am instructed to report the operations of my brigade on the 16th, 17th and 18th ulto.

On the evening of the 15th, about dark, my brigade arrived at Petersburg, by the Petersburg & Richmond railroad, and I was at General Beauregard's headquarters, reporting for orders, when a courier announced that the enemy had carried the defences from No. 3 to No. 7, inclusive, and that our troops were retreating. I was ordered to move out immediately upon the City Point road and take a position to cover that approach to the city, and upon which a new defensive line could be taken. It was after dark, and being unacquainted with the country and unable to learn much from the confused and contradictory accounts of the volunteer guides who accompanied me, I halted my command at the junction of the City Point and Prince George roads, and rode forward myself to reconnoitre the country. With the aid of a map opportunely sent me by Colonel Harris, Chief of Engineers, I finally determined upon the line of the creek, which empties into the Appomattox in rear of No. 1, and the west fork of which crosses the lines near No. 15, and established my command upon it. General Colquitt's brigade and the other brigades arriving shortly afterwards were established upon this line, General Hoke having approved the selection, and by daylight the position was partially entrenched. Colonel Tabb's regiment of Wise's brigade held the lines from No. 1 to No. 2, and was relieved by one of my regiments (Twenty-seventh South Carolina). This made my line *en echellon*, with the *echellon* thrown forward on the left. Discovering this fact at daylight, and that this portion of the line was completely enfiladed by the guns of the enemy estab-

lished at No. 7, I withdrew this regiment also to the west side of the creek. The new line now held by our forces was the chord of the arc of the abandoned works. I also brought in and sent to the ordnance officer two field-pieces, spiked, that had been abandoned by our troops the day before.

The enemy shelled our position furiously during the day, and the skirmishers were constantly engaged. They ostentatiously formed for battle several times during the day, beyond musket range, there being no artillery on our portion of the line, and about dark a feeble effort at assault was made upon my centre, none getting nearer than seventy-five yards to our line. It was kept up for an hour or more, but they were kept at bay without trouble, and finally retired.

Captains Hopkins and Palmer and Adjutant Gelling, of the Twenty-seventh regiment, were killed by the same shell, and several enlisted men were killed and wounded during the day. Lieutenant Alleming was wounded, and has since died. I grieve to add the names of these gallant officers to the bloody record of the last two months. In this short time the best and bravest of my command have been laid beneath the soil of Virginia.

On the 17th nothing occurred with me except pretty heavy shelling from the enemy. Having no artillery to reply to them, their practice was very accurate, and inflicted some loss upon us. Our earthworks were diligently strengthened, and assumed a respectable profile.

At 1:30 A. M. on the 18th I received orders to withdraw to a line some eight hundred yards in rear of our position, which had been partially prepared for occupation. This new line rested upon the Appomattox some two hundred yards west of the house of the younger Hare, and ran nearly at right angles to the river, passing over the western end of the eminence upon which the elder Hare resides, known as Hare's Hill. I was to occupy again the extreme left. This movement was executed safely, and the troops again in position before daylight.

Shortly after daylight, the enemy advanced upon our old line and finding it abandoned, came on with vociferous cheers. As soon as these skirmishers encountered our new picket line, their line of battle halted and heavy skirmishing commenced. This continued until about 2 P. M., the skirmishers alternately driving each other. We lost several killed and wounded and a few prisoners, but inflicting an equal or greater loss upon the enemy, and capturing between 25 and 30 prisoners.

At 2 P. M. the enemy formed for an assault upon the portion of my brigade between the river and the City Point road. A regiment was pushed up in column along the banks of the river, under cover of the grove and buildings of the younger Hare, and when its head became uncovered attempted to deploy. The rest of their force attempted to come forward in line of battle, but never got closer than 250 yards. Our fire was opened upon the column as soon as it showed itself and upon the line at about 300 yards. The enemy attempted to rally, but were driven back in confusion. The Twenty first, Twenty-seventh and Eleventh regiments repulsed this attack. South of the City Point road the skirmishing was heavy, but our line was not attacked. Later in the afternoon, when Colquitt's brigade was assailed, my right regiment fired a few volleys obliquely upon the attacking column.

Lieutenant Harvey, Seventh battalion, was killed to-day, and Lieutenant Felder, Twenty-fifth, and Major Rion, Seventh battalion, were wounded.

I am unable to give an accurate statement of casualties on these days, as in the record preserved by my A. A. G. the casualties of a later day and of some preceding skirmishes at Cold Harbor are included.

About 220 is supposed to be the aggregate—of which killed, 36 ; wounded, 21 ; missing, 63.

I am, Captain, respectfully,

[Signed]

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Brigadier-General.

Letters from General Lee to President Davis on "The Situation" in
September, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

September 14, 1863.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis,

President Confederate States, Richmond:

Mr. President: My letter of this morning will have informed you of the crossing of the Rappahannock by the cavalry of General Meade's army, and of the retirement of ours to the Rapidan. The enemy's cavalry so greatly outnumbers ours, and is generally accompanied by so large a force of infantry in its operations, that it must always force ours back. I advanced last night to the Rapidan, a

portion of Early's and Anderson's divisions, and arrested the further progress of the enemy. I have just returned from an examination of the enemy's cavalry on the Rapidan. It seems to consist of their entire force, three divisions, with horse-artillery, and, as far as I can judge, is the advance of General Meade's army. All the cavalry have been withdrawn from the lower Rappahannock, except some reduced pickets from Richard's ford, to Fredericksburg. Our scouts report that their whole army is under marching orders, and that two corps have already crossed the Rappahannock. The Eleventh corps, which has been guarding the line of the railroad, marched through Manassas on the 12th instant for the Rappahannock. Three steamers, heavily loaded with troops, reached Alexandria on the 9th, and the troops were forwarded in trains on the 10th to the same destination. Everything looks like a concentration of their forces, and it is stated by our scouts that they have learned of the large reduction of this army. I begin to fear that we have lost the use of troops here, where they are much needed, and that they have gone where they will do no good. I learn by the papers of to-day that General Rosecrans' army entered Chattanooga on the 9th, and that General Bragg has retired still further into the interior. It also appears that General Burnside did not move to make a junction with Rosecrans, but marched upon Knoxville. General Bragg must, therefore, either have been misinformed of his movements or he subsequently changed them. Had I been aware that Knoxville was the destination of General Burnside, I should have recommended that General Longstreet should be sent to oppose him, instead of to Atlanta.

If General Bragg is unable to bring General Rosecrans to battle, I think it would be better to return General Longstreet to this army to enable me to oppose the advance of General Meade with a greater prospect of success. And it is a matter worthy of consideration whether General Longstreet's corps will reach General Bragg in time and condition to be of any advantage to him. If the report sent to me by General Cooper since my return from Richmond is correct, General Bragg had, on the 20th August last, 51,101 effective men; General Buckner, 20th August last, 16,118 effective men. He was to receive from General Johnston 9,000 effective men. His total force will, therefore, be 76,219, as large a number as I presume he can operate with. This is independent of the local troops which, you may recollect, he reported as exceeding his expectations. Should General Longstreet reach General Bragg in time

to aid him in winning a victory, and return to this army, it will be well, but should he be detained there without being able to do any good, it will result in evil. I hope you will have the means of judging of this matter and of deciding correctly. There seems to be no prospect now of General Burnside effecting a junction with General Rosecrans, but it is to be apprehended that he will force General Jones back and thus aid the advance of General Meade.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

September 14, 1863.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President Confederate States :

Mr. President : The guns of three battalions of artillery have been called for, to go with General Longstreet, and have been forwarded to Richmond with that object. I think before they go it should be fully ascertained whether they can obtain horses for them in that region. If this cannot be done it would be worse than useless to carry them, as they would not only undergo the wear and tear and damage of transportation, but we might possibly lose them.

A little after midnight on September 13th, General Stuart received notice of an intended advance of the enemy's cavalry, and made his preparations accordingly. On the morning of that day they came in force, having crossed the Rappahannock at all the fords, from Stark's on Hazel river to Kelly's. They were supported by a force of infantry. He skirmished with them all day and by 6 o'clock in the evening was pressed back to within half a mile of Cedar Mountain, with the loss, I regret to say, of three pieces of artillery. From this point he fell back after night to the Rapidan to prevent being turned, and to obtain supplies more readily. He was greatly outnumbered, the enemy having three divisions of cavalry with infantry, and he having three brigades, the fourth (Fitz. Lee's) being still at Fredericksburg. He reports that his men behaved with bravery and that he took a considerable number of prisoners. He left a picket force in front of the enemy at Cedar Mountain, and I have heard nothing from him this morning. It may be a reconnoissance in force merely, but I have made preparations in case it should be an advance of his whole force. I have been informed that the New York *Herald* of the 9th instant contained the movement of Longstreet's corps in the

order in which his divisions moved, and even contains the announcement that two of his brigades would probably stop in Richmond and Wise and Jenkins take their places. I only communicated the movement to the Quartermaster-General on the night of the 6th instant, and it must have reached New York on the 7th or 8th in order to be in the *Herald* of the 9th. I fear there has been great imprudence in talking on the part of our people, or that there may be improper persons among the officers or railroad clerks.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Organization of the Army of the Valley District August 20, 1864.*

[Compiled by War Record's Office.]

RODES' DIVISION. †

Major-General R. E. Rodes.

Grimes' Brigade.

Brigadier-General Bryan Grimes.

Thirty-second North Carolina.

Forty-third North Carolina.

Forty-fifth North Carolina.

Fifty-third North Carolina.

Second North Carolina Battalion.

Cox's Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. R. Cox.

First North Carolina.

Second North Carolina.

Third North Carolina.

Fourth North Carolina.

Fourteenth North Carolina.

Thirtieth North Carolina.

Cook's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Phil. Cook.

Fourth Georgia.

Twelfth Georgia.

Twenty-first Georgia.

Forty-fourth Georgia.

Battle's Brigade.

Brigadier-General C. A. Battle.

Third Alabama.

Fifth Alabama.

Sixth Alabama.

Twelfth Alabama.

Sixty-first Alabama.

GORDON'S DIVISION.

Major-General John B. Gordon.

Hays' Brigade. ‡

Colonel William Monaghan.

Fifth Louisiana, Major A. Hart.

Sixth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Hanlon.

Seventh Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel T. M. Terry.

Eighth Louisiana, Captain L. Prados.

Ninth Louisiana, Colonel William R. Peck.

Stafford's Brigade. ‡

Colonel Eugene Waggaman.

First Louisiana, Captain Joseph Taylor.

Second Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel M. A. Grogan.

Tenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Monier.

Fourteenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel David Zable.

Fifteenth Louisiana, Captain H. J. Egan.

Evans' Brigade.

Colonel E. N. Atkinson.

Thirteenth Georgia, Colonel John H. Baker.

Twenty-sixth Georgia, Lieutenant Colonel James S. Blain.

Thirty-first Georgia, Colonel John H. Lowe.

Thirty-eighth Georgia, Major Thomas H. Bomar.

Sixtieth Georgia, Captain Milton Russell.

Sixty-first Georgia, Captain E. F. Sharpe.

Twelfth Georgia Battalion, Captain James W. Anderson.

Terry's Brigade.‡

Brigadier-General William Terry.

Colonel J. H. F. Funk.

Colonel R. H. Dungan.

Second Virginia.

Twenty-first Virginia.

Fourth Virginia.

Twenty-fifth Virginia.

Fifth Virginia.

Forty-second Virginia.

Twenty-seventh Virginia.

Forty-fourth Virginia.

Thirty-third Virginia.

Forty-eighth Virginia.

Fiftieth Virginia.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Saunders.

Tenth Virginia.

Twenty-third Virginia.

Thirty-seventh Virginia.

RAMSEUR'S DIVISION.†

Major General S. D. Ramseur.

Pegram's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John Pegram.

Thirteenth Virginia.

Thirty-first Virginia.

Forty-ninth Virginia.

Fifty-second Virginia.

Fifty-eighth Virginia.

Johnston's Brigade.

Brigadier-General R. D. Johnston.

Fifth North Carolina.

Twelfth North Carolina.

Twentieth North Carolina.

Twenty-third North Carolina.

Godwin's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. C. Godwin.

Sixth North Carolina.

Twenty-first North Carolina.

Fifty-fourth North Carolina.

Fifty-seventh North Carolina.

First North Carolina Battalion.

* As shown by inspection reports; cavalry and artillery not accounted for.

† Regimental commanders not indicated on inspection report.

‡ These brigades united under command of Brigadier-General Zebulon York.

§ Composed of the fragmentary remains of fourteen of the regiments of Edward Johnson's division, most of which was captured by the enemy May 12, 1864.

Two Anecdotes of General Lee.

By WALTER B. BARKER.

The life and character of so noble a man as General Robert E. Lee is a theme that none but our greatest minds should discuss in public or in private, but with your permission the writer, who held an humble position on the staff of Brigadier-General Jos. R. Davis, of Mississippi, (nephew of Jefferson Davis), in the Army of Northern Virginia, will relate two little incidents which happened at the "Battle of the Wilderness" :

On the eve of the 5th of May General Lee, with General Stuart, rode to the front, where Stuart's cavalry had encountered the advance of the Federal army. As they rode through the infantry, then awaiting orders, passing a farm-house, three young ladies stood at the gate of the residence, holding a package, which from his gallantry, or good looks, or both, they entrusted to Capt. E. P. Thompson (nephew of Jake Thompson, and now a Mississippi editor), of General Davis's staff, with the request that he deliver the same to General Lee. It contained three handsomely embroidered colored merino overshirts, very much worn in the army. Capt. Thompson at once rode forward to overtake the General, who had by this time reached within range of the shots from Grant's skirmishers, and while under fire tendered the gift as from the ladies. General Lee, with his usual self-possession and courteous bearing, said to Capt. T. : "Return my warmest thanks to the ladies, and be kind enough to deliver the package to one of my couriers : say that I trust I may see and thank them in person."

Early on the morning of the 6th, Grant, who had massed a heavy force in the immediate front of Davis's Mississippi brigade, opened fire and began a forward movement on our lines at this point. Seeing we were unable to check their advance, Colonel Stone (since Governor of Mississippi), commanding Davis's brigade, sent word to General Heth, division commander, that he must be reinforced, which brought to our aid a division of Longstreet's corps, led in person by that able Lieutenant-General. It was at this critical crisis that General Lee appeared upon the scene. After the enemy had been repulsed on the right, and while our chieftain was awaiting, in painful anxiety, information from our left wing, a courier—a mere youth—came dashing up with a message from Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, his small pony panting like a deer that had been pursued by a

pack of trained hounds. Delivering his sealed message to General Lee in person, who, after reading it, noticing how tired his pony was, said to him: "Young man, you should have some feeling for your horse; dismount and rest him!" at the same time taking from the small saddle-bags attached to his own saddle a buttered biscuit, giving half of it, from his own hand, to the young courier's pony. This act of consideration for the dumb beast made a lasting impression upon my then youthful mind, and taught me ever since to treat all animals as if they had feelings as ourselves. At the moment it occurred to me, *hungry* as I was, that he had better have divided his biscuit with the rider of the animal, or myself; but I soon appreciated the motive of his hospitality to the poor beast, and, as before stated, learned a lesson in kindness to animals I shall not soon forget.

WALTER B. BARKER,
507 Broadway, New York City.

The Cruise of the Nashville.

By JUDGE THEODORE S. GARNETT, JR.

[From Facts Furnished by Lieutenant W. C. Whittle.]

In 1861 the *Nashville*, then used as a freight and passenger steamer, was seized in the port of Charleston, S. C., by the Confederate authorities and soon fitted out for the purpose of taking Messrs. Mason and Slidell to Europe. She was a side-wheel, brig-rigged steamer, of about one thousand two hundred or one thousand four hundred tons, and was therefore deemed by them too large a vessel to run the blockade. That purpose was accordingly abandoned. Captain R. B. Pegram, then in command of the *Nashville*, fitted her with two small guns and made her ready for sea, with a full crew of officers and men. The following is a list of her officers: Captain, R. B. Pegram; Charles M. Fauntleroy, First Lieutenant; John W. Bennett, Second Lieutenant; William C. Whittle, Third Lieutenant; John H. Ingram, Master; Jno. L. Ancrum, Surgeon; Richard Taylor, Paymaster; James Hood, Chief Engineer; Assistant Murray, and two others, and the following Midshipmen: W. R. Dalton, William H. Sinclair, Clarence Cary, J. W. Pegram, W. P. Hamilton, — Thomas and — McClintock.

Early in the fall of 1861 she ran out of Charleston, touched at Bermuda for coal and soon arrived at Southampton, England, having

captured and burned *en route* the American ship Harvey Birch. Here we remained until the latter part of January, 1862. About the 1st of February, 1862, we sailed for the Confederacy, evading the United States steamer Tuscarora, which had for some time been watching an opportunity to capture the Nashville, having been sent for that purpose. The manner of our escape is worthy of mention. The Queen's proclamation of neutrality required that neither belligerent should leave port until twenty-four hours after the hour set for the sailing of the other. The Tuscarora immediately got under way and lay off the port to avoid the restriction, awaiting our departure, but one evening came to anchor near the Isle of Wight, within the limit of British jurisdiction. Captain Pegram, learning this, at once notified the government that he would set sail at a certain hour the next day, and the Tuscarora was notified that she must remain until the expiration of the twenty-four hours thereafter. A British vessel was sent down to see that this order was not violated and the Nashville, with flying colors, steamed proudly by the Tuscarora and passed out to sea, leaving her commander and crew to meditate on the delightful uncertainties of the law of nations.

The run to Bermuda was without incident, save that we encountered a gale of wind which did us considerable damage. After repairing and coaling ship we took on board the Master and crew of a North Carolina schooner, which had been wrecked by the gale at Bermuda. The Master agreed to pilot us into the harbor of Beaufort, N. C., and we made for that port. On the way the schooner Gilfillan was captured and destroyed. Arriving off Beaufort we found one United States blockade steamer and determined to pass in by a *ruse de guerre*. A steamer very much like the Nashville was then employed by the United States navy in carrying the mails and communicating with the blockading squadron. Personating this steamer and flying the United States flag, we ran confidently up to the blockader and made signal to her to come and get her mails. The Nashville was hove to under gentle pressure of steam and the blockader lowered a boat. While pulling towards us we changed our course and ran for port. Before their mistake was discovered the Nashville was out of reach of the enemy's guns, which, however, fired shot after shot in impotent rage, all falling short as we widened the distance under full steam, making safe harbor at Morehead City on the 28th day of February, 1862.

Captain Pegram, after visiting Richmond and reporting to the Navy Department for instructions, returned to the ship, bringing in-

formation that the Nashville had been sold to private parties in Charleston. The order to remove all Confederate States property, including armament, charts and instruments from the vessel, were promptly executed, and the ship was left under the command of Lieutenant William C. Whittle, with two midshipmen, Messrs. Sinclair and Hamilton, Boatswain Sawyer, Chief Engineer Hood, three sailors, four firemen, cook and steward, to be kept in order until taken possession of by the agent of the purchasers.

General Burnside's movement upon Newbern, N. C. was then being executed, and Captain Pegram, with the officers and crew of the Nashville, went through on one of the last trains that could escape, after which all communication inland was completely cut off. Burnside's expedition was moving upon Morehead City and the capture of the Nashville seemed inevitable. The blockading fleet had been increased to two steamers and one sailing vessel, and the Federal troops were on the march to seize the vessel as she lay tied up at the wharf.

To most minds escape would have appeared an absolute impossibility. Without a crew or means of defense, without even a chart or chronometer, short of coal and provisions, the idea of saving the ship was simply vain. But to Lieutenant Whittle there seemed a single chance, and he gallantly determined "to take that chance." The fall of Fort Macon he thought only a question of time, and a very short time at that; the blockade must therefore be broken and Whittle prepared to do it. Quietly and secretly he set to work, and being assured by his Chief Engineer (Hood) that with his small force and the assistance of the deck hands he could keep the vessel under steam, he made ready to run through the blockading fleet. He was fortunate in securing the services of Captain Gooding, an excellent coast pilot, who was then in command of a sailing ship blockaded in the harbor. He brought with him a chart, chronometer and sextant, and such instruments as were deemed absolutely necessary for navigation, with the promise from Lieutenant Whittle that if his efforts were successful the ultimate command of the ship would be given him by the purchasers.

From this point the writer prefers to give the story in Lieutenant Whittle's own words: "Having made all my preparations to destroy the ship, if necessary, to prevent her capture in passing out, I dropped down under the guns of Fort Macon. Colonel White, in command of the fort, came on board and told me of the efforts that were being made for my capture. He suggested that, as I had no

means of defense, I should, on the approach of the expedition, destroy my vessel and come into his fort as a reinforcement to him. I then divulged to Colonel White my plan of escape and notified him of my intention to run out that evening, requesting him to see that I was not fired upon by his command. He was delighted with the plan and wished me God-speed. On the evening of March 17, 1862, between sunset and moonrise, the moon then being nearly full, I tripped my anchor and ran out. As soon as I was under way a rocket was sent up from the lower side of Bogue Island, below Fort Macon, by an enemy's boat, sent ashore from the blockaders for the purpose of watching me, giving me the assurance that my movement had been detected.

"Steaming towards the entrance at the bar, I found the three vessels congregated close together under way and covering the narrow channel. Just before reaching the bar I slipped my anchor, which in hoisting had caught under the forefoot, in order to prevent its knocking a hole in the ship's bottom, as I knew we would strike in going over the bar. We were going at full speed, say fourteen knots per hour. I was in the pilot house with Gooding and two others were at the wheel. The blockaders, under way and broadside to me, were across my path. I ran for the one farthest to the northward and eastward, with the determination to go through or sink both ships. As I approached rapidly I was given the right of way and passed through and out under a heavy fire from the three vessels. They had commenced firing as soon as I got within range and continued until I passed out, firing in all, as well as we could determine, about twenty guns. The moon rose clear and full a short time afterwards and found us well out to sea, no attempt being made to pursue us that we could discover.

"We ran on out to the inner edge of the Gulf Stream, where we remained until the next day, and in the afternoon of the 18th of March shaped our course for Charleston. Arriving in the midst of the blockading fleet there before dawn of the 19th, we discovered their position by the great number of rockets which they were sending up to signal the fact that our presence was known. This, together with the fact that the stone fleet had been sunk in the channel, leaving only the Maffitt's channel open, and not knowing how far even that was obstructed, made me conclude not to attempt to run in. With an exhausted crew and short of coal, I put back and ran clear of the blockaders. At daylight on the 19th made Cape Roman, steaming close in to land, and tracked up the beach, intending to try to enter

Georgetown, S. C.; but seeing the smoke of two steamers to the northward, I stopped the engines and made ready to destroy the vessels on their approach, as we were in a condition too exhausted to run successfully.

“Fortunately, the smoke of the blockaders disappeared on the horizon, and we steamed on up to the entrance of Georgetown, but on going in got aground on the bar. Sending out a boat to take soundings, I observed a boat pulling around a point of land inside, filled with armed men. At the same moment a body of horsemen came down on the beach. Not knowing but that this port also had fallen into the hands of the enemy, I called my boat alongside and made such preparations for defence as I could devise. When close enough, the boat hailed us to know what ship it was. I answered by asking whether they were Federals or Confederates. Their reply was: ‘We are South Carolinians,’ and I answered: ‘This is the Confederate States steamer Nashville,’ which at first they seemed to discredit. Finally they approached, and I was told by the officer in command that Colonel Manigault, who was commanding ashore, had directed that if I was a Confederate vessel I should hoist another flag under the one already up. I told him I had no other except the United States flag, and this might mislead him. I then told him I needed a pilot. He readily and very quickly pulled ashore, and returned with one, bringing me a message from Colonel Manigault that I could place implicit confidence in him, to let him take the ship up to Georgetown, and requesting me to come ashore and confer with him. In the meantime the Nashville, having been got afloat by me, was placed in charge of this pilot and steamed up to Georgetown.

“I went ashore and was received by Colonel Manigault, of the South Carolina forces, with a hearty welcome and cheers from his troops. Colonel Manigault inquired whether I had seen the blockaders off Georgetown. I replied that I had seen their smoke going off up the coast, whereupon he informed me that this was the first day for many weeks that they had absented themselves from their post in front of the harbor. I proceeded at once to Richmond and reported to S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, who directed me to return to Charleston and confer with Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., the purchasers of the vessel, and to take all necessary steps to effect her transfer to them as speedily as possible. I went to Charleston and in concert with them or their agents the business was closed, they giving the command of the ship, at my request, to Captain Gooding. Being unable to carry out any cargo on account of the

bar, she sailed in ballast, having taken in coal and such crew as could be secured for her. She left Georgetown in the broad light of day, flying the Confederate flag, before the blockaders returned to port.

"After this she made several successful trips through the blockade and later was transferred to other parties, and subsequently she was attacked by the enemy and destroyed at the mouth of the Ogeechee river. I am persuaded that the Federals did not know that the Nashville went into Georgetown until it was revealed to them by my capture below New Orleans in April, 1862. I had then among my private papers the rough draft of my report to Secretary Mallory, in which I had announced to him the escape of the vessel from Morehead City and her entrance into Georgetown. The Federal officer who read this rough report seemed to have the impression that the Nashville had sailed direct to Nassau, and so expressed himself to me. On my telling him that I had taken her into Georgetown he was greatly surprised, and the circumstances of her escape were thus for the first time communicated to the Federal Government."

Norfolk, Va., 1882.

**Letter from President Davis to the Reunion of Confederate Veterans at
Dallas, Texas, August 6th, 1884.**

BEAUVOIR, MISS., July 29, '84.

Major John F. Elliott :

My Dear Sir : I have received yours of the 28th instant, and the renewed invitation to attend the reunion in Texas of the old settlers and ex-Confederates intensifies the regret heretofore expressed at my inability to be present on that occasion. The very gratifying terms of your letter revives the grateful recollection of the many manifestations of the kind regard of your people. From the date of your revolution and admission as an independent State of the Union, I have watched your progress and development with the hope and expectation that Texas would be in the fulfilment of her destiny the Empire State of the American Union. Her vast territory, with a corresponding variety of climate, soil, mineral and agricultural products, form a solid basis for such an anticipation should her territory remain undivided. It was with such hopes for her future that, in the official position to which I refer, I resisted the transfer of the northern portion of the State to the public domain of the United States ; but shorn of that portion of her territory which was north of the

parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$, there yet remains enough to justify the expectation alluded to above. The expansion of cultivation has no doubt changed the appearance of the country, substituting the useful of agricultural man for the beautiful of nature. Years ago, in its wilder state, I went over wide-spreading plains carpeted with primroses, while here and there arose isolated groves of sturdy oaks, and felt the charm of a scene where nature had, on a scale too grand for man's imitation, laid out parks replete with beauty; but the most cherished memory is that of the cordial, unconventional welcome of the gallant, free-hearted sons of Texas. Thereafter, I have said a Texan, instead of a "Highland welcome," the wide world o'er.

The approaching reunion is to bring together the men whose friendships were formed in camp, and which have the sure, enduring foundation of having been cemented under the severe tests of toil, privation, suffering, and danger by which all that is weak or meanly selfish is exposed. Happy indeed must such reunion be, and from afar I send you my warmest congratulations. Of the hardy "old settlers" who, against desperate odds, won the battles of the war for independence, of the veterans who served in the war with Mexico, "how few—all weak and withered—of their force wait on the verge of dark eternity."

The Romans gave to Great Britain and to the United States in the rules and articles of war the basis of the military establishments of three peoples, who have attained to the highest degree of military glory, and it was a rule among the Romans richly to reward their generals when returning successful from a foreign war, but never to grant a triumph for a victory won in internecine strife. With us the rule has been reversed, and the veterans of the war with Mexico have been the subjects of a special discrimination.

During the progress of the Texas revolution a distinguished officer left the United States army and went, unheralded, to join the struggling Texans, and entered their service as a private. His ability, as well as his reputation, attracted notice, and step by step he rose to the command of one of her armies. Baptized in her service, he became her adopted son. When the war occurred between the United States and Mexico he led a regiment of Texans to join the army of the Rio Grande. Thus he was an "old settler" and "a veteran of the war with Mexico." He subsequently re-entered the army of the United States, of which he was a brevet Brigadier-General when Texas seceded from the Union and war was inaugurated between the States. True to his allegiance to his adopted mother

and sovereign, he left the army of the United States and offered his sword to the Confederacy. When commanding a Confederate army in one of the great battles of the war, and victory was within his immediate grasp, he fell, mortally wounded, and died upon the field. Great in council as in action, faithful in every relation of life, he died as he had lived, the devotee to duty, and left behind him the good name which gives grace and perpetuity to glory. Need it be said to Texans that I refer to Albert Sidney Johnston? All that was mortal of that hero reposes in the soil of the land he loved. Generous, patriotic Louisiana is constructing an equestrian statue to his memory—a tribute twice blessed.

From that portion of the State in which your reunion is to be held there came to the army in Mexico Colonel Wood's regiment of cavalry. I was closely associated with them on a critical occasion in the attack on Monterey. Should any of the survivors be with you, please present my fraternal greeting to them.

Rocked in the cradle of revolution, the history of Texas is full of heroic deeds, from the self-sacrificing band of the Alamo, who gave to their State the example of how men should dare and die to protect the helpless, to the defence of Sabine Pass, which for intrepidity and extraordinary success must, I think, be admitted to have no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern warfare. Texas is now boldly striding onward in the conquests of peace, and I cannot wish for her a brighter future than that in agricultural, mining, manufacturing, educational, social and religious efforts she may gather wreaths of oak worthy to mingle with the fadeless laurel that decks her brow.

Deprived of the happiness of meeting, probably for the last time, the "Old Settlers" and ex-Confederates in their reunion, of receiving the friendly welcome and feeling the warm grasp of their hands, I send to them my earnest prayer that every "good and perfect gift" may be vouchsafed to them, and remain faithfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Morris Island.

By MISS CLAUDINE RHETT.

Five miles from Charleston lies Morris Island, facing the broad Atlantic to the east, and divided from James Island by a wide marsh and a winding channel. It is a bare, desolate tract of barren land, scarcely rising above the level of the water. The wind sweeps

over it, whirling the sea-sand into ever-shifting hillocks and hollows, like the deserts of Arabia, but without the attractions ascribed to those wildernesses by the poet Moore ; for down these slopes spring no "silvery-footed antelopes" and nowhere does "the Acacia wave her yellow hair." Only a few stunted shrubs grow along the western side of the island near the creek, affording a scant refuge to the little sea-birds which build their nests among the wind-tossed branches. The only inhabitants are an oyster-gatherer and a few men who attend to the light-house. If human vision could reach so far, one might stand on the beach and look across the intervening space to the continent of Europe ; but as this is impossible, and we can only gaze at the waste of waters, there is nothing to awaken fancy, or enlist any one's attention, and a stranger would merely consider this low island to be a hopelessly desolate and utterly insignificant part of the surface of the earth. Yet the waves that break heavily along the shores seem to murmur the sad refrain of the prophet of old, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" while the wind replies mournfully, "Nothing."

Those who are unacquainted with the facts of the case will hardly realize the statement to be true, that twenty-one years ago, during the months of July and August, that parched and sterile island was the most important spot of ground in the State of South Carolina ; and was the point to which all hearts and eyes turned. It was the out-post of Charleston, and under the burning rays of the summer sun, our best and bravest soldiers were fighting in defense of this old city. The first question that was asked in those days, when friends met, was, "What is the latest news from Morris Island?" The shells could be plainly heard in town, of course, as for weeks they continually swept like a hail-storm over the Island ; while on our side the artillerists at Battery Wagner and Battery Gregg replied loudly, and the guns of Fort Sumter joined in the awful concert, keeping up an unremitting fire, day and night, upon the enemy's camps, assaulting columns, working parties, and the fleet.

During the seige it became customary to call the different batteries, as they were constructed, by the names of officers who had been killed—thus Battery Cheves was named after Capt. Langdon Cheves, of the Engineer Corps, who was killed at Battery Wagner ; Battery Simpkins, after Major John Simpkins, of the Regulars, who also fell at this post ; Battery Haskell and Battery Kringle, on James Island, after Captain Charles Haskell, of the Regulars, and Captain Robert Kringle, besides many others, which cannot all be enumer-

ated. In this way the most important and famous of all these earth-works, Battery Wagner, was called after Major Tom Wagner, of the Regulars, who was killed at Fort Hamilton by the bursting of a gun. This excellent and valued officer was much regretted, and his name has been handed down to history by the heroic defence of this noted battery.

The fighting for Charleston, which was to continue without cessation until the evacuation of the city, almost at the close of the war, began at the southern point of Morris Island, July 10th, 1863, where Captain John C. Mitchel, with a handful of men, held the enemy in check and prevented their landing for many hours, until our soldiers were largely outnumbered, while our position was enfiladed by the fleet. When they at length retreated, poor John Bee, a Lieutenant in the First artillery, was one of those who were left dead behind them. He was a good officer and a fine fellow, with generous, chivalric feelings. How little did those who knew him as a light-hearted boy dream that he would fall on that ocean-washed shore and sleep there so soundly that the loudest cannon could never more awaken him to the turmoil of this mortal life.

Battery Wagner was assaulted that very night, and the weary but brave-hearted artillerists, who had fought through all the heat of the day, were called upon to stand to their guns again and help to repel the efforts which were vainly made to capture this work. I have heard an amusing account of a little incident that occurred on this occasion. Two brothers—one a Captain of a company, and the other a private—were standing side by side, awaiting the charge of the foe, who had already been beaten back. Suddenly the younger one (quite a boy) was struck by a bullet, and, falling down, exclaimed: "Oh, T——, I am killed! I am killed!" The Captain turned his head anxiously towards him, but perceived at once that in the excitement of the moment he had overestimated the extent of his injuries, and replied sternly: "You are not, sir. Get up and shoot your gun." "Well, T——," said the junior, meekly, "I thought I was killed; but I'll try to get up." With that he scrambled to his feet and manfully met the oncoming attack, standing at his post until it was defeated, and only going to the hospital to have his wound dressed when all immediate danger was over.

On the night of the 18th of July, Battery Wagner was again furiously assaulted, and although one angle of the fort was carried by the assailants, they were at last driven off and obliged to give up the idea and abandon the hope of ever capturing this work by force

of arms; for our troops were too vigilant to be surprised, and too resolute to be overcome. So the engineers, who had steadily advanced their lines of earthworks every night closer and closer to ours, ever since they had obtained a foothold on the Island, undertook the task of obtaining possession of Battery Wagner and driving us away, and they eventually succeeded by their skill in effecting what they desired.

The cannon of the enemy were of much heavier calibre than ours, and tore down our parapets; and a calcium light which they mounted threw an illumination almost as bright as day upon our defences, so that our working parties at length could accomplish nothing, our guns could not be remounted, nor the breaches in our walls repaired. This kind of warfare is not so dangerous as the storming of redoubts, or battles in the open field, but it is very wearying and harrassing, and breaks down the spirit of troops unless they are very steady and well disciplined; for there is no excitement in it, and the protracted strain on the nerves wears them out. Many soldiers after their term of duty was over at Battery Wagner went home only to die of typhoid fever, as did Captain Julius Alston and Lieutenant Randal Craft, of the regulars. The bomb-proofs were used as hospitals, and were intensely hot so that the atmosphere in them was stifling, and men who were at all fastidious preferred remaining outside of them, even when they were "off duty," and running the risk of being killed by the continually exploding shells. Oh, those shells! who, having once heard their rushing voice of woe, can ever forget them? When they rise up in the air, from afar, and draw gradually nearer and nearer, roaring, screaming, and hurtling through miles of space on their errand of destruction, it is almost impossible to believe that they are inanimate objects, the appalling sound they make is so expressive of hatred and malignity.

On the 6th of September an attack was made upon Battery Gregg by barges, from Vincent's Creek; but our signal officers had been clever enough to read the enemy's signals, and we were therefore prepared to meet their advance—our entire force at Battery Wagner, except the artillerists having been temporarily transferred to the point where the assault was expected. When the barges approached, they were received so warmly that they soon withdrew in confusion.

Colonel Keitt, the commander of our forces on Morris Island, now reported that the engineers no longer considered Battery Wagner tenable. A council of general officers was held, and it was decided that at last Morris Island must be evacuated. Battery Wagner

had held out fifty-eight days, but she was finally to be abandoned, and so the evacuation began, at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 7th of September. We had a considerable number of wounded men, because of the close proximity of our works, and the Federals, who had trained their sharp-shooters to pick off our soldiers very accurately, whenever any work was done on our defences. The wounded were taken to Comming's Point and embarked first. After their departure the infantry were taken across to Fort Johnson, on James Island; next followed the artillerists, then the rear-guard, which was composed of a small detachment of Regulars from Battery Gregg and Battery Wagner, and, last of all, three officers and a sergeant, who remained to deceive the enemy up to the moment when Captain Huguenin lit the fuse which was expected to blow up the powder magazine. They moved about from angle to angle, firing off rifles as fast as they could load them, so that the Yankees might not be aware that our troops had departed, and that all they had to do was to walk in and take possession. This was a very trying ordeal, for at any moment an attack on our shattered lines might have been made, and this minute garrison captured or killed. It was by this time 1 o'clock in the morning, and the moon had risen. The doors of the powder-magazine were opened and the fuse ignited; then they hastened down to the beach to take their places in our last boat. "Hurry," shouted the sailors who manned this barge, for the enemy had discovered that something unusual was taking place, and had sent their barges forward again, either to make another attack on Battery Gregg, or to ascertain our movements. They had intercepted two of our boats and captured forty-nine men. The officers, in obedience to the warning summons, hastened rapidly on, but Captain Huguenin had been twice struck that day by fragments of shells which had exploded near him, and was so lame that he could not advance very fast. "Go on," he said to his comrades, "and I will overtake you." But when he got to the beach, he found, to his dismay, that in the darkness and confusion they had gone off and left him, supposing him to be aboard. His position was truly a melancholy and precarious one, for the guns of the enemy's batteries and those of the fleet swept the open beach, as the tide was out; and if he returned to Battery Wagner, that was no refuge to seek shelter in, when every instant he hoped to hear the powder blow up, and all of our batteries and Fort Moultrie had been instructed to concentrate their fire upon it as soon as the signal of our having evacuated Morris Island had been given. To surrender, and be taken prisoner,

was also dreadful. Just then a boat, which was apparently going out to sea, swept by. He hailed it, and was informed, to his joy, that it was a ten-oared Confederate barge, which had turned back to avoid capture, and was going round by Sullivan's Island. The officer in charge, in reply to his earnest appeal, "For God's sake take me with you!" replied, "The Yankees are too near to stop, but wade out, and we will take you in." So the last Confederate soldier who left Morris Island waded out breast-high in the water and was hauled aboard as the boat shot by. They reached Fort Johnston at about 3 o'clock in the morning, and found that Colonel Yates and a detachment of Regulars were about to set off for Morris Island, to make an attempt to rescue him, but the effort would probably have failed.

A report that Captain Huguenin had been killed preceded him to the city, and when he reported himself, at about 8 o'clock, at General Ripley's headquarters, the greeting given him by the General was very characteristic. In his bluff, military manner he said: "Is that you? Why, I thought you were dead. I am glad to see you." It appears, therefore, that in South Carolina, as well as Scotland, "short greeting serves in times of war."

General Beauregard was much disappointed at Batteries Gregg and Wagner not having been blown up. Why the zealous and reliable officers who were deputed to do this failed in accomplishing their design was because the fuses they were ordered to use were defective. As soon as Captain Huguenin was told that the duty of blowing up Battery Gregg was assigned to him, he cut off several pieces of the fuse and touched them off, to ascertain if this important factor was in good order; but he soon found that it was worth nothing. In some parts the fire died out after being kindled, and in others the powder flared up so quickly that it was anything but a slow match. He therefore went to Colonel Keitt and said: "This fuse will never explode the magazine. It was brought here in an open row-boat, and probably got wet, for it is useless; but if you will allow me to use my discretion I will guarantee such an explosion that where Battery Wagner now stands there will soon be only a creek. We have two barrels of resin. I will put them into the hospital, which adjoins the powder-magazine, set them on fire, and open the doors of the magazine, so that the flames may soon ignite the powder, and if the Yankees take possession of the fort one minute after I leave it, no man will be found bold enough to venture to go in and try to extinguish the fire." Colonel Keitt called a council of officers to con-

sider the question, but they decided that as the commanding General had said "a fuse," nothing else could be used. So the letter of the order was obeyed, while the object in view was lost sight of. The fuse was accordingly lighted the night of the evacuation, and after burning awhile the fire died out. Neither Battery Wagner nor Battery Gregg, consequently, was blown up, and the enemy quietly took possession of them next morning and mounted their guns on our parapets.

Reminiscences of Cavalry Operations.

By GENERAL T. T. MUNFORD.

PAPER NO. I.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society :

Recent communications have appeared in the Philadelphia Weekly *Times*, written by officers who served in the Confederate cavalry. The reminiscences which these have revived, together with frequent solicitations from officers and soldiers of the brigade I had the honor to command so long and often, as senior Colonel and Brigadier General, have induced me at this late day to attempt a narrative of the work accomplished by that command when under my immediate supervision. My task is fraught with difficulties, and if its execution is defective I hope, in the interest of history, it will be corrected by those whose memories serve them better than my own. To attempt more than a general outline would be beyond my limit. Brigadier-General W. C. Wickham, my immediate predecessor, was elected to the Confederate Congress in the spring of 1863, and soon thereafter was promoted as Brigadier-General of cavalry. He held both commissions until October, 1864, when he resigned his military commission. It happened that in nearly every important engagement, if he was present, he commanded the division and I his brigade. Whenever we co-operated with other cavalry brigades in the Valley of Virginia, General Fitz Lee being the senior Major-General, he would take command of the whole, Wickham of the division and I of the brigade. General Fitz Lee having been seriously wounded at the battle of Winchester, 19th September, I had command of Wickham's brigade from that time, except at the battle of Cedar Creek, when *I was absent* on sick leave. At General Rosser's Tom's Brook cavalry disaster, where we lost nearly "everything on

wheels," my trunk and desk containing all the data I had collected fell into the hands of the enemy.

Wickham did not call for a report while with us in the Valley and I did not make one. Until these recent communications I had contented myself with the reflection "that the credit for what was done and the reward of the deeds was in doing them."

I shall endeavor to give my recollections with frankness, and will criticise our operations without hesitation, that the student in quest of facts may see the boldness and enterprise displayed by General J. A. Early, and the corresponding want of it evinced by his opponent, General Phil. Sheridan. The latter had the finest equipped army the world had ever seen, numbering about 65,000 men of all arms, of which 11,000 were well mounted cavalry, and 100 field guns. To combat this force, Early had about 14,000 men of all arms, less than 3,500 cavalry, and the usual complement of field guns. Sheridan said our "cavalry were in poor condition." The country was admirably suited to the operations of large bodies of cavalry, and one of their greatest advantages consisted in their ability to subsist largely upon the country through which they operated, (which was done without stint and without pay). Early's presence had kept them ensconced behind fortified lines, and he had checkmated their movements until General Anderson's withdrawal to General R. E. Lee's army; after which ensued the battles of Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill and Waynesboro', in every one of which engagements a soldier of dash should have gobbled Early's entire command and sent him to Washington, and moved with the remainder of his command across the mountains and joined Grant. Sheridan's dispatches to Grant and Halleck up to the battle of Winchester indicate a caution amounting to timidity. What was accomplished at the end of a six months' campaign should have been done effectually at Winchester.

History will yet vindicate Early's efforts. "But friends in trouble are rare and few." General R. E. Lee had sent Early to the Valley for a purpose. He clearly understood the situation; he had certain objects to accomplish. Time was an object to him. His limited means and small army, comparatively, were heavily taxed, his resources curtailed, and he could not spare a larger force. He knew Early was an educated soldier, and that he was tenacious and full of fight. His letter to Early at the end of the Valley campaign, when Early lost the little remnant that had been retained as a nucleus to guard the upper Valley, shows he was in full sympathy with him.

Hope may be ever bouyant, but real sympathy in disaster showed that General Lee had a generous spirit and understood the situation and was grateful. Sheridan's physical strength was Early's weakness. There is no evidence of military skill or strategy anywhere shown by the former.

Of my old brigade I must be permitted to say it was composed of the best material Virginia could produce. For intelligence, moral worth, courage, and physical endurance it could not be surpassed, and it was backed by a patriotic devotion not excelled in the annals of war. It was the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Virginia regiments of cavalry and Brethead's old battery, *known* as "Stuart's Horse Battery." Many of its field and company officers were educated soldiers; others were soldiers *born*, and promoted for distinguished services. (I had seventeen officers in my own regiment who had either graduated or been cadets at the Virginia Military Institute.) No officer could have received a more generous and cordial support than was accorded to myself. Their ready obedience to my orders under any and all circumstances endeared them to me. A mutual confidence bound us by all the ties that steeled our hearts and spurred our best energies to uphold the glorious cause, and forged us into a homogenous, active body, ready for any emergency. Shakespeare says:

"He [they] that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord
Doth conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place in the story."

I will show that this brigade clung to the Confederate standard-bearer as long as there was a ray of hope, and only when that last glimmering ray had flickered out was it that they called in the dogs of war and furlled their unsundered flags, carrying them to their homes.

As law-abiding citizens, they began at once, with the same devotion which had animated them as soldiers, to rebuild their broken fortunes; but when they laid aside their arms it was their resolve, "While I remain above the ground you shall hear from me still, and never of me aught but what is like me formerly." Neither privations nor toils, nor the emoluments of office, have tempted the generous and the true from the honest paths of duty. "Honest John Letcher," our grand old War Governor, told me a few years ago, "I do not believe I commissioned half a dozen soldiers in your

command who have made the people of this proud old Commonwealth feel—

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

He had watched their course with great pride, having put them in the field. I cannot attempt to recount the splendid deeds of personal gallantry seen in every affair and engagement, or the traditions, the songs, and the stories ever dear to the old veterans. They will live in memory and mingle with the sad trials and scenes of a retreat, and the glories of many a victory (dearly bought) whenever they meet together and fight their battles over again. They will never be forgotten by them.

“How many ages hence
Shall our lofty scenes be acted over—
In states unborn and accents yet unknown?
* * * So oft as that shall be,
So oft shall the knots of us be called
The men who fought for constitutional liberty.”

Can we forget the music of the sweet tattoo or the merry revielle? —the stormy nights when for hours the solitary vidette sat on his horse, in the face of the enemy, shivering with cold, with not even a leafless tree to shelter and turn from him the chilly, penetrating winds of December? Can we forget the neigh and whimper of our faithful steeds, with whom his master would often divide his scanty rations of *hard-tack* to stay the qualms of hunger? Those were the days that tried the *metal* and souls of our men, and taught the “boys in blue” that they might overpower us by numbers, but that flags and supplies and well-paid ranks could never conquer us in a fair fight, nor drive us from the field.

It is proper that I should give some insight into the difficulties which surrounded a cavalry soldier before I enter directly upon my narrative. Very few soldiers of the other arms of the service have examined into this subject. Many have fancied that they would have been delighted to have had an opportunity for such an easy berth; that the bugle’s call for boots and saddles, followed by the note to mount, was a pleasant pastime, and that moving out to the front, to dare the field, was nothing, “as they had to follow and do the work.” Remember, it takes a fusion of the best metals to make a fine-toned bell, and it takes the same sort of fusion or mixture in a body of soldiers to make an army; and when many a gallant cav-

ally soldier fell in front of the army in a charge, and laid there "for pavement to the abject rear, like an entered tide they rush by and leave him hindmost, his good office and services too soon forgotten." Each cavalryman had to supply himself with a horse and turn it over to the Government (have him mustered in), for which the Government agreed to pay him \$10 a month and to supply him food and shoes and nails, and a blacksmith to do his shoeing, free of expense to him.

It was a Government of our own making. We all felt sure it would do the very best it could for us; but we soon realized that we had its prayers, as it had ours, but that it did not possess and could not furnish us in sufficient quantities the supplies our pressing necessities demanded, and we also knew that the efficiency of a command was exactly in proportion to the way in which it was fostered and guarded. Experience soon demonstrated that we must help the Government, and its need demanded our best efforts. We were in a war, and "he was not worthy of the honeycomb that shuns the hive because the bees have stings."

A soldier can cheerfully submit to personal privations and toil, his mind and spirit keeps him buoyant, but a horse loses spirit and strength, and the more spirit he has the worse it is for him as soon as his rations are cut down and double duty imposed upon him. We could get grass sometimes, when corn could not be had, and when in camp they could live; but the finest horse in the best physical condition, casting a shoe on a rough, rocky road and forced rapidly over it, will be rendered wholly unfit for service in half a day. The cavalry were used as couriers, scouts, guides—the eyes and ears of the army. They were expected to move promptly and quickly, the loss of a shoe was not taken as a valid excuse when dispatch was demanded. Few men well enough off to furnish their own horses, could nail on a horse-shoe (if he had the tools), and if he had extra shoes and nails in his saddle-pocket, and the company's blacksmith was sick or absent, what could he do? The service was too precarious to admit of wagons accompanying an expedition, so that, with the best management, it often happened neither shoes, nails or smith could be had. I have seen my men many a time have the hoof of a dead horse strapped to their saddles, which they had cut off at the ankle with their pocket-knives, and would carry them until they could find a smith to take it off with his *nippers*, and thus supply their sore-footed steeds. In the Valley the roads were McAdamized, and exceedingly hard on the horses' feet. One horse, how-

ever well managed, could not perform the duty required of a cavalryman. It took many horses for each man during the four years of the war. When the war commenced it was an easy matter to secure a horse, but the demand increased so rapidly and the number decreased at a so much greater ratio that at last it would cost five years' pay in Confederate money to purchase a good cavalry horse. The Government only agreed to pay for horses killed in battle, and it would take weeks and sometimes months to get the money after all the papers had gone through the "tape of office in Richmond." Many a cavalryman mortgaged his property to supply himself with horses, and had to pay in greenbacks after the war what was expected of our Government. The Government was very short of transportation; it could not send the men and horses back to their homes when necessary to exchange their *jaded ones* for fresh horses; neither would it pay the extra expense he incurred to accomplish this object. Take this illustration: A member of a company, whose home was in Washington county, Southwestern Virginia, has his horse wounded near Martinsburg, or Shepherdstown, in Jefferson county. How long a time will it take that man to carry his jade back home and hunt up a fresh horse? To keep that animal in camp to consume the scanty rations doled out to the active horses reported for duty was poor management; but we had no men detailed at camp for that purpose, and yet a cavalryman without a horse during an active campaign was a mere "camp dog," and the good soldiers would not stay there. The only thing to be done was to start him as soon after the horse was unfit as the papers could be gotten ready, and if the horse was kept *too* long in camp it was just that much added to his difficulties in getting home, and when we were actively engaged in the field the difficulties of getting the papers promptly was a severe tax upon the Adjutants of regiments and the Assistant-Adjutants of brigades, &c., &c.

It kept on an average at least one-third of a regiment on the road to and from home to remount. One-third of a regiment would generally be sick and wounded. In a fight (dismounted) it took one-fourth of the men to hold the horses of the dismounted men, and when we were far from our camps or wagons, about one-eighth of the men would be detailed to secure food for the horses and rations for the men. You will thus perceive what duty those present had to perform, and what was expected of a cavalry regiment. In General Early's narrative he gives Wickham's brigade an honorable record and credits them for the work done.

George E. Pond, assistant editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, has written a book (which is regarded as having General Sheridan's approval), in which he gives Wickham's brigade a fair record from a Federal stand-point. With the assistance of these two books I will try and give an outline of my recollections of what occurred in the fights under my immediate supervision. When we entered the Confederate service we were armed with double-barrel shot-guns of every conceivable calibre, and our saddles and bridles were citizens' make of every conceivable shape, and wholly unsuited for cavalry service. When we laid down our arms we had as complete an outfit for each cavalryman in my brigade as we wanted, all of which had been supplied by the United States Quartermaster Department, through their cavalry, and captured by us—the finest cavalry pistols, sabres, carbines, saddles, halters and bridles, blankets and canteens, oil-cloths and tent-flies—in short, all that we wanted, and our transportation were all branded "U. S.," together with the mules and harness. Our cavalry battery, caissons, battery forges, &c., all had the U. S. brand until Rosser's great disaster at Tom's Brook 9th October, 1864.

RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE 19TH AUGUST, 1864.

Wickham's brigade of Fitz. Lee's division, Anderson's corps, was stationed to the right of Winchester, near Abram's creek. Its pickets extended along the line of the Opequon creek from the crossing of the Berryville pike north, towards Summit Point. In front of us was Merritt's division of the enemy's cavalry, each holding the opposite banks of the Opequon. About midday I received orders from General Wickham to move with the brigade and battery (Brethead's old battery of horse-artillery) down the Berryville pike and find the location of the enemy's army. On reaching the outpost the picket squadron cleared the way by a dash across the creek, which was followed closely by the brigade. The enemy's videttes were pressed back upon their reserve, and they in turn upon the regiment supporting the picket. At their reserve they had, in a piece of woods, a strong cavalry barricade, from which they gave us a warm reception. Their position commanded the road, and our battery could not be brought into action. I dismounted the brigade and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Cary Breckinridge, of the Second Virginia, to turn their right, which he did handsomely by moving well to our left and front; but in this attack he was severely wounded. Our battery once up and in position, we drove them steadily.

Colonel William H. Payne, commanding the Fourth Virginia, supported the battery with spirit, and the Third and First pressing steadily forward on my right, while Major Graves, of the Second, moved steadily ahead on their right and kept their right contracting. Twice they were reinforced, and made stubborn resistance, but each time the vim of our battery and dash of our men on their flank started them again, and until we were in sight of Berryville, kept them on the move steadily back. At their next stand our battery was divided, and by moving a section to an elevated rise to our left we got complete command of their position, and although we had for a time a sharp artillery duel, we pressed until we could see the "Clifton-Berryville fortified line," behind which lines Sheridan had 50,000 men and 100 field guns. (See Sheridan's report.) After sundown we moved slowly back. Our loss was considerable, but the enemy did not press us, and we carried back with us all of our dead and wounded. Lieutenant Thomas Craighead, of Company D, Second Virginia, was killed when we began to retire, and Sergeant William B. Cross, of Company A, Second Virginia, a gallant youth, was killed by our own battery. The guns were firing over the heads of his company, and a piece of wood from the shrapnel struck him on the scalp, killing him instantly.

Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, of the First Virginia, and Colonel Thomas H. Owen, of the Third, and Major Graves, of the Second, behaved with fine spirit. These four regiments and the battery worked together always with great harmony and good feeling. Captain Peter Fountain, Captain Henry C. Lee, brigade staff officers, and Sergeant-Major Samuel Griffin (Tip), of the Second Virginia, Acting A. D. C., served with their usual good spirit, rendering me valuable assistance. I know we killed a good number and captured some prisoners. From our own loss, it is manifest that theirs was considerable.

Arriving at the Opequon after dark I reported to General Wickham orally what had been done, and moved back to camp. The next day Sheridan fell back and fortified near Halltown. Nine hundred and fifty men and a battery had driven their best division of cavalry back upon their infantry, and we had *bearded* the lion in his den and returned to camp without being pressed.

On page 135, Pond's book, we take the following. Sheridan to Halleck, official, August 23d: "My position at best was a bad one, and as there is much dependent upon this army, I fell back and took a new position at Halltown." Same date, August 23d, from same

to General Auger: "I do not believe Pickett's and Field's divisions are here, but the rebels have been very bold." This latter dispatch makes an old soldier feel

"If we did so, tis greater glory for us
That you remember it, than for ourselves
Vainly to report it."

But listen to what he has to say a little further on. September 12th, Pond's book, he writes to General Grant. "It is exceedingly difficult to attack him (Early) in his position. Opequon creek is a very formidable barrier; there are various crossings, but all are difficult; the fords are formidable. I have thought it best to remain on the defensive until he (Early) detaches, unless the chances are in my favor. The troops here are in fine spirits; some of them not very reliable." On 15th (same to same): "There are yet no indications of Early's detaching. It seems impossible to get at their cavalry; it is in poor condition." Is not this the most remarkable condition of things ever heard of? Who can explain it?

We crossed the "formidable fords of the Opequon creek," and found their cavalry; and yet he could not get at ours; and "it was in poor condition." 'Tis wondrous strange, the like never yet heard of. Early had held Winchester for more than a month without fortifications, which he would not attempt with his great army to hold at all—and wanted him to detach. All advantages are fair in war! Think what would have been the result had Early had Sheridan's command and Sheridan Early's, where would Early have stopped?

T. T. MUNFORD.

Our Heroic Dead.

A POEM BY CAPTAIN JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Read on "Memorial Day" at Norfolk, June 18th, 1884.

A King once said of a Prince struck down,
"Taller he seems in death."
And this speech holds truth, for now as then
'Tis after death that we measure men.
And as mists of the past are rolled away
Our heroes, who died in their tattered gray,
Grow "taller" and greater in all their parts
Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts.
And for those who lament them there's this relief—

That Glory sits by the side of Grief,
Yes, they grow "taller" as the years pass by
And the World learns how they could do and die.
A Nation respects them. The East and West,
The far-off slope of the Golden Coast,
The stricken South and the North agree
That the heroes who died for you and me—
Each valiant man, in his own degree,
Whether he fell on the shore or sea,

Did deeds of which
This Land, though rich

In histories may boast,
And the Sage's Book and the Poet's Lay
Are full of the deeds of the Men in Gray.
No lion cleft from the rock is ours,
Such as Lucerne displays,
Our only wealth is in tears and flowers,
And words of reverend praise.
And the Roses brought to this silent Yard
Are Red and White. Behold!
They tell how wars for a kingly crown,
In the blood of England's best writ down,
Left Britain a story whose moral old
Is fit to be graven in text of gold:

The moral is, that when battles cease
The ramparts smile in the blooms of peace.
And flowers to-day were hither brought
From the gallant men who against us fought;
York and Lancaster!—Gray and Blue!
Each to itself and the other true!—

And so I say
Our Men in Gray

Have left to the South and North a tale
Which none of the glories of Earth can pale.

Norfolk has names in the sleeping host
Which fill us with mournful pride—
Taylor and Newton, we well may boast,
McPhail, and Walke, and Selden, too,
Brave as the bravest, as truest true!
And Grandy struck down ere his May became June,
A battle-flag folded away too soon,
And Williams, than whom not a man stood higher
'Mid the host of heroes baptized in fire.
And Mallory, whose sires aforetime died,
When Freedom and Danger stood side by side.
McIntosh, too, with his boarders slain,

Saunders and Jackson, the unripe grain,
And Taliaferro, stately as knight of old,
A blade of steel with a sheath of gold.
And Wright, who fell on the Crater's red sod,
Gave his life to the Cause, his soul to God.

These are random shots at the field of Fame,
But each rings out on a noble name.
Yes, names like bayonet points, when massed,
Blaze out as we gaze on the splendid past.

That past is now like an Arctic Sea
Where the living currents have ceased to run,
But over that past the fame of Lee
Shines out as the "Midnight Sun;"
And that glorious Orb, in its march sublime,
Shall gild our graves till the end of time!

The Surrender of Vicksburg—A Defence of General Pemberton.

*By MAJOR R. W. MEMMINGER, A. A. G. and Chief of Staff, Department
of Mississippi and East Louisiana.*

[Written not long after the fall of the city.]

A sufficient time has elapsed since the fall of Vicksburg for the excitement caused by that event to have somewhat subsided. The judgment of the community was passed while this excitement was at its height, and when the public was comparatively unacquainted with the facts in the case. It would seem at least fair that this judgment should withhold its fiat until the friends of Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton can be heard in his defence. The Roman citizen could appeal unto Cæsar, should justice not be meted out to him. The friends of General Pemberton appeal to the public, and only desire that a man be not condemned unheard.

In passing judgment upon Lieutenant-General Pemberton the people seem to have considered, not what he *has* done, but what he has *not* done. They say, "Why did he not provision Vicksburg," and not "Did he do everything that could be done towards that object?" The army of Lieutenant-General Pemberton, numbering some forty thousand effectives, had to contend against the armies of Grant and Banks, the smaller of which nearly equalled his entire force; the other was vastly superior—and these armies operating three hundred miles apart. In the campaign in North Mississippi, Grant was completely

out manœuvered and forced to retire to Memphis from whence he had set out ; the advance of the enemy on Vicksburg via Chickasaw Bayou, met with disastrous defeat, and the combined naval and land attack on Fort Pemberton, Tallahatchie River, was signally repulsed—all these successes are overlooked.

In October 1862, Lieutenant-General Pemberton was assigned to the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, and upon assuming command, he at once perceived the magnitude of the undertaking. The army of North Mississippi, but lately defeated at Corinth, and considerably demoralized, required a thorough re-organization. Confusion reigned equally in the Quartermaster, Commissary, Engineer and Ordnance Departments. No system of any kind prevailed, and the whole department was one Chaos.

From this disorganization, order began gradually to arise ; chiefs of the various departments were appointed, and through their untiring exertion, aided and directed by the Lieutenant-General commanding, the department was reorganized, remodelled and supplied. Any officer or soldier who served in the army of Mississippi and East Louisiana, can vouch for the truth of this speedy revolution. The duties of the department were arduous and extended, and were met with vigor and energy. Holly Springs, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, points separated by hundreds of miles, were continually visited, and the works at the two latter places were pushed forward to speedy completion. At the same time the administration of the department was by no means neglected ; and frequently the nights which might have been given to rest were devoted to the labors of the office.

When the winter season had closed in, and the enemy had begun to threaten Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the army which had hitherto served in North Mississippi was withdrawn to these points. The cavalry—five thousand strong—which had belonged to that army, was separated and sent to General Bragg. To the withdrawal of this, almost the entire cavalry force of the department, much of the subsequent disaster is to be attributed. This proceeding was contrary to the wishes and judgment of the Lieutenant-General commanding, and against his protest. General Pemberton is known to have professed himself totally unable to keep his railroad communications open, and to protect the country from inroads without the aid of a strong force of cavalry.

Grierson's Raid, which occurred in April, and closely preceeded Grant's advance upon Vicksburg, was evidently concerted for the

purpose of cutting all railroad communications, and so embarrassing the transportation of supplies. It succeeded in this object, which success is wholly attributable to the absence of a sufficient force of cavalry. To supply this deficiency, under the exigency, General Pemberton was compelled to resort to the impressment of private horses, and to mount infantry, which could ill be spared.

On the night of the 16th of April, the enemy's fleet attempted to pass the batteries at Vicksburg. Some six or seven gunboats and transports succeeded; one boat was burned, another sunk, and the remainder were forced to put back. With the number of guns and weight of metal, it was impossible to effect more damage. Vicksburg, the grand key to the Mississippi—had only twenty-eight guns, of which two were smooth-bore thirty-two-pounders, two twenty-four-pounders, one thirty-pound Parrott, one Whitworth, and one ten-inch Mortar. Compare this with the armament of Charleston Harbor: Fort Pemberton alone, on Stono River, can compete with the entire batteries of Vicksburg. Every possible exertion was made to procure more ordnance, and even guns intended for the navy were diverted for army use. But probably owing to a scarcity of guns, and the time required to transport them, no further supply could be procured, and Vicksburg repelled every assault of the vaunted ironclads, and stood a siege of forty-eight days, with an armament of *twenty-eight guns*.

After the passage of the boats alluded to, the character of the defence of Vicksburg, as expressed by General Pemberton, was changed. The enemy could operate from below. He now made a demonstration on our left flank, landing a force at Chickasaw Bayou, also a naval attack on Haines' Bluff, Yazoo River, and at the same time threw a heavy column across the Mississippi River, on the right flank at Brunisburg, below Port Gibson. To meet this column, Brigadier-General Bowen was ordered to move out from Grand Gulf, which he did, holding the enemy for some time in check near Bayou Pierre. Reinforcements were at the same time hurried forward, Major-General Loring in command. General Bowen however, being pressed by vastly superior numbers, was forced to fall back, crossing the Big Black River, after having destroyed the works at Grand Gulf.

In was now General Pemberton's intention to concentrate his troops behind the Big Black, the question of subsistence, proximity to base, and necessity of supporting Vicksburg, being the determining causes. At the same time the arrival of reinforcements was anxiously awaited.

In the meantime the enemy was heavily reinforcing, and apparently moving on Jackson.

On the 14th of May General Pemberton received instructions to move and attack the enemy towards Clinton, Mississippi. A council of war was called of the general officers, and the matter laid before them for their deliberation and opinions. The majority of those present expressed themselves in favor the movement. The minority (among whom was General Pemberton) expressed themselves averse, regarding it as too hazardous, preferring a movement by which it might be endeavored to cut off the enemy's supplies from the Mississippi, and not to move the army from its base—Vicksburg. Subsequent developments show that this policy would probably have defeated the objects of Grant's campaign. His army was furnished with only five days' rations, and, as expressed by their own officers, was in almost a starving condition; and the transportation from the Mississippi, a distance of forty miles, open to constant interruption from our forces, was precarious and almost impracticable. It was therefore essential that he should obtain a new base, which could be established only by the opening of the Yazoo river; and his policy was to bring about a battle, as the means of obtaining this end. Certainly under these circumstances, and with our known inferiority of numbers, our policy would have been to have avoided an engagement. Pursuant to instructions, however, General Pemberton moved out of Vicksburg with seventeen thousand five hundred men, and met and engaged the enemy at Baker's Creek, near Raymond. The enemy were at first repulsed; but continuing to receive heavy reinforcements, General Pemberton was overwhelmed by numbers and forced to fall back to the entrenchments on the Big Black. The enemy pushed on rapidly, and again encountered our forces behind these entrenchments, which, however, we failed to defend, and retired in rather a disorderly manner to the inner line of works around Vicksburg. The abandonment of the entrenchments on Big Black necessitated the evacuation of Haines' Bluff, the left flank of that line, thus opening the Yazoo river to the enemy's fleet, and rendering his transportation easy.

Although considerably demoralized by the defeats at Baker's Creek and Big Black, the army was now posted within the trenches around Vicksburg. At this juncture, instructions were received by General Pemberton to evacuate Vicksburg and bring out his army. A council of war of the general officers was immediately called, in which the opinion was unanimously expressed that it was impossible to with-

draw the army from its position with such *morale* and *materiel* as to be of further service to the Confederacy. While the council of war was assembled, the guns of the enemy opened on our works and Vicksburg was besieged. General Pemberton determined to hold the place, hoping that he would receive assistance in maintaining this obstruction to the enemy's free navigation of the Mississippi river.

At the time of the investment, the garrison of Vicksburg was eighteen thousand strong—scarcely sufficient to man the trenches, and affording no force for reserve. The amount of provisions on hand was estimated at forty days' rations, the full ration however being considerably reduced. General Pemberton has been censured for not provisioning Vicksburg for a *protracted* siege; and to this cause is attributed, as we think erroneously, the *fall* of that city.

Vicksburg *did* stand a protracted siege of forty-eight days. It was not provisioned for an *indefinite* siege nor could be. It has been stated that General Pemberton assumed command of this department in October, 1862; it has further been shown against what difficulties he had to contend in the organization of his department. Some time must necessarily elapse between such organization, and the time when its effects could be felt, before contracts could be made, and supplies begin to come in.

The sources from which Vicksburg could be supplied, were from the country west of the Mississippi via Red River and Big Black; from Yazoo River via Haines' Bluff (the supplies in this case consisting almost exclusively of corn, and being drawn from the section of country on Sunflower and Tallahatchie Rivers, Deer Creek, &c.) and lastly, from the interior of the State of Mississippi—in which case they must be transported over long lines of railroad. Port Hudson could be supplied only from the Mississippi River; being distant sixty miles from the nearest depot on the New Orleans and Jackson railroad.

Large standing garrisons were to be supplied at each of these points, at the one varying from ten to twenty thousand, and at the other from eight to fifteen thousand. To accumulate at these points, was evidently a difficult undertaking, considering the daily consumption to be met, and the small number of boats at Government disposal. As soon as the wet season set in, and navigations became practicable, supplies of beef cattle, bacon, corn, and salt were forwarded by Government agents purchasing in the Trans-Mississippi department. But in the midst of this occupation, early in February, the enemy's gunboats, *Queen of the West* and *Indianola*, succeeded in

passing the Vicksburg batteries, and thus prevented the safe navigation of the Mississippi. The route was re-opened by the capture of the *Indianola* and *Queen of the West*, but almost immediately reclosed by a movement of the enemy's fleet. Commodore Farragut attacked our batteries at Port Hudson; two of his vessels, the *Hartford* and *Monongahela*, succeeded in passing; the frigate *Mississippi* was burned; the *Richmond* disabled and forced to put back. Farragut immediately proceeded to blockade the mouth of Red river, as also that of Big Black. Thus ended all hopes of drawing supplies from the Trans-Mississippi Department. Some few boats subsequently succeeded in running the blockade, but such mode of supply was precarious in the extreme, and was finally destroyed by the passage of the enemy's fleet by Vicksburg.

As a source of supply, the country on Sunflower River, Deer Creek, etc., was not neglected. These streams were not navigable until later in the winter season, and operations could not be commenced so soon. Light draft boats from those above the Raft at Haines' Bluff, were fitted up and sent after corn; but the great difficulty was to obtain the corn on the banks of the river. The planters generally expressed their inability to haul to such points, being without any means of transportation. Hence very little of the grain in those fertile sections was available to the army. Any one acquainted with the Mississippi bottom lands can vouch for the difficulty—almost impracticability—of transportation during the winter season. But even these operations were frustrated by the passage of the enemy through Yazoo Pass, their descent upon Fort Pemberton, Tallahatchie river, and their naval raids through the numerous bayous which ramify this portion of Mississippi. Previous to this interruption, the grain intended for Vicksburg was unloaded at Haines' Bluff, eleven miles distant, this being rendered necessary by the raft at that point, which was intended to obstruct the passage of the enemy's fleet by our batteries. Furthermore, the mouth of the Yazoo river was closely blockaded by the enemy's fleet, and here again the difficulty of transportation over impracticable roads presented itself. The transportation of a single eight or ten-inch Columbiad from Vicksburg to Haines' Bluff—eleven miles—was a matter of two weeks. Nevertheless corn, and a considerable supply, was hauled over this road.

Lastly, as to drawing supplies from the interior of the State, every means was taken to accomplish this object. All exportation of supplies from the department was prohibited. Depots were established, and agents dispatched in all directions. Supplies were forwarded to

Vicksburg, and even Port Hudson, as rapidly as they could be accumulated. The necessity for constantly moving troops to various parts of the department, as they might be threatened, was a serious inconvenience, and impeded the transportation of supplies. That portion of the Southern railroad between Jackson and Vicksburg was in a miserable and even dangerous condition. Accidents occurred almost daily, engines being broken up, and there being a lamentable scarcity of any species of cars. This, the great thoroughfare to Vicksburg, was entirely out of repair and almost impassable. The obstruction offered to transportation by such a thoroughfare can easily be imagined. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Vicksburg was sufficiently provisioned to hold out for forty days, and Port Hudson sustained a siege of seven weeks.

As above stated, the effective garrison of Vicksburg numbered eighteen thousand. This small force, directed by the untiring vigilance of the Lieutenant-General commanding, and defended by his engineering skill, were enabled to repel the repeated assaults of an enemy flushed with success and numbering, at the lowest estimate, some sixty thousand men. All confess that the defence of Vicksburg was resolute and gallant. Soon after the investment Grant attempted to carry the place by two general assaults, apparently bringing his whole army to the attack. His columns, hurled upon the resolute garrison, were as often hurled back with heavy loss, and leaving five stands of colors in our hands, and the field for miles strewn with his dead, he was compelled to fall back and sit down to a formal investment of the place.

During the siege, the engineering skill of the commander and his fertility and expedients, were conspicuously displayed. Works which under the unceasing and concentrated fire of hundreds of guns were demolished, reappeared in improved forms which could be suggested only by consummate ingenuity. Works built to withstand guns used in ordinary warfare, were found wholly inadequate to resist the heavy metal of the enemy, and subjected to incessant and galling fire of musketry, the artillery could with difficulty be worked. Here it was particularly that the ingenuity of the Commanding General was exhibited. The position of the pieces was constantly changing; embankments disappeared under the fire of the enemy's guns, but the artillery would still be found in position, and stronger than before. No difficulty could occur for which an expedient was not at hand.

But energy and ingenuity although tending to postpone, could

not prevent the fall of Vicksburg. At the beginning of the siege, it was understood and confidently expected that a force from without would relieve the garrison; and this hope sustained the soldiery and the Commanding General during the protracted struggle. But this hope, continually deferred, and finally abandoned, resolved the matter into a question of time and honor. Honor was considered to have been sufficiently vindicated. The time it was considered had come. The soldiers who for forty-eight days and nights, vigilant and undaunted, had watched and fought in the trenches, were worn out. A general assault of the besieging army was confidently anticipated on the 4th of July, and it was improbable that the garrison, exhausted by fatigues, and diminished to fifteen thousand, would be able to withstand this overwhelming assault. The lines of the enemy at some points, were within a few yards of our own; their mines sapped our works at numerous points, and were supposed to be only awaiting springing. Attempts to countermine were made, but of course not always successfully, and in one of these endeavors, the enemy sprung a mine loaded with a ton of powder, blowing up eighty of our men, some of whom were then engaged in the work. Believing themselves to be undermined, the men were becoming restive in the trenches. Provisions also were at a low ebb; it would have been impossible under any circumstances to hold out much longer; and should the place be carried by assault, no terms could be expected, and all the horrors of a sacked city were to be anticipated. The only alternative was to cut through the enemy's lines, or to capitulate. There being no hope of relief, a council of war of the General officers was called, and this alternative presented. It was the opinion of the majority, that it was physically impossible for the men to cut through the enemy's lines and carry the works obstructing their exit—works known to be as formidable as our own. The minority (among whom was the Lieutenant General commanding,) were of a contrary opinion, and advocated an attempt to cut their way out. The opinion of the majority prevailed, the Commanding General yielding to their discretion; and preparations for the negotiation of terms were entered upon—with what success is before the public.

After the surrender, the Lieutenant-General commanding remained with his army, attending to their wants; and shared with them the hardships of the march to Enterprise, where the army of Vicksburg was dissolved on parole.

Such, in the humble opinion of the undersigned, is a brief synopsis of the events, preceeding and attending the fall of Vicksburg. The

friends of Lieutenant-General Pemberton cannot see his name made a target for public odium, without doing him the justice of stating such facts as can now be made public. He did his duty manfully. Let justice be awarded.

R. W. MEMMINGER,
A. A. G., and Chief of Staff.

Artillery at the Southern Arsenals.

By CAPTAIN GRAHAM DAVES.

NEWBERN, N. C., June 15th, 1884.

To the Editor of the Southern Historical Society Papers :

SIR : Is not the publication of General Gorgas' papers on the Confederate Ordnance Department, edited by Colonel W. Allan, to be continued?

"Paper I," in the January number of the HISTORICAL PAPERS, contained so much of interest and information that many of your readers are quite impatient for the remaining numbers.

In reference to the artillery in service at the beginning of the war, General Gorgas probably did not mean to be understood quite literally, when he wrote :

"There were no batteries of serviceable field artillery at any of the Southern arsenals."

At the Fayetteville, N. C., arsenal, there was a fine battery of brass field pieces—four six-pounder guns, and two twelve-pounder howitzers, with forge and battery wagon complete. When the arsenal was surrendered to the State forces, this battery was turned over to the "Ellis Light Artillery Company," of Raleigh, first commanded by Captain S. D. Ramseur, who, as Major-General commanding division, was killed at Cedar Creek, in the Valley, in October, 1864. The battery first saw service near Norfolk and on the Peninsula, and was subsequently known as Manly's Battery (Captain B. C. Manly), of Cabell's Battalion, Army of Northern Virginia.

In time the company no doubt fell heir to twelve-pounder "Napoleons," or to rifled pieces, but guns of that kind were not much known in the early days of '61, and a company provided with a complete battery of guns of almost any calibre, with necessary appurtenances, was then thought to be very well equipped.

Respectfully,

GRAHAM DAVES.

Captain Francis Huger Harleston.

By REV. (GENERAL) ELLISON CAPERS.

[The following address was delivered at "the Citadel," Charleston, S. C., on the occasion of the unveiling of the Mural Tablet erected to the memory of *Captain Francis Huger Harleston*, and both as a tribute from a gallant soldier to one of Sumter's heroic defenders, and as the delineation of the character of a fair specimen of "the men who wore the gray," it is worthy of preservation.]

In April, 1860, seven young gentlemen graduated from this academy :

Francis Huger Harleston, A. J. Norris, A. S. Gaillard, William E. Stoney, S. S. Kirby and Frank deCaradeuc.

With high hopes and happy hearts they formed their class on commencement day for the last time, and taking their place in rear of the escort of their fellow-cadets, marched out of the archway, to the Hibernian Hall.

A brilliant audience, in fullest sympathy with the occasion, greeted the procession.

As I recall the scene to-day, though twenty-four years have passed, it seems as but yesterday !

When life is crowded with duties and cares, time is not recorded in its rapid flight, and the years come and go without our notice.

And *what* years we have known since that commencement-day ! Who of us who heard Harleston's valedictory dreamed of the future that was immediately before those young men ?

Who of us imagined that within four years *five* of the *seven* were to seal their devotion to Carolina with their heart's blood, dying as true heroes die, at the post of their duty ?

DeCaradeuc, in Virginia ; Erwin, on Sullivan's Island ; Kirby, at Rivers' Bridge, on the Saltkehatchie ; Gaillard, mortally wounded at Bentonville ; Frank Harleston, at Fort Sumter !

And if Stoney and Norris are not with their classmates to-day, in the silent bivouac of the gallant dead, it is not because they did not freely offer their lives to their country.

Graduating in April, 1860, but a few months elapsed before South Carolina called her sons to arms.

Harleston's class promptly answered the summons.

The cadets were sent to Morris' Island, and charged with the duty

of building a battery facing "ship channel," and preventing supplies and reinforcements from reaching Sumter by that route.

Obeying an impulse alike of duty and affection, Harleston went over to the island and asked his old superintendent, from whose hands he had but just received the diploma awarded to the first-honor graduate, to be allowed to take his place in the ranks of the corps he had recently commanded as Cadet Captain. A cordial greeting was given him, and Major Stevens published an order accepting his services and assigning him the post of Acting Adjutant.

Thus began the career of the young soldier, whose memory is cherished and honored by his friends to-day.

A gallant career! Begun in devotion to his friends and his State, sustained with high honor through the terrible experiences of a siege in some respects the most remarkable which military history records, and ended by an act of quiet yet sublime self-sacrifice!

"He deemed a death for honor sweet,
And so he fell."

As he lay in the fort, his comrades took from his jacket-pocket, a piece of paper, on which he had but recently written these words:

"The brave die never;
In death they but exchange their
Country's arms for *more*,
Their country's *heart*."

And if from their sacred home, beyond the clash and jar and discords of this brief life, the gallant dead see us, and know us, take my testimony to-day, my friends, when I tell you, that we, who knew and loved those men, knew full well how sweet and holy their satisfaction when they see this becoming memorial in honor of one who so well deserved his place in the affections of his friends.

Aye, more—if Harleston's unselfish spirit knows aught that we have done, how sweet the satisfaction to realize the fulfilment of his own cherished hope, and to know that here, where his character was formed, and his purpose of duty fixed! Here; where manly men and boys are preparing for life's high trusts, here in the city for whose safety he gave his life, and here, from the living offerings of his personal friends we have met to testify, that he and his brave comrades have *indeed* "exchanged their country's arms for *more*, their country's *heart*."

I rejoice in the holy impulse of affection that suggested this memo-

rial tablet to the beloved memory of Frank Harleston, and honor the friendship that consecrates it to-day.

As in life his character was an example most worthy of our imitation, so in death may this memorial in his honor teach us from its pure and chaste inscription of a duty, *yet unfulfilled*, which we owe to the dead of our Alma Mater, who with Harleston, laid down their lives, rather than neglect their *duty* to us and to the State.

The University of North Carolina has erected a Memorial Hall, and dedicated it to the memory of her sons who have died in the honorable fulfilment of their responsibilities, whatever their callings in life !

Fellow-graduates, ex-cadets, and cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy, citizens of Old Charleston, yes, Carolinians all, shall we not write *on these walls*, in Parian marble, the names of Tew, and Gendron Palmer, and Jenkins, and Charley Haskell, and Jim Nance, and McCreary, and Randall Craft, and Mason Smith, and Datterer, and the other honored names of the gallant men who died in the service of their country.

If he had been spared to his friends and his State, no one of us could take a heartier interest in the discharge of this sacred duty than the brave soldier whose name we have inscribed on this beautiful tablet.

My friends, there is a deeper lesson for us and our children in these memorials to our dead than the natural gratification of surviving friendship and love.

They bear us witness that the sons of Carolina do not blush for the history of their State !

A land without dead *heroes* is a land without aspirations and hopes !

A State without *monuments* is a State without *examples* !

History may record the failures, or the mistakes, or the unwisdom of a people, and the perusal of such chapters may *disappoint* while they *instruct* us ; but while that history inscribes the record of virtue and valor, and illustrates the power of conscientious self-sacrifice, so long as it tells the story of patience, and courage, and fortitude, and *faith* !—that history can never be the badge of a people's dishonor.

He dishonors *himself* who does not respect it, and he alone is unblessed by its *lessons* and its *examples*, who treats its memory with disregard.

The day will never come in South Carolina, my friends, when her

loyal sons will hold her traditions of honor in disesteem. The defence of Charleston, in which Captain Frank Harleston bore his faithful part, will ever be as honored and as honorable as the defense of Charleston nearly a hundred years before it. Fort Sumter is as bright a star on the shield of Carolina as the Palmetto Fort of 1776!

The names of the officers and men who for four years defended Fort Sumter against the combined and continued assaults of the army and navy of the United States will never be forgotten in South Carolina.

They will live in hallowed recollection of their splendid conduct, in admiration of their skill and courage, and in grateful memory of their self-sacrifice.

It was the lot of Harleston to give his life in illustration of the principles of *duty* that had formed the basis of his education and training.

How simple the details of a cadet's life!

How often the call to the duty of the hour!

And how deep the *lessons* are written in the *character* of those cadets, who refusing to be *driven* to their tasks, move *with spirit* and heart, at the tap of the steel, and take up the duty as an obligation too sacred to be shunned or shirked. This is my recollection of Harleston. We were fellow-cadets and friends, and I had the honor for a short time, of being his instructor; and I recall him to-day as I knew and loved him then; modest, firm, manly, gentle, intelligent, *true*!

The call of *duty* to Frank was the call of *honor*.

And, young gentlemen, the cheerful *discharge* of duty brought him deserved honor here, at the Citadel; yonder, at Fort Sumter; and wreathes his name and memory with these fresh and beautiful chaplets of flowers.

The Governor of the State gave him an appointment as First Lieutenant in the immortal First Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery, in February, 1861. In January, 1862, he was promoted Captain of Company D., and assigned to duty at Fort Sumter.

I cannot enter at this hour into a recital of the incidents of that duty. They belong to the history of the defence of Fort Sumter; a defence which has no parallel in our great struggle, and which, in some respects, has no parallel in military history. You, who did not see and know Fort Sumter before the 10th of July, 1863, can form no idea of its lofty battlements and towering walls, from the simple earth-work you see to-day!

The fort was destroyed, the guns dismounted, the barracks burned over the soldiers' heads, and, later on, the magazine exploded, the dead and wounded strewing the ground, while the heaviest artillery of the age continuously concentrated its fire against the ruin, and assault after assault attempted its capture; yet Fort Sumter never surrendered!

When, at last, after defying the army and navy of the United States for four years, and with Fort Moultrie and the forts and batteries of the harbor, and the Confederate army on the islands and the main, all the defenders of Charleston were ordered to North Carolina for the final struggle, *then*, sir, (to Major T. A. Huguenin,) did you, as the last commander of the fort, withdraw your brave comrades from that immortal post.

I can well imagine the feelings of those men as they quietly got into the boats, and, with muffled oars, rowed away to Charleston!

It was the last and the final chapter in a glorious history!

I turn back a few of the pages of that history to read you of one incident which, with hundreds like it, make it a sacred history to us. I will read you the story as it has been written by a very faithful pen.*

Your own hearts, your own sense of what is worthy in conduct, and faithful and true in courage, and hallowed and holy in self-sacrifice, will not let the lesson pass. This chaste and simple tablet will keep its memory sacred here.

The officers and cadets of his Alma Mater will never let the story be forgotten, while its lesson of unostentatious *faithfulness* and *duty* will become an inspiration to every cadet who, like Captain Harleston, answers the call of the hour with the spirit of a true and patient heart.

"On the 21st of November, 1863, Captain Harleston's last term of duty expired at Fort Sumter, and his company was relieved by another.

"Having obtained a much-desired furlough, he intended, as soon as he was released, to go up to Columbia and visit his family, who were joyfully awaiting his arrival. He had written to his mother, 'I will be with you to-night.' "

Colonel Elliott, who commanded the fort at the time, asked him to remain a few days longer, "until the dark nights were past," confiding in the vigilance and ability of Harleston.

*Memoir by Miss Claudine Rhett, in the *Southern Historical Papers*.

"He readily and cheerfully acceded to this complimentary request as he always did to the call of every duty. * * * *

"At 4 o'clock on the morning of November 24th 1863, a sentinel reported to him that the tide had washed aside some of the *chevaux-de-frise* that protected the surface of the fort from assault, and he at once proceeded to examine the condition of those defences.

"Whilst inspecting them, on the outside of Sumter, a shell burst near him, and he was terribly mangled.

"He lay there for fifteen minutes, on the wet rocks, then, finding that he did not return, they sought for him, and found him in his agony.

"He was borne into the fort that he had fought for so gallantly, and his heart's blood flowed upon her stones, consecrating them by that crimson baptism."

Four hours of intense suffering, borne in un murmuring fortitude, and the death "he deemed for honor sweet" came to his relief, and Frank Harleston's duty was done!

Friends and comrades bore his body, dressed in his uniform, to the church-yard at Stansberry, on the Cooper river, and he was laid to rest by the side of kindred dust—in the flower of his youth, the pride of his family, the brave among the bravest, the true among the truest; the gentle, the modest, the strong and faithful soldier*—one of the self-sacrificing heroes of Fort Sumter.

The Tablet was unveiled by Miss Anna Colcock and Miss Harriet Lowndes Rhett.

*NOTE.—The Tablet is of pure, white marble, chaste and beautiful in its execution, and bears this inscription:

Lauræ Parenii Coronatus.

Francis Huger Harleston, Captain of Cadets;
First Honor Graduate of the S. C. M. A., 1860;
Captain 1st Reg't S. C. Artillery, C. S. A. Regulars;
Killed on duty at Fort Sumter, Nov. 24, 1863.

Aged 24 years.

Erected by His Friends.

**Report of Major-General Fitzhugh Lee of the Operations of the Cavalry
Corps A. N. V.**

From March 28th to April 9th, 1865 (both inclusive).

RICHMOND, VA., April 22, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE :

General,—I comply with pleasure with the desire expressed by you to have a report of the last operations of the cavalry of your army, and have the honor to submit the following :

On the 28th of March my division moved from its position on the extreme left of our lines in front of Richmond, on the north side of James River, marched to Petersburg and up the Southside Railroad, reaching Sutherland Station, nineteen miles from Petersburg, on the 29th. In compliance with verbal instructions received from you, I marched the next day (30th) towards Dinwiddie C. H., *via* Five Forks, to watch and counteract the operations threatened by the massing of the Federal cavalry at Dinwiddie C. H. under Sheridan. After passing Five Forks, a portion of the enemy's cavalry were encountered with success and driven back upon their large reserves near the Courthouse. Night put an end to further operations, and my division was encamped in the vicinity of Five Forks. My loss, though slight, included Brigadier-General W. H. Payne amongst the wounded ; and the loss of the services of this bold, capable officer was severely felt in all subsequent movements. I was joined during the evening by the divisions of Major-Generals W. H. F. Lee and Rosser, and by order of the Commanding General took command of the cavalry corps.

On the 31st of March, Pickett coming up with five small brigades of infantry, we attacked the very large force of the enemy's cavalry in our front at Five Forks, killed and wounded many, captured over one hundred prisoners, and drove them to within a half-mile of Dinwiddie C. H. Munford, in command of my old division, held our lines in front of the enemy's position, whilst the remaining two divisions of cavalry, preceding the infantry, moved by a concealed wooded road to turn and attack their flank. A short stream, strongly defended at its crossing, presented an unexpected obstacle to the sudden attack contemplated. It was finally carried, however, with loss in W. H. F. Lee's and Rosser's divisions. Munford, attacking about the same time, also successfully carried the temporary works

thrown up in his front, and by a gallant advance again united his command with the other division. Darkness put an end to our further advance. Amongst the wounded were numbered Major-Gen. Rosser, slightly, Captain Dawson, my very efficient and gallant Chief of Ordnance, severely, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fields, Third Virginia Cavalry. Lieutenant Croxton, Fourth Virginia, was killed, and a number of others whose names I have not been able to obtain.

Our position in the vicinity of Dinwiddie C. H. brought us in rear of the left of the infantry confronting the right of our line of battle at Burgess' Mill, and ascertaining during the night that that force, consisting of the Fifth Corps, had about-faced and was marching to the support of Sheridan and his discomfited cavalry, which would have brought them directly upon our left flank, at daylight on the 1st we commenced moving back to our former position at Five Forks, where Pickett placed his infantry in line of battle. W. H. F. Lee was on his right, one regiment of Munford's command on his left, uniting with the pickets of General Robert's command, who filled the gap between our position and the right of our main army, then at Burgess' Mill. Rosser was placed just in rear of the centre as a reserve, Hatcher's Run intervening between him and our line.

Everything continued quiet until about 3 P. M. when reports reached me of a large body of infantry marching around and menacing our left flank. I ordered Munford to go in person, ascertain the exact condition of affairs, hold his command in readiness, and, if necessary, order it up at once. He soon sent for it, and it reached its position just in time to receive the attack. A division of two small brigades of cavalry was not able long to withstand the attack of a Federal corps of infantry, and that force soon crushed in Pickett's left flank, swept it away, and before Rosser could cross Hatcher's Run, the position at the Fords was seized and held, and an advance towards the railroad made. It was repulsed by Rosser. Pickett was driven rapidly towards the prolongation of the right of his line of battle by the combined attack of this infantry corps and Sheridan's cavalry, making a total of over twenty-six thousand men, to which he was opposed with seven thousand men of all arms. Our forces were driven back some miles, the retreat degenerating into a rout, being followed up principally by the cavalry, whilst the infantry corps held the position our troops were first driven from, threatening an advance upon the railroad, and paralyzing the force of reserve cavalry by necessitating its being stationary in an interposing position to check or retard such an advance. The disastrous halt was made at Five Forks, upon the day

of our retrograde movement from Dinwiddie C. H., on account of the importance of the location as a point of observation to watch and develop movements, then evidently in contemplation for an attack on our left flank, or upon our line of railroad communication ; the importance of preserving which intact could not be overestimated. It was thought Pickett's infantry and my cavalry could successfully contend against the superior numbers of the enemy's cavalry (and which the fighting the day before amply verified), and should their infantry be withdrawn from the position of their lines contiguous to our operations, a corresponding force of our own would have thus been made available, and could be used to restore the status ; the distance from Burgess' Mill, the terminus respectively of the right and left of the two lines of battle, being short from Five Forks, with a plain road joining the two.

I remained in position on Hatcher's Run near Five Forks during the night, and was joined by the cavalry which was driven back the previous afternoon, and by Lieutenant-General Anderson with Wise's and Gracie's brigades, who leaving the position at Burgess' Mill, had marched by a circuitous route to our relief. Had he advanced up the direct road, it would have brought him on the flank and rear of the infantry forming the enemy's right, which attacked our left at Five Forks, and probably changed the result of the unequal contest. Whilst Anderson was marching up, the Fifth Corps was marching back, and was enabled to participate in the attack upon our lines the next day. Whilst the services of the *three* infantry brigades (which General Anderson reinforced us by, too late for use), and the five with Pickett, by their absence, increased the disparity between the contending forces upon the next day for the possession of the lines circumvallating Petersburg.

On April 3d, General Anderson learning that the enemy had been successful in penetrating our lines, and that our army was withdrawing from the vicinity of Richmond and Petersburg, commenced moving back on the Namozine and Tabernacle road towards Amelia C. H. I followed, protecting his rear, and skirmishing with the enemy's advance until Amelia C. H. was reached on the 5th inst. At Deep Creek, *en route*, the command was placed in line of battle to take advantage of the defensive position offered, and to give a check to the enemy's rapid advance. Wise's and Hunton's brigades constituted a part of the rear-guard at that time. The attack was not made upon us until after dark, and was principally sustained by Munford's command, of my old division, with a steadiness reflecting high credit

upon the valor and discipline of his men. Owing to the fact that General Heth's troops were expected to arrive by the road by which the enemy advanced, they were permitted to approach very close to our lines, and it was not until Lieutenant-Colonel Strother, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, was sent to reconnoitre, that it was ascertained who they were; he having walked into their line of skirmishers, which were so near to ours that the questions asked him were distinctly heard by our troops. At another of the temporary halts upon this march to check the enemy in the vicinity of Namozine Church, that very excellent North Carolina brigade of W. H. F. Lee's division suffered severely. The troops had been placed in motion again to resume the march. This brigade was the rear of the column, and I was obliged to retain it in position to prevent the enemy from attacking the remainder of the command. Whilst getting in motion, their rapidly arriving forces soon augmented the troops it was so gallantly holding in check, and produced a concentration impossible for it to resist. Its commander, Brigadier-General Barringer, was captured whilst in the steady discharge of his duties, and his loss was keenly felt by the command. I also had the great misfortune to be deprived of the services of my most efficient and untiring Adjutant-General, Major J. Dugin Fergusson, who was captured about the same time, and whose assistance, always important, was especially desirable at this time.

Reporting to the Commanding General at Amelia C. H. on the 5th, I was ordered to move with my command on the Paynesville road to protect the wagon-train, a portion of which was reported to have been attacked by some of the enemy's cavalry. W. H. F. Lee was detached and sent in advance of Longstreet, who was moving from the Court House towards Jetersville. I found the enemy had attacked and burned a portion of the cavalry train, including my own headquarter wagons, and had retreated again towards Jetersville. I started at once in pursuit, and soon closed up on Gary with his brigade, who had been previously dispatched in that direction and was engaging their rear near Paynesville. Reinforcing him, the enemy were rapidly driven within a mile of Jetersville, where their infantry were formed in large force. (A dispatch captured that night showed General Grant to be there in person.) The pursuit was discontinued, and the command placed in camp at Amelia Springs. In this encounter thirty of the enemy were killed, principally with the sabre, and one hundred and fifty wounded and captured. The attack was made with Rosser's division mounted, supported by a

portion of my old division dismounted. The gallantry of Brigadier-General Dearing in leading the charge of his command was here very conspicuous. Our loss was not very heavy, and I can only recall in the connection the mortally wounding of two of my bravest and best young officers, Captain Hugh McGuire, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, and Captain James Rutherford, A. I. G., General Dearing's staff. The portion of the enemy's cavalry engaged in this raid had preceded the column which had been marching on our left flank, and had reached Jetersville on the Danville Railroad before Longstreet arrived in that vicinity. Their cavalry crossed the railroad and swept around on the north of our right marching flank, and hence came upon the wagon train. During the night, at Amelia Springs, Longstreet's corps, deflected from its original line of march by the occupation of Jetersville and Burkesville by the enemy, passed by. The Commanding General arrived also, and I received from him orders to march at daylight after General Longstreet. The main body of the enemy's cavalry had ceased to follow our rear after our approach to Amelia C. H., and was moving on a parallel route upon our left marching flank.

The next morning (6th of April) I started the main portion of my command under Rosser (the senior officer present), and remained, in compliance with instructions, to explain in person to the first infantry officer who came up the situation of things, and to urge the importance of his keeping a sharp watch upon his left flank, as it was feared by the Commanding General the enemy might tap the marching column coming down from the Amelia Springs and Jetersville road. I then rode on to rejoin the greater part of my command *en route* towards Rice's Station, but was stopped after crossing Sailor's creek by the interposition of the enemy's cavalry, who, coming from their position on the railroad in the vicinity of Jetersville, had seized the road upon which we were marching, after the rear of Longstreet had passed along and previous to the arrival of the head of Ewell's command. I was detained there some time, hoping an attack would be made to reopen the way. The infantry were formed in line of battle at right angles to the road, and facing the direction in which they were marching. An attack commenced, but was stopped, though the enemy were being rapidly driven from our front. In the meantime the enemy made his appearance in the rear of Ewell's column, necessitating the formation of another line of battle on Sailor's creek, the direction *from* which they had marched. The line of battle thus originally formed faced in opposite directions, and remained quietly

in position until the Federal infantry reinforced their large force of cavalry and with it had almost entirely surrounded them. Though portions of this force, particularly the command of General G. W. C. Lee, fought with a gallantry never surpassed, their defeat and surrender were inevitable, after the dispositions of the enemy to effect it. I am clearly of the opinion (and I only express it because I was a witness of all that happened until just previous to the surrender) that had the troops been rapidly massed when their march was first interrupted they could have cleared the way and been able to fall into line of battle on Longstreet's left, who was taking position at Rice's Station, some few miles ahead. Or had the heads of the column been turned obliquely off in a westerly direction, more towards the road Gordon and the wagons were moving upon, an *echelon* formation adopted, the nature of the ground, wooded and much broken, would have kept the cavalry from harassing them sufficiently to retard their progress until the arrival of their infantry. I rode out by that way with my staff and a few men just previous to Ewell's surrender, and found it so feasible that I immediately sent a staff officer back to Generals Ewell and Anderson to reiterate to them my convictions, previously expressed, and now so much strengthened by my own experience. The halt, allowing time for the accumulation of the enemy's troops, proved fatal. General Rosser, in command of his own, and my old division, under Munford, proceeded to Rice's Station, on the Southside road, where, learning that a force had been detached from the Federal left, confronting Longstreet at that point, to open on his rear, moved at once to counteract their purpose. The enemy were overtaken and attacked on the road towards and in the vicinity of High Bridge. After a sharp encounter they were defeated, our forces capturing some 780 prisoners and killing and wounding a large number, including amongst the killed their commander, Brigadier-General Read, Chief of Staff to General Ord, commanding Army of the James, whose body fell into our hands. The enemy's force proved to be a picket body of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, which, placed under this staff officer, had for its object the destruction of the High Bridge over the Appomattox, in our rear. The success was indeed dearly bought; for the lives of Brigadier-General Dearing, of Rosser's division; Colonel Boston, Fifth Virginia cavalry, commanding Payne's brigade of my old division, and Major James W. Thomson, Stuart's horse artillery, and Rosser's chief in that arm, were lost in attaining it. The splendid gallantry of these three officers had been tested on many fields, and their conspicuous valor

was universally known. The genial and dashing Thomson was killed leading cavalry, his guns not being present.

On the night of the 6th the position at Rice's Station was abandoned, and I moved in rear of Longstreet, crossing the Appomattox a little above Farmville. Fighting took place between my rear and the enemy's advance in the vicinity and in the streets of Farmville, it being found necessary to retard their progress to give time for the passage of the river by our troops. On the 7th a portion of the enemy's cavalry, having crossed the river again, made an attack upon the wagon train moving upon our line of march. They were met by Munford in front, whilst Rosser attacked their flank, and were driven back with considerable loss, including amongst the captured their Commanding General, Irvin Gregg. Our position was held near this point of attack until 12 P. M., when the march was resumed towards Appomattox Courthouse. The cavalry followed in the rear of Longstreet's corps, and maintained that order of march throughout the 8th, followed by a portion of the Federal infantry. Their cavalry and the remainder of their infantry pursued the line of railroad from Farmville to Appomattox Station.

During the evening of the 8th I received orders to move the cavalry corps to the front, and to report in person to the Commanding General. Upon arriving at his headquarters I found General Longstreet there, and we were soon after joined by General Gordon. The condition of our situation was explained by the Commanding General to us as the commanders of his three corps, and the correspondence between General Grant and himself, as far as it had then progressed, was laid before us. It was decided that I should attack the enemy's cavalry at daylight, then reported as obstructing our further march. Gordon was to support me, and in case nothing but cavalry were discovered, we were to clear it from our route and open a way for our remaining troops; but in case they were supported by heavy bodies of infantry, the Commanding General should be at once notified, in order that a flag of truce should be sent to accede to the only alternative left us. The enemy were enabled to take position across our line of march by moving up from Appomattox Station, which they reached earlier than our main advance, in consequence of our march being retarded by our wagon trains. At daybreak on the 9th, Gordon's command, numbering about 1,600 muskets, was formed in line of battle half mile west of Appomattox Courthouse, on the Lynchburg road. The cavalry corps was formed on his

right, W. H. F. Lee's division being nearest the infantry, Rosser's in the centre, and Munford's on the extreme right, making a mounted force of about 2,400 men. Our attack was made about sunrise, and the enemy's cavalry quickly driven out of the way with a loss of two guns and a number of prisoners. The arrival at this time of two corps of their infantry necessitated the retiring of our lines ; during which, and knowing what would be the result, I withdrew the cavalry, W. H. F. Lee retiring towards our rear, and Rosser and Munford out towards Lynchburg, having cleared that road of the enemy.

Upon hearing that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered, the men were generally dispersed and rode off to their homes, subject to reassembling for a continuation of the struggle. I rode out in person with a portion of W. H. F. Lee's division, the nearest to me at that time, and previous to the negotiations between the commanders of the two armies. It will be recalled that my action was in accordance with the views I had expressed in the council the night before, that if a surrender was compelled the next day I would try and extricate the cavalry, provided it could be done without compromising the action of the Commanding General, but that I would not avail myself of a cessation of hostilities pending the existence of a flag of truce. I had an understanding with General Gordon that he should communicate to you the information of the presence of the enemy's infantry upon the road in our front. Apart from the fond though forlorn *hope* that future operations were still in store for the cavalry, I was desirous that they should not be included in the capitulations, because the ownership of their horses was vested in themselves, and I deemed it doubtful that terms would be offered allowing such ownership to continue. A few days convinced me of the impracticability of longer entertaining such hopes, and I rode into the Federal lines and accepted for myself the terms offered the officers of the Army of Northern Virginia ; my cavalry are being paroled at the nearest places for such purposes in their counties.

The burning by the enemy of all my retained reports, records and data of every kind, near Painesville, in Amelia County, which were in one of the wagons destroyed, and my inability to get reports from my officers, is my apology for the rendition of a report incomplete in many, though I think minor, details. I particularly regret not being able to do justice, in this the only way I can, to the many acts of gallantry performed by officers and men upon the memorable retreat ; but such conduct is usually derived from the reports of subor-

dinate officers, the absence of which will explain it. I testify, however, to the general conduct of my officers and men as highly creditable to themselves upon every occasion which called forth its display. They fought every day from the 29th of March to the 9th of April, both inclusive, with a valor as steady as of yore, and whose brightness was not dimmed by the increasing clouds of adversity. I desire to call attention to the marked and excellent behavior of Generals W. H. F. Lee, Rosser and Munford, commanding divisions. The former was detached from the main command, being the senior division-commander, whenever it became necessary for a force to operate separately, and I hope has made a report direct to the Commanding General. He surrendered with the army at Apomattox C. H. The other two succeeded in getting out, and immediately made arrangements to continue the struggle until the capitulation of General Johnson's army brought the convincing proof that a further resistance was useless. The notice of the Commanding General is also directed to Brigadier-Generals Henry A. Wise and Eppa Hunton, commanding infantry brigades, and who were more or less under my command until Amelia Courthouse was reached. The disheartening surrounding influences had no effect upon them; they kept their duty plainly in view, and they fully performed it. The past services of General Henry A. Wise, his antecedents in civil life, and his age, caused his bearing upon this most trying retreat to shine conspicuously forth. His unconquerable spirit was filled with as much earnestness and zeal in April, 1865, as when he first took up arms, four years ago; and the freedom with which he exposed a long life laden with honors proved he was willing to sacrifice it if it would conduce towards attaining the liberty of his country. Brigadier-General Munford, commanding my division, mentions most favorably Colonel W. A. Morgan, First Virginia cavalry; Colonel W. B. Wooldridge, Fourth Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel Cary Breckinridge, Second Virginia (a brother of the gallant Captain James Breckinridge, of the same regiment, who was killed at Five Forks, as was not previously mentioned); Lieutenant-Colonels Old, Fourth Virginia, and Irving, First Virginia, all of Munford's old brigade; Captain Henry Lee, A. A. G.; Lieutenant Abram Warwick, A. D. C.; Lieutenant Mortimer Rogers, Ordnance Officer; and Sergeant-Major L. Griffin, Second Virginia cavalry.

I cannot close this, my last official report, without commending for their valuable services the following officers of my staff not pre-

viously mentioned, and who at the last moment were found doing their duty on the fated field of Appomattox: Majors Mason and Treaner, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-Generals; Major W. B. Warwick, Chief Commissary; Dr. A. C. Randolph, Chief Surgeon; Major Breathed, Chief of Artillery; Major G. M. Ryalls, formerly of General Stuart's staff; and Captain Lewellyn Saunderson, who, having just arrived from his native country, Ireland, joined me previous to the fall of Petersburg, and remained with me to the last. The proverbial intrepidity of the dashing Mason and reckless Breathed upon every battle-field of the war that the Army of Northern Virginia contended for is too well known for me to do more than refer to. Major Warwick, apart from his onerous duties, rendered services on many fields, his cool courage causing him often to be employed in duties not immediately pertaining to his office. I deeply regret being obliged to mention the dangerous wounding of my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Charles Minnigerode, Jr. One of the last minie-balls that whistled on its cruel errand over the field of Appomattox passed entirely through the upper part of his body. He fell at my side, where for three long years he had discharged his duties with an affectionate fidelity never exceeded, a courage never surpassed. Wonderfully passing unharmed through the many battles fought by the two principal armies in this State (for an impetuous spirit often carried him where the fire was hottest), he was left at last, writhing in his great pain, to the mercy of the victors upon the field of our last struggle. The rapidly-advancing lines of the enemy prevented his removal, and as we turned away, the wet eyes and sorrowing hearts silently told that one was no longer in our midst. Lieutenant Minnigerode combined the qualities of an aid-de-camp to a general-officer in a remarkable degree. His personal services to me will forever be prized and remembered, whilst his intelligence, amiability and brightness of disposition rendered him an object of endearment to all.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

FITZHUGH LEE,
Maj.-Gen. Com'g Cav.

Louisiana's Vote of Thanks to Virginia.

[We have received the following, and take great pleasure in preserving in our records this tribute of Louisiana to the "Old Dominion."']

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, RICHMOND, June 20th, 1884.

Dr. J. William Jones, Editor, &c., Southern Historical Magazine, Richmond, Va.:

Dear Sir,—I have received from Mr. John M. Sandidge, Esq., of New Orleans, a copy of resolutions of thanks from the Legislature of Louisiana to the people of Virginia, a copy of which I send you, thinking they may prove of interest to the many readers of the *Historical Magazine*.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM E. CAMERON,

No. 73.

[A Copy.]

JOINT RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS TO THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.

WHEREAS, The people of Virginia have on all occasions manifested marked kindness and devoted attention to the sick and wounded soldiers from Louisiana placed among them by the vicissitudes of war, and whereas these kindnesses have ever prompted and received the grateful and hearty thanks of every citizen of this State: Therefore,

1. *Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened,* That the cordial thanks of the State of Louisiana are due and are hereby tendered to the people of Virginia for the unwearying kindness and devoted attention which they have ever bestowed upon the sick and wounded soldiers of this State, and that these generous deeds will ever be cherished by our people with sentiments of profound gratitude, and the remembrance of them be an additional tie to unite more indissolubly the two States in a cause and Confederacy endeared by their common sacrifices and consecrated by their commingled blood.

2. *Be it further resolved, &c.,* That the renown achieved by the sons of Virginia in this war, her firmness amid her arduous trials, her

unfaltering devotion to the great cause of liberty and independence, and the uniform kindness and sympathy shown by her people to the soldiers of her sister States, entitle her to the approbation of "Mother of Warriors" as of "States and Statesmen," illustrate her characteristic fidelity to principle, and embellish anew her proverbial reputation for hospitality.

3. *Be it further resolved, &c.*, That his Excellency, the Governor, be, and he is hereby, requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the Governor of Virginia, to be by him communicated to the citizens of that State in such manner as he may deem appropriate.

[Signed] J. B. ELAM,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

[Signed] B. W. PEARCE,
Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate.

Approved February 4, 1865.

[Signed] HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor of the State of Louisiana.

A true copy:

[Signed] G. D. HARDY, *Secretary of State.*

General Bragg and the Chickamauga Campaign—A Reply to General Martin.

By CAPTAIN W. M. POLK.

The recent publication of Major Sykes' papers on the army of Tennessee, and of the replies that have been called forth, furnishes an opportunity to settle some of the disputed matters appertaining to the campaigns and battles of that army.

There are a number about which there is much conflict of statement—too many, in fact, to be grouped in one enquiry. I shall, therefore, as a commencement, select one of sufficient interest to call forth comment, and I hope discussion.

I will go back to the number of your journal published April and May, 1883. In that issue is an article from General Will. T. Martin, of Miss., headed "A Defence of General Bragg's Conduct at Chickamauga." On page 202 he says: "There are many living officers and men who know how little blame should have attached to him (General Bragg) for Hindman's palpable disobedience of orders in McLemore' Cove,

and General Polk's failure to attack Crittenden's corps in its isolated position immediately after Hindman's fiasco."

Of Hindman's failure I know nothing save what is to be found in the official reports. Hindman, although commanding one of the divisions in General Polk's corps, having been assigned to it just before the campaign, was, with his division, on September 9th, detached from Polk's corps in order that he might make the movement into McLemore's Cove, under the direct supervision of army headquarters, it being understood that General Bragg was then quite partial to him.

The order detaching him was this :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
GORDON'S MILLS, *Sept. 9th, 1863.*

GENERAL: Orders have been given to Major-General Hindman detaching him from your corps. He is directed to move at once.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

KINLOCK FALCONER, *A. A. G.*

Lieutenant-General Polk.

This placed him outside General Polk's jurisdiction for that movement; consequently I do not now ask for any discussion of the McLemore's Cove affair. What I wish to bring out is the history of what General Martin—and General Bragg before him—calls General Polk's failure to attack Crittenden immediately after Hindman's fiasco.

I fully understand that General Martin has but one object in view, viz., the defence of a man that he believes has been misrepresented. He believes that General Polk, and not General Bragg, was responsible for the failure to crush Crittenden; else he would not say that there are many living officers and men who know how little blame should attach to General Bragg for the failure in that emergency.

It is in the same spirit that I now seek the fullest information. If General Polk was to blame, neither he nor any friend of his would wish the responsibility to rest upon another; and in like manner I am sure General Bragg's memory will be best served by resting upon him such responsibilities as a candid enquiry may show to belong to him.

In order to aid in the solution of the question, I shall tell the story from my point of view.

By mid-day, September 11th, 1863, General Bragg knew that Hindman's movement against Thomas in McLemore's Cove had

failed. He then had his forces disposed as follows: Hindman's and Walker's divisions, with Buckner's corps and Cleburn's division of Hill's corps—five divisions in all, some 25,000 men—were in McLemore's Cove. Polk, with Cheatham's division—some 7,000 more—was at Anderson's house, four miles south of Gordon's Mills, while Breckenridge's division was at Lafayette, some twelve or more miles to the south again of Gordon's Mills. The relation of the three corps of the enemy to the position of Bragg's force, in the Cove and at Anderson's, was then as follows:

McCook was far away to the south of Lafayette, near Alpine, and Thomas to the west, well out of reach on the top of Lookout Mountain, while Crittenden, completely isolated, was to the east and north, near Ringgold and Gordon's Mills. Two of Crittenden's divisions—Vance and Palmer—camped at Ringgold that night; the remaining division—Wood's—camped the same night at Gordon's Mills, west of the Chickamauga. Crittenden's entire force, including Wilder's mounted infantry, was some 16,000 men, less by 15,000 than the force of Confederates that lay between him and the remainder of the Federal army. To secure him it was necessary for General Bragg, *immediately* after Hindman's failure, only to face about and march towards him.

If one did not refer to the map, in reading General Bragg's official report (page 55, vol. II, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS), he would infer that this was the movement next attempted; for, after speaking of the failure in the Cove, he says: "Our movement having failed in its justly anticipated results, it was determined to turn upon the third corps of the enemy, approaching us from the direction of Chattanooga. *The forces were accordingly withdrawn to Lafayette*, and Polk's and Walker's corps were moved immediately in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills." In other words, the withdrawal to Lafayette was a necessary part of the movement of Polk and Walker in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills. This is clearly the interpretation to be put upon General Bragg's statement—the one he intended.

If the extract is a full statement of General Bragg's designs immediately after Hindman's failure, a glance at any good map of the State of Georgia will show how much useless marching was done by the forces that he wished to use against Crittenden.

Polk lay at Anderson's, four miles from the Mills; Hindman and Walker were in McLemore's Cove. Polk was marched to Lafayette and then marched back to his original position. Hindman and

Walker, instead of moving down the Chickamauga Valley towards Crittenden's position, at Ringgold and the Mills, moved to Lafayette, and then from Lafayette in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills.

We may get a fair idea of this manœuvre by likening the position to a triangle—A, B, C. The enemy is just without the limits of the triangle near B. Our forces being at A, and near B, we move all to C, and then move them to B. The distance from the Confederate position in the Cove to the Mills was about equal to that from Lafayette to the Mills, while the distance from the Cove to Lafayette was somewhat less. All the roads were good and open, having been traversed but the day before by various portions of General Bragg's army.

This concentration at Lafayette, being then a movement away from Crittenden rather than towards him, it is impossible to accept it as a part of a movement upon that corps of the Federal army. The key to it will be found in the following dispatch to Hindman. (See General Bragg's official report):

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
LAFAYETTE, GA., 12 P. M., September 10, 1863.

Major-General Hindman, Commanding:

GENERAL: Headquarters are here, and the following is the information:

Crittenden's corps is advancing on us from Chatanooga. *A large force from the south has advanced to within seven miles of this point.* Polk is left at Anderson's to cover your rear. General Bragg orders you to attack and force your way through the enemy to this point at the earliest hour you can see him in the morning. Cleburn will attack in front the moment your guns are heard.

I am, General, etc.,

GEO. W. BRENT, *A. A. Gen'l.*

The force seven miles to the south of Lafayette was the cause of the concentration at that point; and as every one on the ground knew, this concentration was not a part of the movement on Crittenden.

This dispatch, together with the extract from General Bragg's report, already given, shows that not only after, but even before Hindman's failure, the Confederate commander had very good knowledge of his enemy's whereabouts. Standing in McLemore's Cove, he

knew, and his splendid army of not less than thirty-five thousand men knew, that he held the central position, and that the disjointed corps of the enemy lay around so widely separated that they could render one another no assistance.

A blow had been aimed at Thomas, and although it failed, it sent him up the mountain still further away from his companion corps.

McCook and Crittenden remained. It was for General Bragg to elect which he would strike.

There was scarcely a man in that army of Confederates, having knowledge of the affair, who doubted the direction of the blow. The force seven miles to the south of Lafayette might or might not be McCook's corps. If it were, but little was to be gained by marching towards it, especially as the proximity to the range of Lookout Mountain was such that it could easily escape, as Thomas had just done. But there lay Crittenden well out in the plain, isolated, at our mercy. A march of twelve or fifteen miles at furthest would secure him. With this corps crushed we were free to march through Chatanooga, around the head of Lookout Mountain, and arrange matters with Thomas and McCook as they should attempt to pass northward. No serious opposition could have been offered to this movement by Steedman's force, as it was yet near Bridgeport. It was a mighty opportunity.

The Confederate commander turned towards McCook. He concentrated at Fayette. This, as was expected by many, was a fruitless effort; for McCook was far away at Alpine; and the enemy, seven miles off, who had been the cause of our march, proved to be merely a small reconnoitering force. Then it was that the Confederate commander turned his attention to Crittenden. But it was the twelfth, and twenty-four hours had been lost—twenty-four as precious hours as were ever wasted. Instead of having his army across Crittenden's path, General Bragg had it at Lafayette. Thus was sacrificed not only the ground between Crittenden and Thomas, but the only position the Confederate army ever held commanding Crittenden's sole line of retreat—that by way of Chatanooga.

Crittenden now covered his line of retreat; but as he was still separated from Thomas, the prompt marching of the Confederate army to Lee and Gordon's Mills would have engaged and perhaps have captured him.

This brings us to the movement entrusted to General Polk, the movement that General Martin terms "General Polk's failure to attack Crittenden's corps in its isolated position immediately after

Hindman's fiasco." The movement that General Bragg intimates he made "*immediately*" after the failure in the Cove.

The first positive step towards it was the following order :

HEADQUARTERS, LAFAYETTE, GA.,
September 12, 1 A. M.

GENERAL: The General commanding directs that you will at once proceed with Cheatham's division and take position at Rock Spring. You will order forward also the rest of your corps as soon as practicable.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. WM. BRENT.

If we look a short distance to the southeast of Lee and Gordon's Mills, we will find Rock Spring. It is about four miles southeast of the Mills, about twelve north of Lafayette, and about seven southwest of Ringgold. It marks the intersection of roads leading from Gordon's Mills on the west, Peavine Church and Greysville on the north, and Ringgold on the east; a line drawn from Ringgold to the Mills passes a few miles to the north of it; and it will be noticed that the Chickamauga flows between it and the Mills.

To reach it from Lafayette General Polk had to pass over the road he had marched the evening before.

Cheatham's division, first in motion, reached the position by evening. Walker's demi-corps (four brigades) followed promptly; arrived about dark. Hindman, allowed to rest at Lafayette till 9 or 10 P. M. by General Bragg, reached the line about daylight.* Having

*HEADQUARTERS A. T. IN THE FIELD,
LAFAYETTE, *September 12, 1863, 8 1-2 P. M.*

GENERAL: In reply to your communication of this date, in regard to the moving your command, the General commanding directs me to say that he regards your march this evening as of the first importance. He desires that you will move up promptly, and report to Lieutenant-General Polk.

I am, General, your obedient servant,
GEO. WM. BRENT.

To Major-General Hindman.

[Endorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS HINDMAN'S DIVISION,
Sept. 12, 1863, 9:45 P. M.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the Lieutenant-General commanding the corps. In reply to a communication from General Mac-kall, enquiring as to the time my command would move, I stated that the hour originally designated was at dark this evening, but that subsequently,

shown the position to which General Bragg ordered General Polk, and the steps taken to occupy it, we now reproduce General Bragg's orders to attack:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
LAFAYETTE, GA., 6 P. M., *September 12.*

Lieutenant-General Polk:

GENERAL: I enclose you a dispatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed, and the others are yours. We can then turn on the force in the Cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilder so as to cover your right. I shall be delighted to hear of your success.

Very truly yours,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
LAFAYETTE, GA., 6 P. M., *Sept. 12th, 1863.*

Lieutenant-General Polk, Commanding Corps:

GENERAL: I enclose you a dispatch marked "A," and I now give you the orders of the Commanding General—viz: to attack at day-dawn to-morrow the infantry column reported in said dispatch, at three-quarters of a mile beyond Peavine Church, on the road to Graysville, from Lafayette.

I am, General, etc.,

GEO. W. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
LAFAYETTE, GA., *Sept. 12th, 1863.*

Lieutenant-General Polk, Commanding Corps:

GENERAL: The enemy is approaching from the south, and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost.

I am, General, etc.,

GEO. W. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant General.

at my urgent request, the order to march was suspended until daylight to-morrow. The within order was received at 9:05 P. M. My command will be ready to move at 10 P. M. I respectfully request that a staff-officer from corps headquarters may meet me at the head of my column, to designate to me the place where my command is to be camped.

T. C. HINDMAN, *Maj.-Gen'l Command'g.*

In full reliance upon the information furnished from army headquarters, and by the cavalry that had been operating against Crittenden during the day, General Polk, at 8 P. M., wrote General Bragg of his disposition, and suggested, in order to make the expected attack overwhelming, that Buckner's corps be moved in supporting distance, the dispatch ending thus :

"The enemy is moving with steady step upon my position, it is a strong one, and will no doubt attack early in the morning. My troops I cannot get into position in time to attack myself at so early as day-dawn. *If I find he is not going to attack me, I will attack him without delay.*"

At day-dawn the Confederate cavalry were pushed out to develop the enemy, but none could be found. At 8:30 A. M., a brigade from each division was moved forward on each of the three roads, and still none could be found.

Then came the following dispatch from General Pegram :

HEADQUARTERS 12 MILES FROM LAFAYETTE,
ALA. ROAD, *Sept. 13th, 8:30 A. M.*

GENERAL: My scouts from Ringgold have returned ; no enemy there, and I believe no enemy in the valley. I shall move up at once with my effective force to the road leading from this road, westwardly to Leet's tan-yard, where I had the first skirmish yesterday.

Respectfully, etc.,

JOHN PEGRAM,
Brigadier General.

To General Cheatham and General Armstrong.

Continued search served only to confirm General Pegram's opinion. Excepting the outposts in front of Lee and Gordon's Mills, there was no enemy east of the Chickamauga. Crittenden had crossed the river the day before, and was at Lee and Gordon's Mills. While this search for the enemy was going on, General Bragg arrived on the ground. General Polk explained the situation to him, and expressed the belief that from the Commanding General down all had been deceived. There had been no enemy to the front of Rock Spring since dark, the day before (the 12th). The reports of the immediate and threatening presence of the enemy delivered to General Polk on his arrival at Rock Spring the evening before had been founded upon Wilder's fierce and persistent assault on Pegram at Leet's tan-yard that afternoon, and upon a forced reconnoissance

made about the same time by one of Wood's brigades from the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills. By noon of this day (13th), or soon after, any doubts that may have existed in the minds of the Confederate commanders as to Crittenden's real position were cleared away. He was found at Gordon's Mills to the west of the Chickamauga; Buckner, who, at General Polk's suggestion, had been moved up to support the expected attack, was then near by. This gave General Polk a force of 26,000 men with which to advance upon his enemy; an enemy but four miles away, still isolated, and numbering but sixteen (16,000) thousand. To complete the object of Polk's march to Rock Spring it was necessary for General Bragg only to order him to cross the Chickamauga and attack Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's Mills. But General Bragg declined to order the movement. The force to the south of Lafayette—a force that then had no bearing on the situation in front of Rock Spring, for it was hastily retracing its steps to join Thomas, then on the top and sides of Lookout Mountain awaiting its arrival—was still the disturbing element. Polk was therefore ordered to hold his position at Rock Spring, Buckner was ordered back to Lafayette, and the Commanding General departed for the same place later that afternoon. Thus ended General Bragg's sole effort to attack and destroy Crittenden's corps.

That the effort was a failure every man in that army knew, but who was to blame? At the interview at Rock Spring, General Bragg, though expressing great disappointment, had not a word of censure to offer. Later, reports began to circulate through the army that he blamed General Polk, and when his official report appeared there was no longer a doubt as to his position. He threw the blame on Polk. It was never communicated to General Polk officially, and the report he never saw.

General Martin, in common with General Bragg's friends, accepts General Bragg's version, and in more than one history of this campaign, notably "*Cists' Army of the Cumberland*," a like view is expressed.

We have endeavored to meet the issue with all candor, but our story is not complete till we offer side by side the account of General Bragg and that of General Crittenden.

We give all in the reports that relates to the movement of the two forces during the period that covers General Polk's responsibility; we ask the reader carefully to compare the extracts with what we have written and at the risk of repetition we beg to restate General Polk's orders. They were to take position at Rock Spring on the night of

the 12th and to attack on the Peavine Church on Greysville road on the morning of the 13th. He had no orders to find and attack Crittenden on the 12th, nor, when found at Lee and Gordon's Mills on the 13th, was he ordered to cross the Chickamauga and attack him there.

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL BRAGG'S
REPORT.

Our movement having thus failed in its justly anticipated results, it was determined to turn upon the Third corps of the enemy, approaching us from the direction of Chattanooga. The forces were accordingly withdrawn to Lafayette, and Polk's and Walker's corps were moved immediately in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills. The one corps of the enemy in this direction was known to be divided—one division having been sent to Ringgold. Upon learning the dispositions of the enemy from our cavalry commander in that direction on the afternoon of the twelfth, Lieutenant-General Polk, commanding the advance forces, was directed in the following note:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
Lafayette, Ga., 6 P. M., Sept. 12.

Lieutenant General Polk:

General,—I enclose you a dispatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed, and the others are yours. We can then turn on the force in the cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilder so as to cover your right. I shall be delighted to hear of your success.

Very truly yours,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

To attack at daylight on the 13th. Upon further information, the order was renewed in two notes, at later hours of the same day, as follows:

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL CRITTEN-
DEN'S REPORT.

September 11, at 1 A. M.—The General commanding feeling uncertain about the position and strength of the enemy in our front, ordered me to proceed to the front at once. Was misled by the guide and did not reach my command until six A. M.; and two of my orderlies on duty with Captain McCook in search of me, thinking I had taken the wrong road, were captured, he narrowly escaping. Early in the morning, Colonel Harker, with his brigade, was moved back to Rossville, and by night made a reconnoissance up the Rossville road, as far as Gordon's Mills, driving squads of the enemy before him. At half-past two P. M., gave General Wood his orders through one of my staff, who received them in person from Department Headquarters to move his other brigade at once to Gordon's Mills to support Colonel Harker, and at five P. M. my staff officer reported to me at Ringgold. My entire Second and Third divisions were then at Ringgold. General Hazen, with his brigade, having crossed the river yesterday, rejoined his division (Palmer's) to-day. Colonel Deck, with Second brigade, Van Cleve's division, (left at McMinnville to guard stores,) rejoined his command on the ninth. Your instructions received at this time, and dated a quarter-past nine A. M., were to move with the balance of my corps on the Chickamauga and Pea Vine Valley roads, keeping in view two

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
Lafayette, Ga., 6 P. M., Sept. 12,
1863.

Lieutenant-General Polk, Commanding Corps:

General,—I enclose you a dispatch marked "A," and I now give you the orders of the commanding General, viz: to attack at day-dawn to-morrow the infantry column reported in said dispatch, at three quarters of a mile beyond Peavine Church, on the road to Graysville from Lafayette.

I am, General, etc.,

GEORGE W. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
Lafayette, Ga., Sept. 12, 1863.

Lieut-General Polk, Commanding Corps:

General.—The enemy is approaching from the South, and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost.

I am, General, etc.,

GEORGE W. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

At eleven P. M., a dispatch was received from the General stating that he had taken a strong position for defence, and requesting that he should be heavily reinforced. He was promptly ordered not to defer his attack, his force being already numerically superior to the enemy, and was reminded that his success depended upon the promptness and rapidity of his movements. He was further informed that Buckner's corps would be moved within supporting distance the next morning.

Early on the thirteenth I proceeded to the front, ahead of Buckner's command, to find that no advance had been made on the enemy, and that

objects: First to support General Thomas, in case the enemy is in force in the vicinity of Lafayette; or second, to move eastward and southward toward Rome, in case he has continued his retreat. Other verbal instructions received by my staff-officer urged upon me the importance of keeping my separate divisions in supporting distance of one another. At half-past eight A. M. I received your dispatch of half-past three P. M., informing me that the enemy was in heavy force in the valley of Chattanooga, and instructing me to move my whole force across by the most available route, and as quickly as possible, to the Rossville and Lafayette road, to some defensible point between Gordon's Mills and Shield's House, and to close Wood up with me or myself to him. I at once called my general officers together, and after a long consultation and diligent inquiry of citizens as to the nature of the roads and country, gave orders to move the command in the direction ordered at five in the morning.

September 12.

Sent word early this morning to Colonel Wilder, who was in the advance and near Tunnel Hill, to return to Ringgold with his command, and to follow on my line of march, covering my left flank. He moved promptly and met me at Ringgold, and reported that the enemy was in force in his front last night, and that he learned from deserters that Forrest was to leave to-day to flank and cut off this command, and Wharton in an opposite direction to the same purpose. General Van Cleve with the train, moved to Pecker's and met no enemy; General Palmer to Gilbert's, where he met some squads of the enemy, and skirmished with

his forces had formed a junction and recrossed the Chickamauga. Again disappointed, immediate measures were taken to place our trains and limited supplies in safe positions, when all our forces were concentrated along the Chickamauga, threatening the enemy in front.

him. After opening communication with General Van Cleve and General Wood, moved the whole command to Gordon's Mills, Colonel Wilder also coming in after night, having had a severe skirmish during the day near Leet's tan yard, and losing thirty men killed and wounded.

September 13.

In the morning, the Fourth United States cavalry, six hundred and fifty strong, reported to me for duty. The three divisions were put into position for defence.

General Croft and Colonel Wilder sent out to reconnoitre on the left, the Fourth cavalry on the right, to McLeMore's Cove, and General Van Cleve to the front and centre on Lafayette road. The latter only found the enemy (cavalry with artillery), who retired skirmishing a distance of three miles, when the brigade was halted, and soon after returned to camp.

From this it is plain that when General Bragg, at 6 o'clock, September 12th, was writing his order to Polk to attack Crittenden on the east of the Chickamauga on the Greysville road, Crittenden was west of the Chickamauga, at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and it is also evident that the General commanding the Confederate army, ordered his subordinate to make an attack in a direction in which there was no enemy, and then held him responsible and even blamed him for failing to find and engage an enemy in a position to which he had been ordered and in which there was none.

The questions suggested by this study are: when General Bragg saw that he had failed to strike Thomas, why did he turn on McCook, miles away to the south, and neglect Crittenden, who lay close by and in his power? when he did turn on Crittenden, why did he send Polk to attack him to the east of the Chickamauga, when he lay to the west? Why did he not attack on the 13th, 14th and 15th?

This, Mr. Editor, is my version of this portion of the Chickamauga campaign. If I am in error I wish to be put right, for I have no desire to do General Bragg injustice. But if I am right, you and your

readers must see that the statement that General Polk was responsible for General Bragg's failure to crush Crittenden, is in every particular incorrect.

Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

ADVANCE INTO KENTUCKY.

August 13, 1862.—General Preston Smith's brigade left Knoxville at 5 o'clock this morning. We marched thirteen miles and halted for the night at 2 o'clock P. M. We rested about one hour during the march. The heat was intense and the dust almost suffocating. Harry Cowperthwaite, of the Maynards, was overcome by the intense heat and fainted under the scorching rays of the noonday sun. My knapsack was a heavy burden, but the anticipation of clean clothes helped me to endure the extra weight. Many of the boys left their knapsacks at Knoxville and will probably never see them again. The baggage of the officers is limited and my chess-board was left behind in Major Dawson's box. General Preston Smith has ordered brigade guard to-night and I am the unfortunate individual that represents the "Maynard Rifles" in that grand farce. But the drum beats and the guard must obey.

August 14.—Another day of intense suffering. Marched thirteen miles. Left camp at 3 o'clock this morning and crossed Clinch river at Clinton at 8 o'clock. The country through which we have passed to-day is thoroughly Union in sentiment, it being a rare exception to meet a good Southern man. The inhabitants are very poor and illiterate and it is not surprising that they have imbibed the principles of that precious pair of traitors, Andy Johnson and Horace Maynard.

August 15.—The troops have suffered terribly to-day. A heavy shower of rain fell last night, and blankets and knapsacks were thoroughly soaked. My tremendous load worried me considerably and it was hard to keep up with the regiment. We marched through the little village of Jacksboro this morning, where only two families of Southern principles reside. Here we heard the first cheer for Jeff. Davis, and saw the first white handkerchief waved since we left Knoxville. The face of the country is rugged and broken and we frequently have long ridges to climb, over rough, rocky roads; but the water is excellent and abundant, and the scenery grand and beau-

tiful. In the distance can be seen the blue peaks of the Cumberland Mountains kissing the skies, while the intervening valleys are covered over with grassy meadows and ripening grain. We camp to-night near the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, one mile from Big Creek Gap and forty miles from Knoxville. A general inspection of arms this evening causes some speculation as to the proximity of the enemy. The object of our movement is not known in the ranks, but we know that we are moving in the direction of the Yankees and can conjecture pretty well as to what is expected of us. When "Reb" meets "Yank" then comes the tug of war. In the morning we expect to pass through the gap and may look out for some sharp shooting. I must pray for grace to meet any emergency.

August 16.—The troops have stood the march well to-day. We all left our knapsacks this morning so as to be unencumbered with baggage in case of a fight. We have marched sixteen miles and are encamped a few miles from Wilson's Gap, which we will probably pass through to-night. The country through which we have marched to-day is wealthier and more refined than any portion of East Tennessee that we have yet seen, and the friends of the Southern cause increase proportionately with the intelligence and cultivation of the people.

Sunday, August 17.—A long, long, weary day. We were aroused from our slumbers last night at 12 o'clock, and resuming our march crossed the Cumberland Mountains by moonlight. As we slowly ascended the mountain with drooping eye-lids and weary limbs, some timorous mortal gave the alarm, and for a few moments there was considerable confusion in the ranks, but order was soon restored and the line of grey moved on without further incident, reaching the foot of the mountain on the Kentucky side just as the first grey streaks of morning appeared in the East. On we marched "o'er hill and dale" until 8 o'clock, when we rested about two hours. We then fell into line and continued our march all the live-long day, bivouac-ing at sunset. Our cavalry had a skirmish with the enemy this evening and brought in nine live Yankees with their horses. We may have some fighting to-morrow as the blue-coats have made their appearance. We have marched twenty-six miles to-day through a wild and desolate region. The inhabitants of this mountain wilderness are wrapped in profound ignorance. Some of them do not know in what year they live and are under the impression that Andrew Jackson is President of the United States.

August 18.—Barboursville, Ky. After marching since 2 o'clock

this morning, and crossing a mountain before daylight, we find ourselves invading the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky. We have marched twenty miles to-day, and the troops are worn out with the extraordinary exertions of the past two days; but a detail has been ordered for picket duty, and, alas, for my hopes of a good night's rest—my name is among the unfortunates. But we are in the face of the enemy and must guard against a night surprise. I feel unequal to the duty, but others are as tired as I am and the wants of nature must yield to the safety of the camp. The detail from our regiment is sixty men. We expected to meet with some resistance at this place, but the Yankees fled before our approach, in great haste, leaving their tents standing, several wagons, a fine ambulance (which they will need), cooking utensils, beds, and a large quantity of commissary stores, on which we regaled ourselves with thanks to the "blue coats" for their hospitable entertainment. It far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, but not our necessities, as some of the boys had been out of provisions for two days. I ate and gave away my last biscuit this morning. We halted at 12 o'clock on the banks of the Cumberland River for dinner, but alas, every haversack was empty. Fortunately there was a corn-field near at hand, which supplied us with an ear of corn each, and with one biscuit, which Captain Cole kindly gave me, I managed to stop the clamoring of my most unreasonable stomach. After dinner we crossed the Cumberland River and moving forward rapidly, occupied this place without opposition. We were received with no demonstrations of joy; on the contrary, the good people look sad and downcast, and I feel as if we were really in the enemy's country.

August 19.—Picket guard was relieved this morning, and I have spent the day bathing in the Cumberland River, walking about the town, and sleeping. Had no dinner, save one solitary cracker and a piece of ham left from breakfast. We have captured several fine wagons and teams to-day and some prisoners. It is the general impression in camp that we will either move on to Lexington from here or surround Cumberland Gap and compel the capitulation of the Federal General Morgan. It is said that we are waiting for Marshall and Heth.

August 20.—Spent the morning reading Northern papers kindly left by the Yankees in camp for our entertainment. I fear that we have taxed their hospitality too heavily, as the commissary stores have fallen short. No rations issued, and we have subsisted to-day on green corn and apples. We need a more substantial diet, but as

we have no base of supplies we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions. We have entered the borders of the land that flows with "milk and honey" and can live for a few days on the anticipation of the coming feast.

August 21.—The One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment moved out five miles this morning. The supposed object of the expedition is to drive up beeves, though some are of opinion that we are in search of "bushwackers." The last supposition seems to be the most probable one from the fact that soon after leaving camp we were ordered to load, and a company was thrown forward as skirmishers and ordered to scour the woods and mountain sides. But this may have only been a precautionary measure. One of Captain DeGraffenreid's men was shot in the arm. At the report of the rifle some of the boys took to the trees and prepared to fight bushwackers in Indian style, but order was soon restored and we moved forward and halted for the night on the side of a mountain, where beef was issued and broiled on sticks.

August 22.—Returned to Barboursville this morning. Breakfasted on beef, *a la solitaire*. About 11 o'clock Colonel Fitzgerald halted the regiment by the side of a cornfield and we were turned in to graze like a herd of cattle. We roasted several ears of corn, rested an hour or so and then marched into Barboursville with flying colors. Another one of Captain DeGraffenreid's men was shot on picket last night. The result of our expedition is two men wounded. Beef and bushwackers were scarce. Sixty wagon loads of captured provisions came in this evening, including flour, bacon, coffee, &c. The Yankees are overwhelming us with kindness, and their hospitality seems to know no bounds. One day's rations of flour was issued to the hungry "Rebs," and biscuit are again in sight. We expect to march on Manchester to-morrow, twenty-four miles distant.

August 23.—Marched fourteen miles and halted at sunset. We have no base of supplies and are dependent upon the forced hospitality of the Yankees and the produce of the country. Ten days' rations of salt were issued before we left Barboursville. My baggage consists of my gun and accoutrements, blanket, canteen, and two haversacks, one for salt and the other for my Bible, note-book, and chess-men. There is a grim significance in the ten days' ration of salt. It evidently means that we are expected to whip the Yankees within that time and draw rations from the Federal Government; or it may be that we are expected to salt the carcasses of those who fall in the wilderness before we get to the promised land. We have had

a hard time marching to-day through a drenching rain and over muddy, slippery roads. The eager soldiers seemed to take about as many steps backward as forward, and the wonder is that we made any progress at all, but in the afternoon the rain ceased to fall, the sun broke through the clouds, and our struggling column of grey moved cheerily forward in the direction of the commissary department. Coffee and bacon were issued.

Sunday, August 24.—Manchester. We reached this place about noon and captured a large stock of crackers, cheese, tobacco, candy, &c., which had been left for our bodily comfort by the thoughtful Federals. As we advance into Kentucky we meet with more sympathy and the Southern sentiment begins to be more strongly developed. The dreaded bushwackers fired into the ranks of the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth this morning, but fortunately no harm was done, and we moved on with closed ranks.

August 25.—Left Manchester at 2 o'clock P. M. and marched nine miles. Bought flour enough for two days' rations for the "mess." Cheese and cakes are now being issued, and we will reap some of the fruits of our bloodless victory at Manchester.

August 26.—We halt to-night three miles from London, and seventy miles from Lexington. Marched nineteen miles. The weather is intensely hot, and the roads very dusty. We have now penetrated almost into the heart of Kentucky, and have met with no organized opposition. We are supported by the Federal Government, as we have drawn no rations from the Confederate commissary since we entered Kentucky. Salt is plentiful, and the troops are in splendid condition.

August 27.—We sleep to-night within three feet of Rock Castle river. Left London early this morning, and marched thirteen miles. Halted at noon. Bathed in the river, and as my knapsack had just come up, I rigged out in clean clothes, a luxury to which I have been quite a stranger for some weeks. And now let the pestilent "camp followers" depart for a season. We will cross the river in the morning and advance on Richmond, where we will probably meet the enemy and fight for rations. Our very existence depends on our success in the approaching struggle, and we cannot afford to be defeated.

August 29.—Rested all day yesterday, and left camp at 5 o'clock P. M. Marched fifteen miles, and halted at midnight. I was well-nigh exhausted, and had I given way to the feeling of fatigue, would have broken down. Slept soundly until early this morning, when we

fell into line and marched twelve miles. The cavalry in our front had been fighting all day, and intelligence has just been received that General Cleburne has attacked the enemy. We are holding ourselves in readiness to reinforce the gallant Irishman. I feel confident of the result in the impending battle, and firmly believe that we will be in Richmond to-morrow, living on the fat of the land. But some of us will pay the price of victory with our life's blood. May God give us the victory and have mercy upon the souls that are about to be suddenly ushered into the presence of their Maker. The troops are in splendid fighting trim, and victory seems to be a foregone conclusion. But we must not be over-confident, but remembering that he that putteth on the harness should not boast as he that taketh it off, look to Divine power for succor in the day of battle.

A Florida Boy's Experience in Prison and in Escaping.

By HENRY G. DAMON.

On the 19th of June, 1864, I became an inmate of Rock Island prison, having been captured June 12th, at Cynthiana, in the last battle fought by Morgan on Kentucky soil—a battle that crowned with disaster a raid which, up to that time, had succeeded beyond every anticipation. We were so completely outnumbered, that it was hardly a battle. The enemy approached us in front, and flanked us right and left. In a few minutes the fight became a rout, and our men were flying in every direction. About two hundred and fifty were captured, a few of whom were taken to Camp Chase, some to Camp Morton, and the remainder to Rock Island.

Rock Island prison, located on an island in the Mississippi, between the towns of Davenport, Iowa, and Rock Island, Illinois, was perhaps the strongest prison in the West. It was a large, rectangular pen, covering about twenty-five acres, and containing one hundred and twenty barracks, each having berths for one hundred and twenty men. A fence twelve feet high surrounded the prison yard. Inside and fifteen feet from the fence was a ditch from three to ten feet deep, dug down to solid rock, to prevent prisoners from tunneling. The ditch was the dead line. We were commanded not to get in it, or cross it, on penalty of being shot. Guards paced the fence at short intervals, and overlooked the prison yard. For further security, the yard was illuminated every night by large kerosene lamps with reflectors, which were placed against the fence.

These precautions made escape so hazardous that an attempt was seldom made, and very few of those who tried succeeded. The favorite method for a time was tunnelling, but after the ditch was dug, efforts in that direction ceased. Bribery opened the gates to a few who were so fortunate as to have money, and the shrewdness to use it rightly. Plans of escape were continually formed, but none would bear the test of an attempt, and so as day after day passed by, the stern conviction forced itself upon each one of the new comers that they would have to remain there until the war ended—the old prisoners had already resigned themselves to that prospect.

Three months of prison life satisfied me that I could not stand a winter there. I was only a boy of eighteen. A month's sickness had reduced me almost to a skeleton. My weight was probably not more than ninety pounds. There was no prospect of gaining strength, for the scanty rations barely sustained life; did not for a moment satisfy the cravings of hunger. A pone of bread so small that it could be squeezed into a pint cup, and a piece of beef three inches long and one inch thick, constituted the daily ration; occasionally, but not oftener than three times a week, a pint of soup was added. We were always as hungry as ravenous wolves. There was such a craving for food that we would eat the young hickory-nuts growing in the yard—hull, shell, and all. After my recovery from sickness, I was hungry every moment I was in prison, and thousands of men were there who had been in that condition over twelve months. It is terrible to have a continual, unappeased craving for food. No one knows what suffering it is, save those who have experienced it.

My constant thought was how to escape. Tunneling was out of the question, and no other plan seemed feasible. One evening a few of us were walking in the prison-yard, and stopped near the ditch, opposite the large gate constituting the main entrance. For some reason, which we never pondered, the sentinels on that side of the fence were not so numerous as elsewhere. There were only six on the whole side—three on each side of the gate, and the two nearest the gate had beats fully one hundred feet long. Observing that while walking their beats they at one time had their backs turned to each other, with quite a long distance between them, one of our crowd, Buck Alexander, one of Morgan's most gallant soldiers, exclaimed: "There's a good chance to get to the fence, and I believe I will try it." My heart sank when he uttered the last words, for nothing seemed easier, and I knew that not more than one could make the venture. The next day nothing was said about it. The day after I

asked Buck if he was still in the notion of going to the fence. He answered, "No." I resolved then to try it. That evening, September 19th, at dusk, and before the bugler had sounded the signal for prisoners to retire to their quarters, a few friends, with myself, leisurely sauntered about the yard, and finally stopped near the ditch, opposite the gate. As soon as the sentinels opposite had their backs turned—one going up, the other down the fence—I jumped into the ditch. I did not then attempt to go further, but, closely hugging the opposite bank, dug holes for my hands and feet, so when the time came there would be no delay in getting out. Presently "Annie Laurie" was whistled. It was the signal agreed upon. By it I knew that the sentinels were relatively in the same positions. Without hesitating a moment, I clambered out of the ditch and ran to the fence. A friendly wheelbarrow was near, which I had calculated on making use of. To my consternation, it was so low I could barely lie flat under it. It was impossible to stay under it and work. However, I placed it against the fence, and then commenced with a case-knife to dig. When the sentinel above approached (I could plainly hear every step), I crawled under the wheelbarrow. It did not afford much protection, only covering my body. He or any sentinel up or down the fence could easily have seen me, for I was not more than fifteen feet from a lamp that shed the brightness of day all around.

At 8 o'clock the bugle warned prisoners to their barracks, and my work had just fairly begun. The friend who made the signal was to follow me, but after the bugle sounded I knew there was no chance for him. The prisoners retired to their quarters, and soon no sound was to be heard except the tread of the sentinels above.

It did not take me long to dig the hole; a very small one was sufficient. In a few minutes it was completed, and I squeezed through. The danger outside was as great as that I had already encountered. True, I was beneath the platform on which the sentinels walked, but the guard-house was just in front; a large lamp was burning near it; the fence was whitewashed, and a soldier was walking by, not more than ten feet away. I laid still until he passed, and then, as fast as possible, crawled down the fence. There was no sense in trying to creep where there was so much light. Soon I came to a large bush, behind which I hid. At 9 o'clock tattoo was beat. The soldiers retired to their quarters; the last straggler soon passed by, and silence reigned supreme.

The next difficulty was to get away from the fence. I crawled further, until I came to a point beneath two sentinels, who were con-

versing. I knew they would not stay together long. Presently they separated. When a short distance apart, I stepped out. The noise of the stones crunching under my feet was heard by one, who stopped, looked at me, and took his gun from his shoulder. My heart beat a reveille. It seemed as if my hopes were to be frustrated in the very moment of success. However, I kept evenly on, occasionally glancing over my left shoulder at the sentinel. He seemed to change his mind, replaced his gun, and resumed his walk. A half-hour's walk brought me to the river, on the eastern shore of the island. Pulling off my clothes and tying them in a bundle, I started in, expecting to have to swim; but fortunately the river was not deep, and I waded across. Having gained the other shore, I started up the railroad for Chicago. By morning the first station, a distance of twelve miles, was reached. I concealed myself during the day in some high bushes on the prairie, and at night walked into the station. A freight train was about to start. As it moved off I climbed up between two box-cars, and the next morning was in Chicago.

Before leaving the prison a comrade told me to go to Mrs. Morris for help if I succeeded in reaching Chicago. The address he gave me was incorrect, but by the merest accident I found her. I shall never forget her kind, sympathizing face as I told my tale. A nobler woman never lived, and hundreds of Dixie boys whom she assisted, and whose wants she relieved, will ever hold her in grateful remembrance. She gave me money, and advised me to go to Marshall, Ill., where I would find Captain Castleman, to whose company I belonged, and other Confederate soldiers, most of whom also belonged to Morgan's command. I left Chicago that evening, arriving the next day at Marshall, where, to my surprise, I found, comfortably established at the leading hotel, several of my comrades from whom I had parted at Cythiana.

I do not know whether or not the history of the part played by the Confederate soldiers in Illinois and southern Indiana, in the summer and fall of 1864, has ever been written. Strange as it may appear, some of our men were to be found in several towns, mingling freely with the people, to a large number of whom their purposes were known. Under the directions of Castleman and Hines (the latter a member of Morgan's staff), they were quietly organizing the disaffected element into a force with which they expected to pounce upon Chicago or Indianapolis, or perhaps both, release the Confederate prisoners, and then, joined by a volunteer force from Kentucky, make such a demonstration as would cause Thomas to retreat

from Nashville. Whether or not their plans were well laid, it is impossible to say. Treachery in the camp and the arrest of Castleman prevented their trial. His arrest was a pure accident. On the 29th of September, having to attend an organization at Evansville, Indiana, he left Marshal, accompanied by Lieutenant Munford, an officer of a Tennessee regiment, and myself. At Sullivan, a little town on the Wabash, we saw a great many excited people. They eyed us suspiciously, and finally arrested us. We then learned that a band of scoundrels had for some months been stealing horses and committing other depredations in that vicinity. The officers of the law were supposed to be in league with them. The citizens finally organized a vigilance committee, and arrested every suspicious character. We happened along, and they arrested us. An examination of Castleman's valise, which contained some of his correspondence, soon convinced them that we were more dangerous characters than horse thieves. Soldiers were telegraphed for, and that night found us quartered under a strong guard at Indianapolis. Before we left Sullivan, and once afterwards, Castleman could easily have escaped, but not being able to get Munford and myself off with him, chose to stay and share our confinement. In the course of the next three weeks the authorities discovered who Castleman was, and ferreted out some of his projects. He and Munford were accordingly kept in close confinement, and I being merely an escaped prisoner and not of any importance, was placed with the common herd in Camp Morton.

The general plan of camp Morton was the same as that of Rock Island. It was not near so neat however, nor were the accommodations as good. The barracks were very large, each being made to contain five hundred men, and were without floors. My recollection is that they had no doors, but I am not certain on that point. They were undoubtedly however, well ventilated, the cracks in the walls being plentiful and conveniently arranged to let in the winter blasts. There were twelve barracks; the prison being made to contain six thousand men. The rations were as scanty as at Rock Island, and the prisoners were as emaciated, gaunt, and hungry as those I had left.

As soon as I had become accustomed to my new quarters, and had answered the many questions that my old comrades (for many of Morgan's men were there) propounded, I took a tour of observation for the purpose of discovering what vulnerable points, if any, there were. The prison did not seem to be so well guarded as Rock Island, and I soon came to a spot where it seemed to me I could dig

under. I communicated my hopes to one of my messmates, Dave ———, I forget his last name, but he was a gallant boy, and the first dark night we made the attempt. It was unsuccessful. We were caught, our hands tied behind us, the rope attached to a lamp post, so the sentinel on the fence in the rear could have us in full view, and we were ordered to mark time. It was 9 o'clock when our monotonous tramp began. We heard the sentinels call every hour that night, and when the sun rose, we were still at our unceasing task. At nine in the morning, the adjutant of the prison guard, Davidson, a man whose memory will be held infamous by every prisoner whose misfortune it was to be confined in Camp Morton, came out to amuse himself by taunting us and making sport of our misery. This odious, despicable wretch was of the sort that power develops into Neros and Caligulas. He loved cruelty for its own sake. The moaning of a tortured victim was music to his ear. For the slightest offence he had prisoners tied up by the thumbs (one poor fellow was tied eleven hours, and not cut down until he fainted). I was told that the preceding winter, when half-frozen prisoners sometimes huddled together for increased warmth, he would rush upon the crowd, with some of his guard, and beat them with clubs, pretending to believe that they were plotting to escape. Many bruised and broken limbs testified to these outrages.

At 12 o'clock, after fifteen hours of punishment, he untied us. We were ready to drop from exhaustion. I could hardly bring my arms back to their natural position, they were so numb and swollen. Marking time was a terrible punishment, but it was nothing compared to the excruciating agony caused by having our hands tied so long behind us. My comrade was sent back to his quarters, but I was carried to a guard-house outside, and the corporal in charge instructed to keep me in solitary confinement and feed me on bread and water. Being a humane man, he disobeyed instructions, and my fare was better than at any time during my stay in prison.

Thursday, two weeks afterward, Davidson came and marched me back to the prison-yard, remarking as he parted from me at the gate, "I don't think you will try to escape again, if you do, look out!" The next Monday evening (November 14th), as I was sitting in my bunk, getting ready for bed, one of the men came in and said: "Damon, I just saw a crowd with ladders going across the yard towards No. 4, I reckon they are going to make a charge." Instantly I jumped to the ground, and calling out, "Come on, boys," started to

the door. I stopped when I got there, and turned around. Not a man had stirred. "Are you not coming?" said I. Some one answered: "No use! It's been tried before! You will all get killed." There was no time to waste in trying to persuade them. I turned and ran towards No. 4.

No. 4 was a large barrack on the north side of the prison, about ten feet from the ditch. The crowd, as if to nerve themselves for their desperate effort, had made a temporary halt behind it. There seemed to be about sixty men. A few in front, with ladders in their hands, were crying out, "Come on, boys!" but holding back, whilst those behind, in most determined tones, yelled, "Go ahead, boys!" It was natural for the front rank to hesitate. They were to catch the fire, and it seemed certain death to the foremost. All this I took in before I got there. I said to myself, "They only want some one to lead them, and I will do it." That honor, however, was not reserved for me. I was within ten steps of the front, when the whole crowd, as if actuated by one impulse, rushed forward. Into the ditch we went, regardless of the volley fired at us, and up on the other side. There, planting our ladders against the fence, we almost flew over. After firing one volley, which seemed to miss us all, as no one fell, the guard scattered. When the foremost man reached the top only one sentinel was left, and he appeared to be too frightened to run. The whole prisonful could have gone out at that gap.

Outside we all scattered. A corn-field was to be traversed, and beyond that was timber. On reaching it I turned obliquely to the left, ran in that direction a few minutes, then made another left turn, and soon came to a road some distance west from the prison. Following this, a few minutes's walk carried me into Indianapolis, and then I felt safe. I was now south of the prison. The pursuit would naturally be on the north side. I had no fear of being arrested. I wore a nice citizen's suit generously given me by a comrade in Marshall. Moreover, I was small for my age, and could easily have passed for a boy of fifteen. No one would have suspected me of being an escaped prisoner.

All that night and the next day I walked on the railroad leading to Terre Haute. My destination was Marshall, Ill., ninety miles west from Indianapolis, where I arrived Thursday night. The Confederate boys were all gone. A traitor had betrayed their councils. Some had been arrested; the rest were scattered. A kind family of Southern sympathizers kept me with them two weeks, and then gave me money to carry me to Boone county, Ky. There I found a

squad, who, under Captain Wainwright, one of Duke's recruiting officers, were about to start for West Virginia. I joined them. Christmas week we crossed the line, and early in January I was with my brigade.

HENRY G. DAMON.

Corsicana, Texas.

Military Operations of General Beauregard.

By COLONEL ALFRED ROMAN.

A Review by Judge Charles Gayarré.

PAPER NO. I.

When the Confederacy of the United States of America, formed in 1787, was disrupted, in 1861, by the "Secession" of their Southern associates, and when an armed conflict between the two dissevered factions was anticipated, when these apprehensions were confirmed by the attack of the Southern Confederacy on Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, it was evident to the most superficial observer that the contest, if earnestly entered into, and if prolonged to a considerable extent, would be very unequal between the parties. On one side—that of the Northern and Western States—there remained in all its strength a well-organized government with immense resources and with wheels accustomed to their functions—a regular army, a regular navy, manufactures of all sorts, accumulated wealth, a compact population, an unlimited credit, a commercial power felt and extended all over the world, and, besides, an able and indefatigable press, which, with its thousand organs, could create, manipulate and utilize a public opinion in all those mighty seats of civilization whose influence, sympathy and tacit or expressed approbation or blame are not to be disdained. It was a self-sufficient being who could exist *per se*.

On the other side—that of the Southern States—the seceding ones, suddenly coagulating into an embryo government, there were none of the resources which we have mentioned. The population was much inferior in number, purely agricultural, scattered over a vast territory, with no capital, no manufactures, no ships, no materials whatever of war, and no production even of those simple and common implements with which it followed, with an unchangeable tenacity of habit, its few industrial pursuits, among which, first in rank as

to its importance, was the ploughing by the farmers of their rich soil, whose chief staple was cotton, which they exchanged annually for the satisfaction of all their wants. Clearly, such a being, socially and politically, was not self-sufficient, self-sustaining, not durably knit together, not prepared to assume, at once and by spontaneous growth, the strong-limbed independence of a powerful autonomy. It could exist *per alterum*, but not *per se*.

A modern Homer, in the first page of his epopee, on the Fall and Rise of our Confederacy, might say in the mythological style of his great predecessor, that if Minerva, with wisdom, courage, justice and right, was on the side of the Southern champion, yet it was Minerva, not only without any armor, but even without necessary garments to protect her against the inclemencies of the weather; whilst on the other side, there stood Mars in full panoply, Ceres with her inexhaustible cornucopia, Jupiter with his thunderbolts, Neptune with his trident, Mercury with his winged feet and his emblematic rod, Plutus with his hounds, Vulcan with his forge and hammer. Such a disproportionate conflict could not be supposed to continue long even among the immortals, and much less among the sons of the earth. It could end but in one way, unless it should please omnipotent fate, as it does on very rare occasions, to protect the weak against the strong.

It is not, therefore, astonishing that the Northern giant, measuring his strength with that of his antagonist, should have come at once to the conclusion that the conflict would be ephemeral—its duration ninety days at the furthest. One single blow from his powerful and irresistible arm was all that was necessary. His confidence seemed to be well founded, for there was but one chance in favor of little David, which was, that standing at a safe distance, he should send from his sling, by skill or luck, a crushing stone to Goliath's forehead.

It is remarkable that the South also entertained the opinion that the conflict could not be of long duration. At least, a great majority of her people was under that illusion, which originated in the conviction, that, although the North possessed so many elements of force and prosperity, yet those elements had been extracted from the cotton-producing fields of the South. That cotton had only to be withheld, and there would be an immediate collapse north of Mason and Dixon's line. Then, the Northern Colossus would become so weak and so alarmed, that he would seek for the restoration of what was his life-blood, on any condition which might be proposed to his acceptance.

The respective governments of the two sections of a former unit

seemed to have agreed, at least on one point, if they differed on every other. It was the probable shortness of the conflict into which they were driven. But General Beauregard, says Colonel Roman, in his book, "believed and expressed the opinion, at the time, that we were engaged in a long and terrible war, and he earnestly wished the country prepared accordingly." Thus it is apparant that, on the very threshold of the mighty struggle impending on us, there began to be a marked difference of opinions between the General and the new government to which he had pledged his allegiance. To this source, to this incipient divergence of views, may be traced subsequent disagreements as to the hastening of preparations and the unrelaxing vigor to be introduced and kept up in all our military operations, under a watchful and energetic supervision of the executive cabinet at the seat of government. General Beauregard was all fire and action, and full of that *horribilis diligentia* of which Cicero speaks as being the characteristic of the men destined by Providence to be the instruments of revolutions and changes by which nations are made or unmade.

The Government, on the other hand, may have thought proper to act with a prudence which was mistaken for hesitation and careless improvidence. It was Fabius-like, expectant and on the defensive. "The erring sisters might be allowed to go in peace." The sword, which was but half drawn, might yet be pushed back to its scabbard. There might be a timely accommodation between the contending parties. There might be guarentees given; it might be possible to avoid the shedding of blood, to avoid an immense sacrifice of wealth, and perhaps subjugation, with its concomitant horrors and complete ruin. Meanwhile it should have been kept in mind that a nation, far better prepared for war than were the Confederate States, would be threatened with atrophy, if all her ports were securely blockaded. It would be merely a question of time. That nation would be like an army cooped up in a city with no communication with the outer world. Should no relief come, surrender would gradually become a matter of absolute necessity. For the reasons which have already been given with the concision required by the restricted limits of this article, the Confederate States, having to draw all their needed and indispensable supplies from abroad, had to provide, as a preliminary step, as an inexorable condition of existence, and of success in the terrible struggle which they had undertaken, for a free access to and a continued use of the sea. The ocean breeze was the breath of their nostrils; without it, suffocation was certain.

A consideration of such vital importance could not escape the attention of one who, like General Beauregard, had been assigned to so high a position in the defence of his country. Early in May, 1861, when the blast of the clarion had hardly sounded defiance to the enemy, the General pressed upon the Government the adoption of a plan which seemed feasible, and which might have been of incalculable advantage to the Confederate States. A fleet of ten East India steamers was offered the Confederate Government, then at Montgomery, through Mr. W. L. Trenholm, speaking in the name and by authority of the house of John Frazer & Co., of Liverpool. His father, like himself, an American—Hon. George A. Trenholm—was a member of that English house, and stood so high in the estimate of our Government that he was subsequently appointed Secretary of the Treasury, after the resignation of Mr. Memminger. The character and position of that individual should have given great weight to that proposition.

Mr. Prioleau, one of that firm, and, I believe, a distinguished citizen of South Carolina, is quoted by Colonel Roman as making the following statement:

"I had, from the very beginning of the struggle, been more impressed with the vital importance of the seaports than with anything else. I regarded them as the lungs of the country, which, once really closed, asphyxia must follow. I therefore took an early occasion to go to London to see what could be had in the shape of vessels fit to take and keep the sea for a lengthened period, and strong enough to carry an armament which would render them efficient war vessels, or, at all events, apt to cope with those of the enemy engaged in the blockade of the coast.

"I was fortunate in finding exactly what I wanted. A fleet of first-class East-Indiamen was lying there idle, under circumstances of a financial nature, which made them available to a buyer at less than half their cost. They had been built with a view of being armed if required, and also to be used as transports for troops, as well as to carry valuable cargoes and treasure in time of peace. Four of them were vessels of great size and power, and of the very first class, and there were six others which, although smaller, were scarcely inferior for the required purpose. Having, with the assistance of an expert, thoroughly inspected them all, I at once entered into negotiations for their purchase, and having secured them for the reply of the Confederate authorities, I submitted the proposal," etc. * * *

"The total cost of buying, arming, and fitting out the ten ships was

estimated at two millions of pounds, to put the fleet on the coast, ready for action—a sum which would have been covered by forty thousand bales of cotton out of the three or four millions of bales which the Government had at that time under their hand, and which would not have cost them, at 6d., in their own currency, more than two millions of dollars. There would have been no difficulty in getting the ships to sea, * * * etc., and there is room for reasonable doubt that within six months at furthest of the acceptance of the offer being received, the fleet would have appeared off Boston and swept the coast thence to the Gulf—an achievement which would have compelled the prompt recognition of our Government and the triumph of our cause. I have always understood that the proposition was considered and rejected by the Confederate Government, but I never had any communication from them on the subject.

“This is a correct and simple statement of the facts, which are, as far as regards this side of the water (Belgium, Prioleau to Beauregard, September 25, 1880), necessarily better known to myself than to any other living person, and concerning which my memory is perfectly clear and reliable. It occupied my mind almost exclusively for some time, and I built the highest hope upon the success of the scheme. It is true many of the ships were of too great draught of water to enter some of our ports, but that was a matter of comparatively little importance. What was wanted, in my views, was the moral effect which could have been produced everywhere by such a blow as could have been struck by even half of the whole number—an effect which I have always and will always believe would have gone very far towards determining, if it had not reversed, the result of the struggle.”

We learn from Colonel Roman's book that the Confederate Government considered with no favor so enticing and at the same time, apparently, at least, and on its very face so feasible a proposition, and rejected it without the slightest hesitation, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on the part of General Beauregard to have it adopted. Why it was deemed radically impracticable (for no other reason can be supposed for the almost contemptuous indifference with which it was treated) we are not told. It was, however, evidently of supreme importance. It will be an interesting point to be elucidated in the appreciation of past events, of still-born measures, of projected and unaccomplished plans, by the future historian of our civil war, and praise or censure will be distributed where it is due, and with an impartial hand. There was, on this occasion, a very striking disagreement in the views of General Beauregard and the

Government. Admitting that there were sufficient reasons, unknown to us, for rejecting summarily a plan apparently so feasible, and fraught possibly with such favorable results for the Southern Confederacy, it cannot be denied, unless some new light be thrown on the subject, that General Beauregard, for his views and pressing action in the matter, deserves all the credit which Colonel Roman claims for that eminent personage.

The experience of history teaches us that in a war of two nations of unequal strength and resources, the weaker one can save herself only by being constantly on the offensive, if possible. This is so demonstrable a fact, that it might be taken as a basis for a principle or rule of action in such circumstances. Nothing is more exhaustive of national vitality and prosperity than war, because war is organized and scientific destruction. Therefore, between two belligerents, the chances of final triumph are in favor of the stronger, and the ratio of those chances is in proportion to the duration of the conflict. It has been said by a great captain that, "in the end, victory always favors the big battalions." Several instances, however, are on record where the weaker in the field crushed a much more powerful enemy than himself by a well-concerted multiplicity and rapidity of attacks and startling manœuvres, inspired by genius and executed with a boldness that struck the world with admiration. To cripple severely an adversary at the onset is to secure a strong card out of the pack. A duel between two nations is like a duel between two individuals. A man who never wielded a sword, when put in front of a master of the art of fencing, is lost, if he waits for the deadly thrust of his adversary, who will strike with a gladiatorial accuracy that will not be parried by the untrained and unskillful hand of mere courage. The only chance for his almost defenceless combatant is, as soon as steel touches steel, to take the initiative, and by the precipitation of lightning-like strokes, aimed at the breast of his adversary, to risk at once the possibility of a lucky hit. It will be, perhaps, as one to fifty; but *one* chance on the offensive is better than *none* on the defensive.

Without going back very far into the annals of mankind, we will mention, as an illustration of the wise and recommendable policy of aggression under certain circumstances, the seven years' war of Prussia, with a population of five millions, against France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic Body, with a population of more than one hundred millions. Frederic never thought of rooting himself in strong positions to wait for the assaults of his multitudinous enemies. With the bound of a tiger, he never failed to

spring upon the one that was nearest to him. When badly whipped' he made no change in the system of war which he had conceived, but only made it more effective. It was the system of concentration, to operate against fractions. He never was tempted to disseminate his forces for the purpose of protecting any portion or the whole of his provinces with the fragments of a broken and insufficient shield. The army, gathered around his person, was the seat of government, and that government became as nomadic as the army. The whole of Prussia was repeatedly overrun and plundered. Berlin was taken and sacked several times. He made no attempt to cover scattered localities because they clamored for it, and, rising above sectional wish and interest, he occupied no point that was not of extreme strategic importance. He abandoned the limbs and provided only for the safety of the heart. His camp was the heart of Prussia. As long as that heart was kept pulsating, the blood might again return to the withered limbs. He allowed whole provinces to be depopulated, and any number of cities and towns and villages to be devastated. It was terrible, but it was comparatively nothing to him, provided he had a horse to mount, a crust of bread to eat, an army to command, and could keep his forces concentrated in the palm of his heroic hand, ready to strike in every direction; and after seven years of as bloody a war as ever was fought, during which he never deviated from his system of concentration and incessant aggression against his enemies, whom he contrived to attack when isolated and separated from one another, he succeeded, by his own genius and by an unexpected turn of the wheel of fortune, in securing an honorable and advantageous peace, although he had been hopeless during the whole struggle, and had carried poison in his pocket to end his life rather than be taken prisoner, so tremendous were the odds against this man of iron. Thus it may be sometimes prudent to be bold, and safe to cast the die in the face of danger.

When Bonaparte took the command of the army of Italy, composed, if our memory is correct, of thirty thousand men, he had to contend against about one hundred and fifty thousand Austrians, divided into several corps, but each one superior in numbers and equipment to his own forces. If he had prudently kept on the defensive, to wait for reinforcements and all the materials of war which he needed, what might have been the result? Far from it—he said to his troops: "Soldiers, you have neither shoes, nor food, nor clothes, and the Republic cannot relieve you. Hence you must help yourselves. Before you lie the Austrians. In their camps alone you

will find what you need." Action followed speech, and his aggressive operations on that occasion, conducted with electric rapidity, have remained the wonder of the world. He assumed immense risks, it is true, and was very near losing the battle of Marengo, where victory was secured to him by the unexpected arrival of Desaix. But still the question may be asked: Would there not have been greater risk on the defensive than on the offensive?

General Andrew Jackson, when, on the 23d of December, 1814, he marched with inferior forces, composed of raw militia, to attack the veterans of England, encamped on a level plain, six miles from New Orleans, and fought them notwithstanding the darkness of night, was intuitively correct in his bold decision. He struck the first blow; he stunned the surprised enemy; and it gave him time to retreat and fortify himself on the ground which he subsequently chose. Had he remained on the defensive, instead of moving resolutely, and almost rashly, to the plains of Chalmetto, it is not impossible that the result would have been painfully different for New Orleans.

From the first to the last day of our civil strife, General Beauregard never ceased, with an earnest perseverance which showed the strength of his conviction, to recommend to his Government to subordinate every other consideration to the military policy of concentration and aggression, whilst the Confederate Government seemed to have been bent on defending, at one and the same time, the whole area of our Southern territory, and particularly Richmond, at all hazards—a policy which necessitated a scattering of forces, and, above all, the maintenance of a large army about the capital for its protection. The aggressive system was thus made subordinate to the protective and defensive. On the other hand, it was the reverse that was invariably advocated in the plans presented by General Beauregard. Those plans appear to have been looked upon by our Government as seductively brilliant, but dangerously imprudent, for they were more or less unceremoniously rejected. Thus, on this point, as on others that successively arose, there was a divergence, a bifurcation of views between the General and the Executive, or his cabinet, which resulted, as shown in Colonel Roman's book, in a sort of permanent antagonism, or at least uncongeniality. It produced gradually a reciprocal estrangement much to be regretted.

Without entering into a painful examination of personal feelings and their causes, we will proceed to consider to some extent the military merits and achievements of General Beauregard as they evolve out of the pages of Colonel Roman.

"At Manassas," says Colonel Roman, "General Beauregard's

plan of operations, who commanded at that locality, was based, as were all his military plans, on the leading ideas of concentration and aggression." That plan was, that General J. E. Johnston, at Harper's Ferry, who was confronting General Patterson, and that General Holmes, who was confronting nobody, should join their forces to his own at Manassas, thus making an effective force of 40,000 men. "This force," wrote General Beauregard to Johnston, "would enable us to destroy the forces of General Scott and McDowell in my front" (which, however, would have been much superior in numbers and equipment to the attacking party). "Then we could go back with as many men as necessary to attack and disperse General Patterson's army before he could know positively what had become of you" (Patterson was at Harper's Ferry). "We would then proceed to General McClellan's theatre of war, and treat him likewise, after which we would pass over into Maryland, to operate in rear of Washington. I think this whole campaign could be completed brilliantly in from fifteen to twenty days."

Holmes assented readily; Johnston stated objections. At Richmond, a sort of council of war, composed of the President and of Generals Lee and Cooper, examined the scheme with much consideration and earnestness, and rejected it, although it was pronounced to be "brilliant and exhaustive." This was done on the ground of reasons which were thought sufficient at the time, and which are mentioned in Colonel Roman's book. Mr. Davis' particular and personal objection was in these words: "The plan is based on the improbable and inadmissible supposition that the enemy was to await everywhere, isolated and motionless, until our forces could effect junctions to attack them in detail."

At last Johnston was permitted by the Government to join Beauregard, "if practicable," at the moment when a battle was imminent at Manassas. He arrived at noon on the 20th of July, and a hard fought battle began on the next day, early in the morning—30,000 Confederates against 50,000 Federals. McDowell, at 4 P. M., was defeated, but he had very near been successful. He had put us under the necessity of changing twice our plan of battle; we fought on no anticipated plan at all of our own, and on the field which we had been forced to accept. There was a "critical moment" when disaster stared us in the face. Our men seemed to have accomplished all that could be done against such overwhelming powers, but depression, added to exhaustion, was about to overthrow their overtaxed endurance.

A splendid victory, however, was achieved, but it was compara-

tively barren. The victors, it is asserted, had no means of transportation, and hardly any rations on hand. Therefore the enemy was not pursued and no forward movement made towards Washington. Could this deficiency have been provided for? If it could, and was not, whose fault was it? We deem it a side issue which, with several others arising from the circumstances of this battle, cannot be allowed to occupy the space they would require within the scope of this necessarily concise and limited review.

Before and during the battle, Johnston was apprehensive of the appearance of Patterson on the field. Hence the logical inference that, in his opinion, there was nothing in the way to arrest and check the adversary, to whom he had given the slip. If this had happened, it is probable that there would have been a repetition of something like the Blucher affair at Waterloo. But here a question may present itself to the mind of the reader of Colonel Roman's book. If, after the battle of Manassas, the combined forces of Generals Johnston and Beauregard could not march immediately and directly to Washington, on account of the want of means of transportation, rations, etc., and on account of other obstacles, could not a portion at least of the original plan, conceived by Beauregard, and rejected by Davis, Lee, and Cooper, have been executed? McDowell was "crushed," not, it is true, according to that "brilliant and exhaustive plan"; but was he not sufficiently crushed to have permitted Johnston's troops, who had come in a few hours to Manassas, to return swiftly to their former position by the same conveyances, and, with Beauregard's supplemental forces, to destroy Patterson and enter Maryland? All that our army wanted—means of transportation, abundant subsistence, ammunition, and all sorts of equipment—would have been found in Patterson's camp and in that well-disposed State, and perhaps reinforcements in men. Could not, in that direction, Washington have been more easily reached than by the straight and front route from Manassas? This movement having not been executed by such men as Johnston and Beauregard, it must be supposed that it was really impossible.

It has been since ascertained that General Patterson and the twenty thousand men under his command were in a state of utter demoralization; that the term of enlistment for most of them had expired, or was near expiring, and that they were anxious to go home. Besides, General Patterson had large planting interests in Louisiana. He was reported to be secretly opposed to the war, and only apparently hostile to the South from the force of circumstances. Be it as it may, a

gentleman whose testimony would have weight in any court of justice, has assured us that at that time he had read a letter from General Patterson to General Barrow, a wealthy planter and slave-owner, in which Patterson expressed friendly feelings, and informed Barrow that a battle was impending at Manassas, but that he would not be present and would take no share in it. This letter, if it could be procured, would be a valuable historical document. General Barrow is dead, but the person who read the letter still lives. This fact, if satisfactorily ascertained, would explain the immobility of Patterson and make of him a second Grouchy. It results, from all that precedes, that the unpleasant and regrettable friction of discordant views that were entertained by President Davis and General Beauregard during the whole war is to be traced to an early date—the battle of Manassas.

The *résumé* of Colonel Roman's views about the non-execution of General Beauregard's plan to crush successively and by rapid movements McDowell, Patterson and McClellan is, that it was because the concentration of forces for which Beauregard had been clamorous, together with a sufficient supply of means of transportation and subsistence, had not been sent at the right moment of opportune aggression; that it came only when he had been compelled to be on the defensive, and if with the required troops, not, however, with the indispensable means of subsistence and transportation to make a victory complete in all its expected consequences; and that the absence of these means prevented, after McDowell's attack and defeat, his being pursued and the march of the Confederates on Washington. We see clearly why, under such circumstances, this could not be done, but without more light than we have on the subject, we do not see as clearly why Patterson was not attacked and the necessities of our destitute army relieved by the capture of his camp, which might have been followed by a march through Maryland to the rear of Washington.

Colonel Roman observes: "In rejecting this plan (the original plan of concentration and of offensive operations against the enemy) Mr. Davis left the Confederate forces to await everywhere, isolated and motionless, until the Federal forces could effect junctions to attack them in detail, and this, we may say, was, unhappily, his military method throughout the war." Hence, an incessant antagonism between the two, which continued from the beginning to the end of the war, and, consequently, fretted both President Davis and General Beauregard into a reciprocal dislike and discontent, that

may have grown into something bordering on restrained animosity.

General Beauregard's anxieties had been great about the defense of New Orleans, and, on one occasion, he strongly urged his views on the subject, and endeavored to convince the President, in a personal interview, of the necessity of constructing floating booms and other obstructions between Forts St. Philip and Jackson, on the Mississippi. "The President," says Colonel Roman, "gave but little weight to these suggestions."

In a subsequent interview with General Lovell, who had been appointed to the command of New Orleans, "General Beauregard," continues Colonel Roman, "emphasized, both orally and in writing, the absolute necessity of such an obstruction, and hoped that General Lovell, who had approved of his system, would lose no time in putting it into operation." Later events showed, however, that the work was not constructed as planned and advised by General Beauregard, both in his conference with General Lovell and in his memoir to the Louisiana Military Board.

In connection with this subject it may not be amiss to state that the whole correspondence of General Lovell, whilst in command of New Orleans, with the Confederate Government at Richmond, was communicated to the writer of this article at Camp Moore, on the Jackson railroad, after the evacuation of that city. Governor Moore, who was present, referred very pointedly to a remarkable document in his possession, but which, however, we did not have the opportunity to see. He said, with bitter emphasis, that it would demonstrate the imbecile carelessness of the Confederate Government about the defense of New Orleans. We felt much interested and astonished at certain disclosures. General Lovell, who seemed to be aggrieved and sore, declared emphatically that he would publish in due time the whole correspondence, in order to vindicate his military honor and reputation. Has that publication taken place? We believe not. Does he still live, and will he continue to keep under lock and key these historical materials? As to Governor Moore, he is dead; is the document he mentioned still in existence?

But we feel a sort of relief in turning away our sight from the field of Manassas, where, as we are told by Colonel Roman, "there was not twenty-four hours' food for the troops brought together for that battle. The fact is," he says, "that some command was without food for forty hours after the battle." With what a strange commissariat we must have been afflicted!

The scene soon shifts, and from Manassas General Beauregard is

transferred to an immediate command, including forces under Generals Polk and Hardee, within the department of Kentucky and Tennessee, at the head of which General Albert Sidney Johnston had been placed, with headquarters at Bowling Green. The whole Confederate force in Johnston's department did not number more than forty-five thousand men of all arms and conditions, and badly equipped. They had to contend against one hundred and thirty thousand men, with splendid supplies of every kind.

On meeting General Johnston at Bowling Green, after surveying the field of operations, General Beauregard, with his accustomed boldness and quickness of perception, immediately recommended the adoption of his favorite system of concentration, for the purpose of an offensive action against the Federals, whose disjointed corps, separated by long intervals, might be attacked and beaten in detail. He thought that too much dilatoriness and inaction, and too strict an adherence to the defensive, would be fatal. General Johnston, although admitting the force of Beauregard's observations and arguments, objected, substantially, on the ground that the Confederates were not in a condition to risk too much. General Beauregard insisted "that our success must lie in following the cardinal principles of war—the swift concentration of masses against the enemy's exposed fractions—and that if we could concentrate our forces with greater rapidity, all other things being equal, we had the chance in our favor, and that, particularly in war, *nothing venture, nothing win.*" General Johnston admitted this, but said "that owing to the great responsibility which rested on him, and the disaster to be apprehended to the Confederacy should he meet with defeat, he must adhere to his original plan of operations"—which seemed to consist in a determined preference of the defensive to the offensive and a systematic reserve of his troops for the occupation of certain points, to be protected, every one of them and at the same time, against overwhelming forces, that would thus be permitted to attack at their own convenience. The results were disastrous. Fortified positions were taken one after the other, or evacuated to avoid the capture of their defenders. Instead of concentrating our troops, they had been kept apart, or moving occasionally on divergent lines, on which the fortune of war refused to smile.

General Beauregard had in vain said: "We must give up some minor points and concentrate our forces to save the most important ones, or we will lose all of them in succession." No oracle ever spoke a sadder truth. All the points were ultimately lost as pre-

dicted, and the enemy acquired the command of several rivers, the possession of which it was of vital importance for the Southern Confederacy to retain.

To face these disasters and repair them, if possible, General Beauregard, then at Jackson, Tennessee, and being probably allowed more latitude of action, proceeded with characteristic vigor and with a rapid and clear conception of what was to be done. He called, in February, 1862, on the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Tennessee for whatever number of men that could be collected, and advised General Van Dorn to join him from Arkansas, with ten thousand men, if he could, crossing the Mississippi *via* New Madrid or Columbus. He thought that, with forty thousand men, he could possibly take Cairo, Paducah, the mouth of the Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers, and most probably take also St. Louis by the river. It was certainly a brilliant programme, and he believed it fully practicable, if he could get the necessary means. But success in the execution of all these operations was of questionable expectation, as it would have rested on so many contingencies. Beauregard was, no doubt, sensible of it, for he added in a sort of postscript to the letter in which he communicated his plan to General Van Dorn: "At all events, we must do something, or die in the attempt; otherwise all will be shortly lost." Evidently there was in him no masterly inactivity.

On the same day he also telegraphed General Johnston, reaffirming the urgency of assembling all their forces at Corinth. His object was to be able to meet the Federals as soon as they should venture upon the west bank of the Tennessee river and before they could be fully prepared for our attack.

"The State troops hastily assembled were," says Colonel Roman, "partly equipped, without drill and badly armed, some of them only with the discarded flint-lock musket of former days, and great difficulty was experienced in procuring the proper quality of flints. Not a third of the cavalry had fire-arms, and those who had were all armed with a medley of pistols, carbines, muskets and shot-guns, chiefly the latter. Few of them had sabres. The *personnel* of this new levy, however, could not have been better. It was composed of the best young men from the city and country, who had rushed to arms at the call of their States. Animated by a feeling of patriotism and high martial spirit, they gave fair promise of great efficiency, if well officered. As soon as the regiments arrived at the rendezvous assigned them, they were brigaded, equipped for the field as well as

our restricted means permitted, and owing to the lack of time for better instruction, were exercised only, and but slightly, in company and battalion drills, while awaiting orders to march to the battlefield." It was with such improvised, such raw and imperfect materials, that the Southern Confederacy was to be saved from destruction in as unequal a contest as can be imagined.

A Leaf from my Log-Book.

By W. F. SHIPPEY.

The gray dawn of a frosty morning in February, 1865, broke upon a party of about one hundred officers and men in the uniform of the Confederate States navy, assembled at Drewry's Bluff, on the banks of the James river, Virginia. The morning was very cold, and as the men were formed in two ranks and their arms and equipments carefully inspected by the officers, it was easy to see that stern work and great danger was to be encountered, by the unusual attention given to this inspection, and the expression, half serious, half reckless, that characterized the men who, in those stirring times, were familiar with dangers and hardships. After some little delay in arranging preliminaries, the little command moved off in the direction of Petersburg, then invested by Grant's army. The situation at this time was gloomy and the hearts of the bravest had begun to fail. The enemy was pushing hard, and our brave army, reduced by sickness, death and disability, had diminished to a mere handful, to face the overwhelming numbers of our well-fed, well-clothed and well-equipped foe. Every effort had been made to compel the enemy to fall back, but without success. Grant's army then held the lower James river, his base of supplies being at City Point, and the heavy Federal monitors lay at anchor there, protected from an attack of our navy by obstructions in the river. Our iron-clads and gunboats inactive at Chaffin's Bluff; officers and men restless under their forced inactivity and eager to try their strength against the enemy's fleet and share the laurels being won by our more fortunate brother officers who were upon blue water.

If we could gain possession of the river and hold it Grant would be compelled to fall back, as City Point would no longer furnish him a base and the James river an avenue of supplies, and to effect this object, the possession of the river at City Point, it was decided to

make an effort to blow up the Federal iron-clads, clear a passage for our fleet and force the abandonment of City Point, or compel Grant to fall back or bring his supplies from Norfolk. To drive him back would have necessitated an army equal in numbers to his own and a fearful cost of life.

Under these conditions Lieutenant C. W. Read, of the navy, organized an expedition whose object was to carry boats, fitted with torpedoes, on wheels, and, turning Grant's left, strike boldly across the country in his rear, cross the Blackwater, and launch our boats in the James above their anchorage at Hampton Roads, capture some passing tugs, fix our torpedoes on them, ascend the river and strike the largest monitors at City Point. The larger monitors once destroyed, our fleet could easily scatter the wooden gunboats, and the James river would be open from Richmond to Hampton Roads. The expedition was a hazardous one from its incipency, the enemy having declared their determination to show no mercy to prisoners taken on torpedo service. We had to operate in rear of Grant's army—a handful of men, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand between us and our friends—and every man on the expedition fully understood and appreciated the danger we ran. If we were successful in reaching the James river our dangers would have but just commenced, as we would have to board and capture an unsuspecting craft, of whose fitness for our purpose we would have to judge from appearances at long range; the capture might attract attention of the men-of-war and make us the captured instead of the captors, or, our plan discovered, we would have a long way to retreat in order to reach a place of safety. Added to these difficulties, the weather was very cold, the roads rough, and the path before us a *terra incognita*. Surely to face such dangers and hardships, even though success did not crown our effort, deserves a mention in history, and I am not aware that anything has been written in relation to this expedition, which, if successful, would have crowned each one of those engaged in it with laurels as undying as those that deck the brows of the heroes of Thermopylæ. I suppose that the modesty of the principal actor, the brave Read, forbade his publishing an account of the expedition which was, through the treachery of one of our most trusted men, a failure; but reverses and failures, as well as grand successes, should be chronicled, as evidences of the *spirit* that animated our men and the willingness to embark in almost hopeless undertakings, literal forlorn hopes, without the stimulus of the excitement of battle or the probabilities of a name on the roll of honor.

The expedition was composed of Lieutenant C. W. Read, Lieutenant W. H. Wall, Master W. F. Shippey, Passed Midshipmen Scott and Williamson, and Lieutenant of Marine Crenshaw, a Surgeon from the fleet (whose name, I regret to say, I cannot now recall) and about ninety seamen and marines. The officers and sailors were armed with ship's cutlasses and revolvers, and the marines with rifles. The boats were placed in chocks on four wagon wheels, torpedoes, poles and gear inside, and each drawn by four mules. One, Lewis, a volunteer officer of the Navy, had been sent ahead to reconnoitre, and was to meet us at the ford of the Blackwater and pilot us to the James. How he fulfilled his engagements will be shown in the sequel. This man Lewis was mate of an American ship lying in Norfolk harbor at the time of the secession of Virginia, and had left his ship to join the Confederates, had served faithfully in the army, been wounded at Bull Run, transferred to the Navy and commissioned an Acting Lieutenant, and was considered worthy of trust and confidence.

Our first day's march brought us to General Anderson's headquarters, the right of our army, where we encamped that night, and, breaking camp early the following morning, we struck out from our picket line to gain the old Jerusalem plank road—our party being reinforced by two young English gentlemen, guests of General Anderson, who thought they would "like to see the fun." A short distance outside of our lines we had our first alarm, running up nearly face to face with a column of the enemy coming up to attack our troops on the right. By a "change of base" we managed to dodge them, and they passed on, paying little heed to us, who they doubtless supposed to be a picket post, and soon the firing in our rear told us that the "ball had opened." We passed on our way, well assured that the fight going on behind would serve to attract attention from us and favor our march. We knew not what proportions the battle would assume or what would be the result, nor felt we much uneasiness, for was not one, Lee, and his brave boys in gray there to attend to them? Of our two volunteers, I never heard more, but suppose they found their way back to General Anderson's headquarters, as they were mounted and had only to follow the retreating cavalry pickets.

We were now fairly embarked on our expedition, pushing our way through the enemy's country and separated from our friends by his army.

Our march was in three detachments, the advance under Read

and Ward, about one hundred yards ahead of the wagon train; Crenshaw, with his marines, about the same distance in rear of them, and Shippey commanding the center, with the wagon train. Fortunately we met no stragglers or foraging parties of the enemy, and were not disturbed, and after a good day's march, we bivouacked in good spirits and very tired. The following day's march was without incident worthy of mention, an occasional false alarm or seeking the cover of woods to screen us from chance observers. Indeed, we were out of the line of travel, the Federals did all their business at City Point, and there was little more to attract anyone to this part of the country than to the Siberian deserts.

During the night the weather turned very cold, and our poor, tired fellows lay close to the fires. I have to laugh yet to think of poor Williamson's sky-rocket feat. He was lying close to a fire, and as I passed about midnight I saw that his coat-tail was on fire, and called him somewhat hurriedly from a sound sleep. He started up and rushed wildly through the woods, the fiery tail streaming out behind, and for awhile all efforts to stop him were futile, but we finally succeeded in capturing him, extinguishing the fire with the loss of one skirt of his coat. He afterwards cut off the other skirt and made it more *uniform*.

The following morning we took up our march in the face of a storm of sleet, and we had to stop after a few hours, the sleet being so blinding that our mules could not make headway, besides the road being frozen and slippery. We took shelter in an old deserted farm-house only a few miles from our rendezvous on the Blackwater, once, doubtless, the happy home of some Southern family, now changed into the rude scenes of a soldiers' bivouac.

While resting and "thawing out" here by the warmth of bright fires in big fireplaces, impatiently awaiting the breaking up of the storm and anxious to continue our journey, a young man in gray uniform came in and informed us that our plan had been betrayed and that Lewis was at the ford to meet us, according to promise, but accompanied by a regiment of Federals lying in ambuscade and awaiting our arrival, when they were to give us a warm reception. Had it not been for the storm and our having to take shelter we would have marched into the net spread for us, and most likely all have been killed, or suffered such other *worse* punishment as a court-martial should inflict.

This young man had been a prisoner of war at Fort Monroe, and from his window heard the conversation between Lewis and the Yan-

kee officer, in which the former betrayed us, and the plan to capture the whole party, and having perfected his plans of escape, resolved to put them in execution that night, and, if possible, frustrate his designs by giving us information of his treachery.

After a hurried council of war it was decided that we should go back about a mile and find a hiding place in the woods, efface our tracks, and remain concealed, while Lieutenant Read should make a reconnoissance to satisfy himself that things were as bad as had been reported, and if indeed we would have to return to Richmond without accomplishing our object. Accordingly we hitched up and filed out into the road and took it back, and when we thought we had gone a safe distance turned into the woods and camped—Read taking leave of us, disguised, and saying he would rejoin us the next day, when if he did not by sunset we were to conclude he was captured and make our way back to Richmond. The night passed drearily away, the weather being very cold and we afraid to make fires for fear of exposing our situation should they be already on the hunt for us, as we had no doubt they would be as soon as they discovered we were not going into their trap, and the following day, though but a short winter one, seemed endless, so great was our anxiety for our leader, who had thrust his head into the lion's jaws. At length, about 4 P. M., Read made his appearance in camp, cool and collected as ever, and told us that what we had heard was true, and gave orders to hitch up, form line, and retreat. The enemy's cavalry was already scouring the country in search us and every road of retreat was guarded. We marched by night, avoiding main roads, and during the following day halted and concealed ourselves in the woods.

Headed off at one turn, we took another and pursued our way, resolved to sell our lives dearly, should the enemy fall upon us. Every path now seemed guarded, and our retreat apparently cut off, when an old gentleman in citizens clothes and a "stove-pipe," hat on, who had joined us as guide, determined to take us through the water of the Appomattox, and thus "take roundings" on them. There was a horse-shoe bend in the river, which, by fording, we could pass through between their pickets and reach our picket-lines. This was decided upon, and our guide lead off and marched us to the ford. It was not a pleasant prospect, that of taking water with the thermometer hanging around freezing point, but it was better than falling in the hands of Yankees, so of the two evils we chose the least. My teeth chatter yet to think of that cold wade through water waist deep, covered with a thin coat of ice, but we passed it success-

fully, wagons and all, and then double-quickened to keep from freezing; our clothes freezing stiff on us as we came out of the water.

We had now the inside track of our pursuers, and leaving them waiting for us to march up one of the many roads they had so well guarded, made our way back towards our lines, which we reached safely without loss of a man, wagon or mule.

The results accomplished by this expedition were nothing, but I have thought it worthy of a place in history, because of the effort. Of the hardships of such a trip only those who have experienced them can judge, and I will not even attempt to paint those we encountered. Our flag waved in the James river two months after the events I have endeavored to describe, but of the hundred and one men who composed this expedition, fully seventy-five were in the Naval Hospital, in Richmond, suffering from the effects of their Winter march, on the sad day on which we turned our backs upon that city.

Is the "Eclectic History of the United States," Written by Miss Thalheimer, and Published by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati, a Fit Book to be Used in our Schools?

A Review by J. WM. JONES.

PAPER NO. 2.

We were noticing in our last the *tone and general spirit* of this book, and will now add several examples to those then given :

II. Designating the Northern States (page 308) as "*the loyal States*"—stating (page 309) that more than two-thirds of the States ratified the amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery, and on page 324 that all of the States adopted the Fourteenth Amendment, annulled their ordinances of secession, and repudiated the Confederate war-debts without giving the slightest intimation that the Southern States acted in this matter as much under "duress" as the traveller who yields to the highwayman's demand, "your money or your life," the statement (page 313) that Mr. Lincoln, in his second inaugural address, "fairly stated the positions of the two parties in the civil war," and the statement on page 330, that the South was restored in the early part of 1870 "to all of her abandoned rights"—these and other similar statements are specimens of the partisan animus which runs through the whole book, and renders it utterly unfit for use in Southern schools.

12. I quote in full two paragraphs on page 316 and three paragraphs on page 318, in order that those who have not access to this book may see for themselves what our children are taught by this History of the "Results of the Civil War : "

" 574. The war once over, all reasonable men were ready to join in repairing its wastes and forgetting its enmities. Doubtless there were selfish Northern adventurers, who cared only to make their own fortunes out of the poverty of the exhausted South and the ignorance of the freedmen ; while there were disappointed politicians, who, having failed to destroy the Government, used every opportunity to obstruct its action. Both these classes presented obstacles to the thorough restoration of peace, but their influence could not be lasting.

" 575. The strength and the clemency of the great Republic were equally proved by the circumstances attending the close of the war. The hopes of its enemies were disappointed. It had been said that the peaceful, industrious pursuits of the majority of the people had unfitted them for war ; and that, used as they were to personal independence, they would never submit to the needful discipline of the army. But it was found that men will fight most cheerfully and bravely for a government that represents their will and promotes their prosperity, and that happy home-life, so far from destroying courage, is a strong incentive to it."

* * * * *

" 581. If we ask what was gained by all this suffering and expenditure of life and treasure, we find that the South, before the war was over, gave up the two principles for which it was ostensibly made. The right of secession was indeed a principle which no government could admit, and, notwithstanding its assertion of State sovereignty, the Confederacy was from the very beginning more strongly centralized than the Union had ever been. Its leaders found, just as their fathers had found in Revolutionary times (§ 234), that a rope of sand is not strong enough to bear the strain of war. One flag, one uniform, were seen all through the South, and one will at Richmond controlled all movements.

" 582. ABANDONMENT OF SLAVERY.—The other principle was far more reluctantly abandoned ; but before Lee's surrender the Confederate Government, like that of the Union two years before, had come to the resolution to arm the negroes, and thus in the end to set them free. The two purposes of the war being thus given up, it might

seem that the conflict itself should have ceased; and so it would, at an earlier date, if the people had been as well informed as its government.

"583. No one can hear without the warmest admiration of the sacrifices and sufferings of the Southern people. Cut off from their usual means of communication with the outer world, they were deluded by false rumors of success and false reports of the character of their opponents. Naturally, bitter prejudices prevailed, and it was long before the people found that their Northern fellow-countrymen were human like themselves, and that the real interests of all were the same. Before the end of the war, every man between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five had been called to the ranks; property everywhere was seized by the Confederate Government at its own prices. Many thousand soldiers deserted within a few weeks, not from cowardice, for no men were ever braver, but because their families were starving."

Now, surely comment on these paragraphs is unnecessary. To teach that the "selfish Northern adventurers," who came South to fatten on and rob our helpless people; that the "carpet-baggers" of "Reconstruction" days were only as guilty as "disappointed politicians who, having failed to destroy the Government, used every opportunity to obstruct its action"—that the government showed great "clemency" in its dealings with the South—that "the South, before the war was over, gave up the two principles for which it was ostensibly made"—that "the Confederacy was, from the very beginning, more strongly centralized than the Union had ever been"—and that our Confederate people were a set of miserable ignoramuses, "deluded by false rumors of success and false reports of the character of their opponents," and thus kept by designing leaders from abandoning the contest long before they did—I say to teach our children such stuff as this is one of the baldest outrages upon the truth of history which even this author has ever attempted.

13. The account of the work of the "Sanitary Commissions," and the "Christian Commission," of the North (page 319), and the utter ignoring of the self-sacrificing labors, of similar organizations in the Confederacy, the paragraph on education (page 351) in which a number of Northern colleges and universities are mentioned, and not one located in a Southern State, and the catalogue of American authors (page 352), which does not mention a single Southern name, may all have been the result, not of designed misrepresentation, but of ignorance on the part of the author, but I insist that one

so profoundly ignorant of Southern institutions is utterly incompetent to write "History" for our schools.

14. Passing over many other illustrations of the *tone and spirit* of this book, before citing some of its more glaring errors of detail, I call attention to the fact that the book has a general habit of slurring over and dwarfing Confederate victories, or of seeking to explain them away, while it magnifies and exalts the successes of the North.

E. G.—It is amazing how any fair-minded man can consider the dwarfing of Jackson's Valley campaign into a "brilliant dash" (p. 291) "up the Shenandoah Valley," and the addition of some "glittering generalities" in the note (p. 303), which the teacher may or may not require the pupil to study, a fair statement of one of the most brilliant campaigns in all history. McDowell, from whence Jackson electrified the Confederacy with his famous dispatch: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday"—Front Royal, where the two Maryland regiments (Federal and Confederate) had their bloody fight and Jackson flanked Banks—Winchester, where the Federals were driven pell-mell through the streets and Banks won the soubriquet of "Stonewall Jackson's Quartermaster"—the fighting near Harrisonburg, where Ashby captured Sir Percy Wyndham, and soon after, in a fight with the "Bucktails," yielded up his own chivalric spirit in the hour of victory—Cross-Keys, where Ewell whipped Fremont—and Port Republic, where Jackson whipped Shields and sent them both whirling down the Valley to fortify at Strasburg against an expected attack from him at the very hour that "Stonewall" was thundering on McClellan's flank at Richmond—these names and the glorious deeds of "the Foot Cavalry" (who in this campaign of thirty-two days had marched nearly four hundred miles, skirmishing almost daily, fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured about twenty pieces of artillery, some 4,000 prisoners, and immense stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of less than one thousand men, killed, wounded and missing,) should be made familiar to the children of the South. But they would never learn them from this book, and it should never be used in our schools.

I insist that the account of Seven Pines and Seven Days' battles, which the author compresses into *eleven lines* at the bottom of page 291, is utterly unfair. General J. E. Johnston (see his Narrative, page 133) claims that he won a decided "victory" at Seven Pines, and that his being wounded at the close of the battle only prevented the full fruition of the results contemplated.

As for General Lee's raising "immense numbers of recruits" be-

tween "Seven Pines" and "Seven Days," the exact truth is that he received from *all* sources, including Jackson, (see papers of General Early and Colonel Charles Marshall, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, volume I, pages 408-424) only 23,000 reinforcements—that McClellan was also reinforced—that General Lee numbered, when Seven Days opened, a little less than 80,000 men (78,000), and McClellan, 105,000 in position, and 10,000 at Fortress Monroe, and he did as much to "strengthen his defences" as did Lee—and that instead of simply "severing McClellan from his supplies," Lee attacked him in works as strong as engineering skill and ample mechanical appliances could make them, and that at Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill, (names our children ought to learn, but would never hear of from this book) Lee gained splendid victories and forced McClellan to cower under the shelter of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing.

These brilliant exploits resulted in the capture of many thousand prisoners, thousands of small arms, and fifty-one pieces of artillery, and in the raising of the siege of Richmond and the speedy transfer of the seat of the war north of the Potomac. And yet this book devotes to these splendid achievements of Lee and his brave men *just eight lines*, while it gives fourteen lines to the Baltimore riot, twenty-three lines to falsifying the facts about First Manassas, twenty lines of misrepresentation to the "Trent affair," twenty lines to Fort Donelson, eleven lines to Murfreesboro, twenty-four lines to the capture of New Orleans, forty lines to misrepresenting the truth about the Merimac and Monitor, and only six lines and a half to Jackson's Valley campaign, only nine lines to the Second Manassas campaign, twenty-two lines to the Maryland campaign, only six lines to Fredericksburg, thirty-three lines to falsifying the facts about the Emancipation Proclamation, only thirteen (really only two) lines to Chancellorsville, twenty lines to Gettysburg, thirty-two lines to the capture of Vicksburg, four lines to the splendid Confederate victory at Chickamauga, and forty-five lines to telling of Grant's "masterpiece of strategy," and Hooker, Sherman and Sheridan's splendid exploits near Chattanooga.

I have not space to follow out further now these illustrations of the utterly unfair *tone and spirit* of the book. In other papers I propose to examine in detail some of its false statements, omissions and misrepresentations, and to bring cumulative proof that the book is so utterly unfit to be used in our schools that it is a great outrage for

school boards (from whatever motives) to introduce it into our schools—that teachers should protest against it until their protest is heard—and *parents should absolutely refuse to allow their children to study that part of it pertaining to the war.*

Death of Mrs. Sarah K. Rowe, "the Soldier's Friend."

ORANGEBURG, S. C., *June 2, 1884.*

I feel warranted in informing you of the death of Mrs. Sarah K. Rowe, which occurred yesterday, the 1st of June, at her country home in this county. Mrs. Rowe was known for four and a-half years, '61 to '65, as the soldier's friend. I detract nothing from great women all over the South, Cornelias of heroic type, when I state that Mrs. Rowe was pre-eminently the soldier's friend. If this should meet the eye of Hood's Texans, of Polk's Tennesseans, of Morgan's Kentuckians, or of Pickett's Virginians, any of whom passed on the S. C. R. R. during the war, her face beaming with benevolence, her arms loaded with food, will be remembered as one of the sunny events of a dark time. From the first note of war Mrs. Rowe gave all she had and could collect by wonderful energy to the soldiers. She had her organized squads. The gay, strong soldier to Virginia was fed and cheered on; the mangled and sick were nursed and cared for. She had a mother's blessing for the brave, a mother's tears and sympathy for the dying and dead. Mrs. Rowe emphatically lived and spent herself for the cause, and when it failed, like a noble woman she submitted, with the remark, "It is all right." The sight of a bandaged head or limb under her soft touch was an everyday picture. The echo of a thousand cheers as the troop-trains passed her was recurring every day. She bandaged and waved God-speed as well. A few days ago Mrs. Rowe showed by request a part of her great legacy—the letters from the soldiers she had nursed to life again. Truly her reward was rich. She passed away, of paralysis, at a ripe old age. The soldiers and survivors buried her. The Young and "Old Guard" lowered her remains to mother earth. When Fame makes up its roll her precious name should stand out—the soldier's friend.

Truly yours,

JOHN A. HAMILTON.

"*Sherman's Bummers*," and Some of Their Work.

ALABAMA AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE,
AUBURN, ALA., *August 25th, 1884.*

Rev. Dr. John William Jones,
Secretary Southern Historical Society:

DEAR SIR,—At the suggestion of several friends I send you the enclosed interesting extracts from a private letter, written to me, soon after the downfall of the Confederacy, by Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., who was my Assistant-Adjutant General. The Captain is an elegant, educated gentleman, and was as gallant a young officer as ever drew blade in defence of the "Lost Cause." As editor of the *Fayetteville Observer*, which was a power in North Carolina during the war, he is now ably following in the footsteps of his staunch, talented and distinguished father.

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., *July 31st, 1865.*

MY DEAR GENERAL:

* * * * *

It would be impossible to give you an adequate idea of the destruction of property in this good old town. It may not be an average instance, but it is one, the force of whose truth *we* feel only too fully. My father's property, before the war, was easily convertible into about \$85 to \$100,000 in specie. He has not now a particle of property which will bring him a dollar of income. His office, with *everything* in it, was burned by Sherman's order. Slocum, who executed the order, with a number of other Generals, sat on the verandah of a hotel opposite watching the progress of the flames, while they hobnobbed over wines stolen from our cellar. A fine brick building adjacent, also belonging to my father, was burned at the same time. The cotton factory, of which he was a large shareholder, was burned, while his bank, railroad, and other stocks are worse than worthless, for the bank stock, at least, may bring him in debt, as the stockholders are responsible. In fact, he has nothing left, besides the ruins of his town buildings and a few town lots which promise to be of little value hereafter, in this desolated town, and are of no value at present, save his residence, which (with brother's house) Sherman

made a great parade of saving from a mob (composed of *corps* and *division commanders*, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, and so on down, by sending to each house an officer of his staff, *after* my brother's had been pillaged and my father's to some extent. By some accidental good fortune, however, my mother secured a guard before the "bummers" had made much progress in the house, and to this circumstance we are indebted for our daily food, several month's supply of which my father had hid the night before he left, in the upper rooms of the house, and the greater part of which was saved.

You have, doubtless, heard of Sherman's "bummers." The Yankees would have you believe that they were only the straggling pillagers usually found with all armies. Several letters written by officers of Sherman's army, intercepted near this town, give this the lie. In some of these letters were descriptions of the whole bummering process, and from them it appears that it was a regularly organized system, under the authority of General Sherman himself; that one-fifth of the proceeds fell to General Sherman, another fifth to the other general officers, another fifth to the line officers, and the remaining two-fifths to the enlisted men. There were *pure silver* bummers, plated-ware bummers, jewelry bummers, women's-clothing bummers, provision bummers, and, in fine, a bumper or bummers for every kind of stealable thing. No bumper of one specialty interfering with the stealables of another. A pretty picture of a conquering army, indeed, but true.

Well, I am scribbling away just as if I were talking to you, for I feel to-night in humor for having one of our late-at-night tent talks, which poor Ed. Nicholson used to laugh about, while he would mimic you punching the fire and puffing your pipe. Ah! how the pleasures of winter quarters and the biovuac come back to us now, divested of a remembrance of every disagreeable incident. I can see the big tent on the Rapidan; I feel as if I were with you in the cosy little one on Jones's farm, smoke, smoke, smoke, talk, talk, talk—how we rattled away the hours far into the morning. Is our present humiliating freedom from danger a change for the better?

But I must blow away these spectres of tobacco smoke and battle smoke, and tell you still more about myself, and I know you will pardon so much talk about self when you remember how necessarily egotistical must be the first letter to a friend, after an interval of months, since a parting such as ours at ill-starred Appomattox.

* * * * *

I forgot to say that I have not yet taken the oath, but, of course,

will do so eventually. If I live in this country, as I expect now to do, I shall feel it my duty to demean myself as a good and true citizen.

* * * * *

Yours affectionately,

E. J. HALE, JR.

Notes and Queries.

THE TERM "REBELLION" as applied to our "war between the States" has been again and again repudiated by our most careful Confederate critics, and candid writers on the other side are coming to admit that the war was in no just sense a rebellion. We took occasion in our December (1883) number to protest against the use of this inaccurate and offensive term as the title of the publications of the "War Records Office," and this elicited from our friend E. L. Wells, of Charleston, S. C., the following well put comment. Our friend's point is decidedly "well taken" :

"I notice that in criticising the title "Rebellion" affixed to certain State Papers by Washington officials, you speak of the term as one which is as inapplicable to the popular movement of 1861 as it would be if applied to that of 1776. I should think there was this difference: The uprising of 1776, however justifiable morally it may have been, was legally a rebellion of disloyal subjects against their government.

"The war of secession, on the contrary, was in pursuance of legal right, and was not against a 'government' at all, but was waged between States or sectional populations; therefore, whatever else it may have been, it certainly *was not a 'Rebellion.'*"

"Yours, very respectfully,

"EDWARD L. WELLS."

"THE HISTORIC APPLE TREE AT APPOMATTOX" has been so often shown to be a myth that we have been both surprised and amused at seeing the story recently revived in one of our Southern papers, whose editor gives the following version of it:

"We yesterday had a conversation with a gentleman who was present at the time the negotiations for the surrender were going on, in which he asserted most positively that these negotiations were carried on under a large apple tree in a farm-yard, and that, according to his

recollection, there were no pine trees near the spot, as it is stated by Dr. Paris. He says that when General Lee met the commissioners appointed by General Grant, the curiosity of every one was aroused, and every excuse was made to get near the spot where the parties were discussing the terms of the surrender. To keep these off and prevent interruption, the First Regiment of Engineers, under Colonel Talcott, of which our informant was a member, was formed in a hollow square around the assembled officers. They occupied camp stools, and had a table on which the writing was done, and they were seated under the shade of a large apple tree. Colonel Talcott's regiment formed around them, prevented any interruption until the preliminary papers were signed, and the Federal officers left for Grant's headquarters.

"This was, we think our informant stated, on Sunday. On the Tuesday following he had occasion to pass the spot, and not a vestige of the apple tree was left. Even the roots of the tree were dug up and carried away as mementoes of the great occasion. It may have been that the surrender was consummated at some other place, but the negotiations certainly took place under the 'apple tree at Appomattox,' and there is no 'myth' about this celebrated tree."

Now, the gentleman referred to was simply mistaken in his facts. The truth is that no "negotiations" ever occurred under an "apple tree"—that the "negotiations" were not through "commissioners," but between Generals Lee and Grant themselves—and that they first met, not "under an apple tree," but in the "McLean house" at Appomattox Courthouse, and that the only possible interest which could attach to an apple tree was that while General Lee was waiting for his messenger to come back from General Grant and designate the place of their interview, the old hero rested under the shade in an orchard. We had these facts not only from members of his staff, but *from General Lee himself*, who once gave a party of us in Lexington a detailed account of the surrender.

It is perfectly true that Federal soldiers cut to pieces the so-called "historic apple tree," dug up its roots, and even cut up and carried off all of the other apple trees in the orchard. It is also true that "hungry Rebs." in Richmond sold to Northern "relic-hunters" tons of "Appomattox apple tree." But this does not redeem the story, or make the surrender, or any negotiations concerning it, to have occurred "under an apple tree."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE COMBINING IN THIS ISSUE OF THREE NUMBERS UNDER ONE COVER, as we have had occasion to do frequently before, has enabled us to print several long articles, and at the same time to give variety and interest which we are sure our readers will appreciate. Indeed, we think that they will find it, on the whole, one of the most interesting and valuable issues we have ever sent out.

We very much regret, however, that in consequence of a great press of work on our worthy printers, the number has been delayed three or four weeks beyond the time at which we had expected to mail it.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY BLACKBURN MORRIS.—Just as we are going to press, a telegram from Louisville announces the death of one who will live in the hearts of the thousands who “wore the gray,” and whose memory will be cherished by lovers of heroic devotion to duty, wherever the story of her life is known.

Mrs. Mary Blackburn Morris, wife of the late Judge Buckner Morris, of Chicago, sister of Ex-Gov. Luke P. Blackburn and Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, died in Louisville on the 20th of Oct., in the 66th year of her age.

Her services among Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Rock Island, and other prisons, and her active sympathy for our cause and its adherents (briefly alluded to in the narrative of Mr. Damon, published in this No., and deserving a fitting record), caused the arrest and imprisonment of Mrs. Morris and her husband, wrecked their splendid fortune, and implanted the seeds of disease, from which both of them eventually died.

We remember how warmly this noble woman was greeted at the Reunion of Morgan's men at Lexington in July, 1883, and shall never forget her benignant countenance and cordial grasp as she expressed the warmest interest in the work of our Society, and promised to contribute something for our *Papers* on her war experiences.

She deserves and will, no doubt, have a fitting monument of marble or granite; but she has erected a monument more lasting than these in the hearts of all who love the land and cause to which she devoted her life.

MEMBERSHIP FEES, AND SUBSCRIPTIONS, NOW DUE at this office amount, in the aggregate, to the sum of \$4,155, and it may be well understood that we need the money to meet our current expenses. We are now sending out to our members polite reminders of their indebtedness, and we beg that they will *respond at once* to our call; \$3 or \$6 is a very small matter to the individual, but the aggregate amount is a very important matter to us. We are pledged not to go in debt, and we beg our friends to enable us to keep our pledge by a prompt remittance of their dues.

THE ANNUAL REUNION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION will take place on the evening of the 23d of October. General Bradley T. Johnson will speak on the *Sharpsburg Campaign*; a number of Maryland Confederates will make an excursion to Richmond on the occasion, and it is hoped that it will prove one of the most delightful reunions we have ever had.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, which usually occurs during the last week in October, the time of the Virginia Agricultural Fair, has been postponed this year to suit the convenience of General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, who has kindly consented to address the Society, and whose pressing engagements will not permit him to be here at that time.

In making the change, the Executive Committee have also been influenced by certain grave objections to holding our annual meeting at a time when the people are so occupied with other matters of pressing interest, that it is impossible for many of our best members to attend. The exact day of the meeting will be duly announced, and special efforts will be made to render it the most interesting and important which we have ever held.

THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO COL. ROB'T D. SMITH and his brave comrades of the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-Ninth, and Forty-Fourth Mississippi regiments, who fell at Munfordsville, the 14th of September, 1862, occurred on the historic ground on the 17th of September last (anniversary of the final surrender of the Federal fort), and was an occasion of great interest. We deeply regretted our inability to be present.

The monument, a beautiful and appropriate one, was erected by the liberality of Mr. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland (a brother of Col. Rob't D. Smith), whose presence with a party of friends, from Glasgow, consisting of Alex. Watt, Robert Brown Smith, Miss Maria Smith, and Dr. R. G. Miller, added greatly to the interest of the occasion. We hope to print in our next the admirable address of Major E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., and the feeling and appropriate remarks of Mr. Smith.

We were glad to note that the Army of Tennessee Association, in New Orleans, passed appropriate resolutions, commending Mr. Smith's noble act—that he was given a "Reception" at the Bethel, at which our eloquent friend, Rev. Dr. R. T. Markham, made an appropriate address—and that the Legislature of Mississippi passed suitable resolutions concerning his generous and patriotic action.

Mr. Smith and his party passed through Richmond, and did the Secretary the honor of calling at his residence, but we deeply regret that we were out of the city for the day, and that as he only spent several hours here, we were deprived of the pleasure of paying our respects to a gentleman who, in addition to many other friendly acts to the Confederate cause, showed his intelligent appreciation of the work of the Southern Historical Society by contributing last year two hundred dollars (\$200) to our funds.



Vol. XII.

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Nos. 10, 11, 12.

Military Operations of General Beauregard.

By COLONEL ALFRED ROMAN.

A Review by Judge Charles Gayarré.

PAPER NO. 2—CONCLUSION.

In March, 1862, a well organized and fully equipped Federal force, of over forty-seven thousand men, was gathered in front of Pittsburg landing, on the Tennessee river, a few miles from Corinth, where the Confederates were assembling for arming and drilling as fast as possible. This army, of which at least forty per cent. were flushed with recent victories, was soon to be reinforced by General Buell, already on the march from Nashville, Tenn., with, at the lowest estimate, an effective force of thirty-seven thousand disciplined and superbly-equipped troops.

General Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander-in-chief, who had been retreating from Kentucky and Tennessee to avoid being enveloped by these overwhelming forces, arrived on the 22d of March at Corinth, where Beauregard, with infinite trouble, energy and perseverance, had succeeded in mustering twenty-five thousand men.

It was not yet an army, but only a heroic mob, who had responded to his eloquent appeal to their patriotism.

Beauregard, on the arrival of Johnston, proposed to surprise the Federal force, under command of General Grant, who had reached the Tennessee river, and defeat him before the coming of Buell, whose junction was shortly expected. General Johnston assented. The plan was to be in the vicinity of the enemy by the evening of the 4th of April, and attack on the morning of the 5th, twenty-four hours before the probable arrival of Buell. But heavy rainfalls during the night of the 4th and the early part of the next day, the narrowness of the roads running through a densely wooded country, the rawness of the troops and the inexperience of their officers, including some of superior rank, were the causes of much delay, and the Confederates had reached a position to attack only on the morning of the 6th instead of the 5th, as originally intended. This was not all. The transportation wagons, containing five days' uncooked, reserved rations, for all the troops, were miles away in the rear, not having been able, on account of the heavy roads, to keep up with the march, and the march itself had been conducted with such open imprudence, in violation of the strictest orders given to the contrary, that it was impossible to entertain any longer the hope that the enemy would be surprised. Wherefore General Beauregard, who had planned and organized the offensive movement, proposed that it be converted into a reconnoissance in force, with the purpose of drawing the enemy nearer to our base at Corinth. This shows that General Beauregard, who had always been considered as too fond of a dangerous and aggressive strategy, knew how to control, when necessary, his natural disposition, and restrain his boldness with the curb of prudence.

General Johnston dissented for several reasons, one of which was that a retrograde movement would, under present circumstances, discourage his troops, who were full of confidence and hopeful of success. Our army had been put in motion for battle. It was now on the field chosen for it, and it was thought better to cast the die and risk the venture on the gaming table of Mars. Consequently preparations were made for an attack at dawn the next day, 6th of April, and what has been called the battle of Shiloh, was fought according to the decision of the Commander-in-chief, but not with the endorsement of the next in command.

It was the opinion of General Sherman that the position of the Federals was the strongest that could be found in the world, and that General Beauregard "would not be such a fool as to attack, and that his

movement was only a reconnoissance in force." Hence it is proved that the Federals were suprised, notwithstanding the probabilities to the contrary, and that they were driven into a battle for which they were not prepared. It was fought with great fury on both sides during two days. The Confederate loss, out of forty thousand men, was ten thousand. The Federals, whose ranks had been, swelled particularly during the battle of the second day, by strong reinforcements, that raised their forces to seventy-two thousand, lost over twelve thousand men.

General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed at 2.50 P. M. on the first day of the battle, and General Beauregard, who had acted under him, continued it with great vigor and intelligence until nightfall. We think it useless, for the purpose we have in view, to notice the controversy which has arisen about whether the Federals would or would not have been crushed if General Johnston had not been killed and General Beauregard not assumed command, for which it is contended that he was not prepared, on account of bad health and other circumstances. It is difficult to read Colonel Roman's narrative without being convinced that General Beauregard acted on that occasion with his usual valor and ability.

At the end of the first day's battle, as demonstrated by Colonel Roman, the starving and weary Confederates had, during the long and exhaustive conflict, been thrown into much confusion, resulting partly from their pillage of the enemy's camps to satisfy their hunger and recuperate their overtaxed strength, when they believed themselves to be victorious, and partly from the disjointed condition in which the different corps found themselves on the approach of night. A further struggle would have been usless, if prosecuted under existing disadvantages, and it looked as if imperatively necessary to cease it, and to reorganize for the next day. But, in the meantime, all the forces of Buell had arrived, and Beauregard went into the bloody battle of the next day, merely to deceive the enemy about the retreat which he meditated back to Corinth, and which he executed with consummate skill.

At Corinth it soon became apparent to General Beauregard that the insalubrity of that locality would, says Colonel Roman, "increase as the season advanced," and that, apart from the danger of being overwhelmed by a steadily growing army in his front, he would have to select another strategic point more salubrious, and in which he could hold in check the enemy and protect his rear. For these reasons he evacuated Corinth and fell back on Tupelo, where begins

the fertile and healthful black-land region of Mississippi. With his usual caution, celerity, and success he executed this retreat, which is always a difficult military operation to effect without disaster, when having to elude the grasp of an enterprising and vigilant enemy.

Whilst at Corinth General Beauregard, by dint of excessive efforts and by the magnetism of his popularity, had succeeded in concentrating again fifty thousand men, with whom he had to contend against one hundred and twenty-five thousand under General Halleck, as first, and General Grant, as second in command. Before retreating, as we have related, from this eminently important strategic point, which he had to abandon, General Beauregard, with his well-known sagacity and his boldness of conception, had devised a scheme to strike a powerful blow at one of the numerous corps that he had in front. It was to be a flank movement, and was only partially successful, on account of the inefficiency of a leading guide and the slowness of one of the commanding Generals of the expedition. Meanwhile General Beauregard had taken the most minute precautions to protect his falling back to Tupelo, as before stated; and we believe that Colonel Roman correctly says "that no other retreat during the war was conducted in so systematic and masterly a manner, especially when we consider the comparative rawness of some of our troops and the disparity of numbers and resources between the two confronting armies." On the 5th of June, 1862, our army was safe at Tupelo, fifty-two miles from Corinth, in a salubrious region, where all the requirements of subsistence and of a good defensive position were found.

It was at Tupelo that the misunderstandings, incessantly occurring between the President and General Beauregard, attained a more acute degree of intensity. Believing that his presence could be dispensed with for a few days, the General went to Bladon Springs, in Alabama, in the hope to benefit his health, which was completely shattered, and transferred, temporarily, the command of the army to General Bragg, one of his Lieutenants. Whereupon, President Davis removed General Beauregard and substituted for him General Bragg, to whom he gave permanent and complete command. General Beauregard felt it to be an injustice and an affront, but he took it magnanimously, showing no irritation and no resentment.

On the 20th of July, General Bragg addressed a letter to his former commander, then at Bladon Springs, and consulted him on a projected campaign from Tupelo into Tennessee and Kentucky. He was answered in a most kind and cordial manner. After having fully developed his views on the subject, Beauregard concluded thus:

"The moment you get to Chattanooga, you ought to take the offensive, keeping in mind the following grand principles of the art of war: First, always bring the masses of your army in contact with the fractions of the enemy; second, operate as much as possible on his communications without exposing your own; third, operate always on interior or shorter lines. I have no doubt that, with anything like equal numbers, you will always meet with success."

Colonel Roman remarks: "General Bragg, for reasons we cannot explain, did not follow the advice given, and his campaigns into Middle Tennessee, and in Kentucky ended almost in a disaster."

In September, 1862, General Beauregard was assigned to duty in the military department, comprehending South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, with headquarters at Charleston. The minimum of the forces for the defense of this extensive district was reported to him as somewhat exceeding forty-three thousand men. He immediately established signal (flag) stations at the most important points along the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, where the enemy's ships, or fleets, could be observed. So effective was the inaugurated system, that, during the twenty months he remained there in command, he never was, on any occasion, taken by surprise. He prepared all the means in his power to give the enemy as warm a reception as circumstances would allow, and, as usual with him, no detail, however insignificant in appearance, was neglected. He actually looked to everything with his own eyes, and always took care to give, himself, verbally or otherwise, all the instructions necessary to the full execution of his orders.

We will not go into the details, extraordinary as they are, of the defence of Charleston against the powerful fleet that so long assailed that city. But we may be permitted to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that it was a marvellous display of engineering skill. The incessant labors which such a masterly defence required did not prevent General Beauregard from turning his attention to the military operations conducted by his companions in arms in other parts of the Confederacy. For instance, he suggested to General J. E. Johnston, then at Jackson, Mississippi, that by concentrating his own and other forces not actively engaged at the time, he could inaugurate a vigorous and successful campaign into Tennessee and Kentucky. On the 15th of May, 1863, he drew a plan of operations which he communicated to General J. E. Johnston, saying: "These views, if they coincide with yours might be, if not already done, submitted to the War Department."

That plan was extremely brilliant—almost dazzling. It consisted, as recommended on previous occasions, in the concentration of all our available forces on the defensive, and next, in the execution of rapid and offensive movements. It would at least have relieved, if it had accomplished nothing more, the State and Valley of Mississippi, by marching a large Confederate army into Tennessee and Kentucky. Rosecrans's corps could have been suddenly attacked and crushed; Grant's corps might have had his communications cut off and would have had to surrender, or cut his way through the victorious and enthusiastic hosts that encompassed him. Then sufficient forces could have been spared to send to the assistance of Kirby Smith in Louisiana, of Price in Missouri, and back to Virginia, to reinforce the troops left there, should they have been pressed by the enemy—a contingency hardly to be supposed, considering the condition of our foes in that State after their terrible defeat at Chancellorsville. Finally the navigation of the Mississippi could have been resumed, New Orleans retaken and Banks's army captured. These possibilities presented by General Beauregard in a plan which must be admitted to have been graphically drawn, and in support of which plausible reasons were alleged, produced, we confess, a sort of vertiginous effect upon our mind. We could not prevent the results, announced with such faith, from rising before us like a glorious mirage. But General Lee, instead of being sent to Kentucky, as he should have been, to co-operate with our other forces, was ordered into Pennsylvania, and the disaster of Gettysburg was the awful consequence of what is considered by many as an egregious mistake.

General Beauregard, in his anxiety for the fate of the Confederacy, did not confine his attention to the defence of Charleston; his mind glanced over a much broader surface. He never, as much as possible, lost sight of our military movements, wherever they were expected to be of any importance. Thus, on the 7th of October, 1863, he wrote to General Bragg, commanding the army at Chattanooga, Tennessee. With much lucidity he laid before him the plan of a campaign, and predicted what would follow should some such plan be not adopted. With remarkable modesty and with patriotic disinterestedness he said to his successor and friend:

"Should you approve of this plan, can you not address it as your own to the War Department in the hope of its being adopted? What I desire is our success. I care not who gets the credit for it. Our resources are fast getting exhausted; our people, I fear, are getting disheartened, for they can see no bright spot on the horizon to revive

their drooping hopes after the sacrifices they have made in this terrible contest. Let us then unite all our efforts in a last deadly struggle, and with God's help we shall triumph."

As usual, that new plan was rejected, as the others had been, and it is remarkable that on this occasion, as on the preceding ones, all that General Beauregard predicted as liable to happen, in case of the rejection of his views, took place almost to the very letter. Could it have been worse if his plans had been followed?

On the 8th of December, 1863, General Beauregard, while contemplating from Charleston the military situation in Virginia and the West, where disasters were following disasters, drew at the request of Pierre Soulé, ex-Senator of Louisiana in the Congress of the United States, a comprehensive plan of campaign, which the latter desired, if it were possible, to submit to the authorities at Richmond. In that communication General Beauregard said:

"The system hitherto followed of keeping in the field separate armies, acting without concert, on distant and divergent lines of operation, and thus enabling our enemy to concentrate at convenience his masses against our fractions, must be discontinued, as radically contrary to the principles of the art of war, and attended with inevitable results, such as our disasters in Mississippi, Tennessee and North Georgia.

"We must arrange for a sudden and rapid concentration—upon some selected, decisive point of the theatre of war—of enough troops to crush the forces of the enemy embodied in that quarter. This must necessarily be done at the expense or hazard, for the time, of other points less important, or offering less advantages to strike the enemy. A blow thus struck must effectually disorganize his combinations, and will give us the choice of the field of operations.

"I am sensibly aware of our limited means, our want of men, the materials and appliances of war and of transportation, and hence the difficulties which will embarrass us in the execution of this plan of concentration. But I see no way to success except through and by it, and nothing but ultimate disaster without it. A different course may, indeed, protract the contest, which will become, day by day, more unequal. We may fight stoutly, as hitherto, many bloody and undecisive battles, but will never win a signal, conclusive victory, until we can manage to throw a heavy and overwhelming mass of our forces upon the fractions of the enemy, and at the same time successfully strike at his communications without exposing our own.

"Of course my views must be subject to such modifications, as my

want of precise information relative to the number and location of our troops may render necessary. The hour is critical and grave. I am filled with intense anxiety lest golden opportunities shall be lost forever. It is concentration and immediate mobility that are indispensable to preserve us.”

The plan, although hurriedly drawn, was admirably conceived, and founded on the principles of the art of war. The only question was as to its feasibility. It is worthy of notice, that in his communication to Soulé, General Beauregard foresees, with the clearness of a true prophet, that Atlanta is the objective point of the enemy, and predicts the consequences that would and did ensue should the enemy take possession of that strategic point.

This plan was communicated to the War Department, and no action taken upon it. About eleven months later Atlanta fell, and the Southern Confederacy was mortally wounded. The sword of Sherman had gone through its vital parts. Beauregard had prophesied correctly. If the man-of-war had been fanciful in his military scheme of salvation, the prophet had not erred in his vaticinations.

From impregnable Charleston, under his command, Beauregard was removed in April, 1864, to Virginia, with headquarters at Petersburg. While at that city he proposed a plan of offensive operations, which was opposed by General Bragg, military adviser to the President. Among the arguments used by General Beauregard in pressing his views, we remark this one: “That, if successful, the stroke would, in all probability, terminate the war; while, if it should not be successful, the end to which the Confederate cause was hopelessly drifting, unless redeemed by some early, bold and decisive success, would only come sooner.” It is difficult for the reader not to be favorably impressed by this argument. But the President persisted in his refusal to acquiesce in the views of the General.

The want of time and space does not permit the author of this essay to go into a review of the defence of Petersburg, protected by fortifications that cavalry could ride over, and by ten thousand against ninety thousand men. Sufficient to say that it was a prodigy of engineering, generalship, indomitable endurance, and superb tenaciousness of will.

From Petersburg, which he had saved, General Beauregard was ordered to take the command of what was called the Military Division of the West, embracing two departments respectively under Generals Hood and Taylor. “He knew,” says Colonel Roman,

"that he was not superseding General Hood, but that he was merely sent to him as an adviser." General Hood, however, seems to have acted very little in concert with any advice from General Beauregard, and the plan of campaign which he had prepared, when carried into execution, ended in disaster for the Confederacy near Nashville, in Tennessee. The demoralized army became disorganized and was rapidly degenerating into a rabble. The days of the Confederacy were numbered and it was easy to foresee that its extinguishment was near.

On the 1st of February, 1865, Sherman began his famous march to the Atlantic Ocean. Beauregard was at Augusta. The estimate of the forces in and about that city and in the State of South Carolina, was 33,450 demoralized men, only one-half of them available at that date. It was the ghost of an army, with which to oppose at least 58,000 disciplined and well organized troops under Sherman.

It was then that General Beauregard, refusing to despair, and with a fortitude deserving of a better fate, conceived a plan by which he hoped, late as it was, to redeem the fortune of the Confederacy, and which he presented to President Davis, repeatedly in two telegraphic dispatches. He advised and demonstrated the policy of promptly abandoning all those cities and ports which he knew must soon fall of their own weight, and for whose protection troops were used that could be better employed at other points. But no attention was paid to his suggestions. "The government," says Colonel Roman, "persevered in following the beaten track, and preferred fighting the enemy's superior forces with disjointed portions of our own—thus reversing the essential maxim of war: *to command success concentrate masses against fractions.*"

This plan is minutely transcribed in Colonel Roman's book, because, as he says, "of its strategic value and entire feasibility." He further remarks: "It was indeed unfortunate that the War Department and Generals Bragg and Hardee did not understand the wisdom and necessity, at this juncture, of the concentration he advised. It would have resulted in the re-establishment of our lines of communication and depots of supplies, and in the eventual relief, if not permanent salvation of the Confederate capital."

Acknowledging our incapacity in this matter, we leave to competent critics the task to pronounce judgment on the "strategic value and entire feasibility" of the plan to which neither the government nor Generals Bragg and Hardee gave their assent. But we cannot but admire the stoutness of a heart impervious to despair, and the fer-

tility of that brain which to the very last was teeming with strategic conceptions of striking boidness. In the days of ancient Rome such a man would have been thanked by the Senate for his resolution still to continue the defence of what looked as a "lost cause." But although he had not, like Varro, lost by his fault the battle of Cannæ and left dead on the battle field near seventy thousand of his countrymen, yet not only was he not thanked for not having despaired of the Republic, but even very little attention was paid to his suggestions. Was it because, unlike Varro, he was not liable to reproach?

At last the cataclism arrived. Charleston was evacuated, Columbia burned, and nothing had been done by those who had rejected, one after another, all of General Beauregard's plans and suggestions. "The wisdom of the policy advocated by General Beauregard, weeks before," says Colonel Roman, "was clearly demonstrated. Had our untenable seaports and harbor defences and even the Confederate capital been abandoned in time, and the troops occupying them withdrawn and concentrated at or about Branchville, South Carolina, reinforced by two or more corps from the army of Northern Virginia, a stand could have been made by which Sherman's invading army, then so far from its base—the sea coast—would have been effectually checked and the course of events materially changed. As it was, place after place fell before overpowering numbers and the junction of General Bragg's forces with those of General J. E. Johnston was only partially effected after Schofield had united his forces with those of Sherman."

It may be said truly that the last effort, a spasmodic one, made by the Southern Confederacy in its agonies of death, was at Bentonville, when General Joseph E. Johnston, with about 14,000 men, struck, on the 20th of March, 1865, a vigorous blow on the flank of Sherman's army, composed of at least 60,000 men. It was the last leaf of laurel gained and much stained with bloodshed, with no result worthy of the sacrifice. We now hasten to avert our eyes from the painful and humiliating scenes which attended the end of our civil war. But before dismissing the subject, it gratifies us to say that Colonel Roman shows General Beauregard to have remained equal to himself to the last; and this is saying much; for very few historical characters have remained consistent and compact from the begining to the termination of their career.

Colonel Roman does not leave us unacquainted with the feelings of his hero when retiring into the shades of private life after his final struggle in favor of the "Lost Cause."

"General Beauregard," he says, "bitterly reflected on General Sherman's long and slow march from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah to Goldsboro', and from Goldsboro' to Raleigh, a distance of 650 miles, which it had taken him 100 days, or an average of six miles a day to accomplish. He knew that this had been effected without material opposition, because of want of forethought on the part of the officers of the War Department, from whom no reinforcement could be obtained, and by reason of whose apathy no concentration could be made at any point, notwithstanding his repeated and urgent appeals. And what added keenness to his regret, was the recollection that had General Hood crossed the Tennessee river at Gantersville, when he should have done so, he would have had ample time to destroy the scattered Federal forces in that part of the State, take Nashville, with all the supplies there collected, and march to the Ohio without encountering serious obstacles. Or, possibly, he might, after taking Nashville, have crossed the Cumberland mountains and gone to form a junction with General Lee, so as to strike General Grant before General Sherman could come to his assistance. The success of either movement might have compelled General Sherman to follow the Confederate forces into Middle Tennessee, thus showing the correctness of General Hood's original plan, which, though badly executed, was, nevertheless, undoubtedly well conceived."

After having read Colonel Roman's book twice with minute attention, we asked ourself what impression it had left on our mind as to the character, the talents, and military career of General Beauregard. Our appreciation we give here for what it is worth. It has, at least, the merit, if no other, of sincerity, impartiality, and conviction.

The moral qualities of General Beauregard are transparent, and cannot be questioned—integrity, high-mindedness, magnanimity, delicate sensitiveness under a cold exterior, disinterestedness, and a chivalrous refinement of feelings, to which we may add self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, when required by the public good. We are not sure that we might not, with equal propriety, extend this disposition so as to embrace his usual course of action within the sphere of private interests.

As a military man, he shows himself a wonderful organizer, a rare quality, so much appreciated in Carnot, whom Napoleon called the "organizer of victories." He is equally skillful in the attack and in the retreat, and he unites in his person what is seldom found together, the genius of the engineer with the quick and comprehensive conceptions of the strategist in the field. The great Condé was one of

those to whom these two special and very different gifts had been granted by nature. Beauregard's sagacity in foreseeing, as if by intuition, the intended movements of the enemy; his inexhaustible fertility in inventing and devising plans after plans to meet his own exigencies and those of others; his ingenuity in gathering means of defence or offence, his indefatigable attention to the smallest details, which is the characteristic of great commanders; his sleepless capacity for labor, the precision and lucidity of his orders and military correspondence, are individual traits which are conspicuous. He also possesses that magnetism which all great captains have exercised on their troops. In his campaigns he combined caution with dash, boldness with prudence; a boldness which he thought justified by the hesitations and timidity, if not by the actual incapacity, of the enemy. Wherever he appeared despondency gave way to encouragement. His equals in command, although sometimes differing with him, would repeatedly consult him, by telegrams or otherwise, on the propriety of their own movements, thereby exhibiting complete reliance on his judgment and on his *coup d'œil*, embracing, like the eagle's eye, an immensity of distance and a variety of objects.

From the beginning to the end of the Secession War, there was an irreconcilable divergence of opinion between General Beauregard and the Confederate Government as to the policy of the military operations to be adopted. Yielding, probably to the clamors of localities, and to the pressure of other exigencies and considerations, the Government endeavored to protect every portion of the very extensive area of the Confederacy. This necessitated a scattering of forces. Beauregard was for concentrating all the vitality of the Confederate body into a large army, which would have made short the arbitrament of arms, instead of its being prolonged. Such a system might have been successful, and if not, it would have left us less exhausted by a defeat which would at once have put an end to the conflict. Unfortunately it continued to be throughout the policy of extension against concentration, of general, permanent and indiscriminate retention against partial and temporary abandonment. But this universal would-be protection turned out to be universal and absolute ruin; for, as we have said in the first pages of this essay, nothing can be more surely fatal than the prolongation of the struggle of a much weaker power against a much superior one, because, when it comes to bleeding, a giant can more easily afford to lose one pint of blood than a pigmy one single drop.

A man, like Frederic the Great, would have allowed Richmond to

be sacked seven times, as Berlin was, rather than not concentrate every man and every resource he could command to strike incessantly at his enemies; for he was not much inclined to the defensive, when the contest was between a population of five millions against one hundred millions, between Prussian poverty and the comparatively immense wealth of his adversaries. He had too much sense in his brain and too much steel in his nerves to pursue such a course. But Frederic, it is true, had the advantage of being a despot, with no hand but his own to hold the bridle of his horse, which he spurred to victory or death at the four quarters of the horizon, according to his supreme will; and Prussia was an armed and disciplined camp. It was all sting. But would Frederic have done what he did if he had been the fettered President of a Democratic Republic, dozing in his Executive arm-chair, under the opiate of a congressional body, and, instead of being on horseback in the field to direct everything in person, waiting patiently for the passage of laws in a revolutionary crisis, which is always the negative of all law, and when there should be no other legislation than that of the sword? Would Napoleon have achieved his stupendous victories if he had been compelled to submit his plans, before their execution, to a council of lawyers in Paris? The Romans knew better. In perilous times, when the life of the Commonwealth was at stake, their patrician Senate always appointed a dictator, and never attempted to exercise any control over the man upon whom they had imposed such immense responsibility. That dictator always saved the Republic.

The numerous plans of campaigns devised by General Beauregard, and minutely described by Colonel Roman in his work, seem to have been considered by the Government either as too bold, too perilous, or too deficient in feasibility. "But," as observes Colonel Roman, "war is essentially a contest of chances, and he who fears to encounter any risk, seldom accomplishes great results." I believe it was Frederic who said to his officers, assembled around him, "Gentlemen, in front of us are the Austrians. They are in an impregnable position; they are two to one, and yet I am going to attack them in violation of all the rules of war. If not victorious, you will see me alive no more." This was risky enough; but this man of iron had no cause to repent of his temerity, and of his having rashly violated "all the rules of war."

Under the walls of Rocroy, the French, commanded by Condé, then only twenty-one years old, met the famous Spanish infantry, who had been, for almost a century, the terror of Europe. The enemy

was superior in numbers, in discipline, in experience, and expected large reinforcements at any moment. The Prince was for attacking without loss of time, and he did so, notwithstanding the opposition of the council of war, who thought that it would be too risky. The battle was lost twice by the fault of subalterns and the misconception of orders, and twice re-established by the youthful Commander. But the French again began to waver and to retreat slowly, when Condé by a manœuvre, which, says the Duke d' Aumale, "had never been executed before, and never has been executed since"—so perilous it was, we presume—completely annihilated the Spanish army, and gained the first of that series of victories by which he is immortalized.

We do not share the opinion of those who think that General Beauregard may have been too obtrusive in presenting repeatedly so many plans of military operations to the Government, and in insisting on their adoption with too much confidence in himself. It was his duty, if he was convinced that his views were correct. His conduct is not without numerous precedents in history. The men who have accomplished the most on earth, and who have left their names imperishably engraved on its surface, had implicit and absolute faith in themselves, next to God, or to the gods. This was an invariable characteristic in those superior beings. Hence, nothing humbled by disaster and the unjust disregard of men, they still retained on their brows the imprint of dignity from an abiding faith in their own worth and in the correctness of their motives and designs. This is not the ignoble vanity or foolish imprudence of mediocrity. It is the consciousness of the possession of real innate powers, of self-relying genius, whose existence cannot be destroyed by the malignancy of the world, although its light may be kept concealed under a bushel by the mysterious decree of adverse fate.

We are convinced, after reading Colonel Roman's book, that General Beauregard had in himself the faith which we have described in others. It has been said, "that true modesty exists only in strong heads and great souls;" but certainly it cannot exclude from those "strong heads and great souls" the self-perception of what they are. General Beauregard undoubtedly believed, with that faith which removes mountains, that the military line of action which he recommended to the Government, if adopted, would save the Confederacy. What must then have been the agonies of his heart when he saw all his plans rejected, and a system of warfare pursued, which, in his opinion, would lead to infallible destruction! Whether he was right or wrong in his conceptions and recommendations on which we are

not competent to pass judgment *ex cathedra*, we cannot but sympathise with the keenness of his disappointment and the honesty of his patriotic grief. With such a deep-rooted conviction of the correctness of his views, it is perhaps not astonishing that he attributed the persistent neglect of them, and the treatment which he thought he received in other respects, to personal enmity from the Government which he was anxious to serve so zealously. We leave aside these grievances, whether real or fancied, as not coming within the scope of this essay.

Colonel Roman's "Military Operations of General Beauregard" is an important work. We feel personally indebted to him for the information which we have derived from its perusal. The style of his narrative, bating some repetitions which might have been spared, is all that the nature of his composition required. It is pure, elegant, lucid, and vigorously descriptive in more than one page. There is occasionally some pardonable vivacity of personal feelings, but always expressed in proper and dignified language. He has done full justice to his subject, which is no small achievement, for it is seldom that as much can be said of most writers. If his impartiality is questioned by some, we believe that his evident intention to be just will be acknowledged by all. His assertions and appreciations are based on documents which he puts on record as judicial evidence. Henceforth, of our civil war, it will be impossible to write the history without taking this valuable contribution to it into the most serious consideration.

CHARLES GAYARRÈ.

Reminiscences of Cavalry Operations.

By GEN. T. T. MUNFORD.

PAPER NO. 2.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, 19TH SEPTEMBER, '64.

My brigade was moved hurriedly from the right over to the left with Bretherd's old battery, and taken by General Fitz Lee across the Red Bud Creek to relieve the heavy pressure upon a part of General Bradley Johnson's cavalry, then skirmishing with the enemy. Johnson's troops were on the left of Evans' infantry brigade of Gordon's division. We were dismounted, and became engaged very quickly;

but a few well-directed shots from our horse artillery cleared our immediate front—General Fitz. Lee taking command of the whole line, Wickham of the division, I had the brigade. Our battery was moved up to the edge of a piece of timber ; to our front and right was an open plateau extending for several miles. Our battery was sheltered by timber on our left. The enemy's batteries were firing obliquely to our right at our infantry and their batteries (Carter's and Braxton's). A little more than a quarter of a mile to our right was "Ash Hollow," a water shed, a deep ravine in which the enemy had formed, and Rickett's division of the Sixth corps, and Grover's division of the Nineteenth corps, were debouching to attack—this was about 12 o'clock. General Fitz. Lee turned his artillery's guns upon this body of the enemy. The handling of our six guns of horse artillery was simply magnificent. Strange enough, the enemy's guns did not respond to these. Our cannoniers made their battery roar, sending their death-dealing messengers with a precision and constancy that made the earth around them seem to tremble, while their shot and shell made lanes in this mass of the enemy moving obliquely to their right to attack Evans' brigade.

General Early says in his narrative : "When they had appeared within musket range of Braxton and Carter's artillery, and were repulsed by the cannister from their batteries, Battle's brigade, of Rodes' division, moved forward and forced the enemy back." As they went back over the same ground over which they had marched to attack in great disorder, having been badly broken up, our battery, if possible, excelled itself, and a more murderous fire I never witnessed than was plunged into this heterogeneous mass as they rushed back. We could see the track of the shot and shell as they would scatter the men, but the lanes closed up for another to follow. The field was strewn with their dead and wounded before they got back from whence they started.

There was a little lull, and while we knew only a part of their army had been engaged, yet everything looked well for us ; this was about 1 P. M. A courier dashed up with orders for me to move the brigade quickly over to the right to reinforce Lomax. Wilson's division of cavalry had massed in his front and was threatening. We hurried along, passing in rear of our infantry line of battle, where hundreds of our wounded and dead were being taken to Winchester. *En route* a friend told me General R. E. Rodes had been killed. Dear friend of my youth, I had known him well and intimately at the Virginia Military Institute "in days lang syne." "No

truer knight ever flashed a blade or responded to bugle's note." A costly sacrifice to our army. And later in the evening, when we returned to the left, I learned that Colonel George S. Patton, my roommate for two years and classmate at the V. M. I., had also been killed. Like a chain in a family circle, a link falls out, others may come and take their seats; the missing link can never be forged again; that gap cannot be filled up.

On we move to join Lomax, near Abram's Creek, to the right of the Berryville pike. The enemy's battery welcomed us with shell, making our approach to Lomax in an open field very uncomfortable, and, as usual, some good men and horses went down under their fire. It is a grand sight to see masses of troops with glittering sabres or bayonets, and banners and guidons streaming; but the crackling, screaming and bursting of shells from the enemy's guns, over the heads of cavalry, and occasionally dropping in their midst, is never agreeable. I dismounted all the men I could spare from the led horses. They quickly collected all of the loose rock and rails near by, and in an astonishingly short time my men were stretched behind them, willing to take the chances. (Rock piles were very effective against carbine balls, but when a cannon ball and shell *hit* a rock pile it generally *cleared out* all behind it.) Then, as it often happened, when we felt *about fixed*, another courier came, in great haste, for me to move the brigade back to the left, as Averill and Torbert were coming in on the Martinsburg road, and had overpowered our small force of cavalry, and were seriously threatening our infantry, who had to change front to rectify our lines. To withdraw in the face of the enemy is always fraught with difficulties and dangers. It is certain to draw their fire with greater energy from their batteries, and is very apt to make them advance at once. Orders must be obeyed; the men would rather have remained and taken their chances, but back we must go. The men holding the horses were glad enough to see the command preparing to come and mount, for they had been shifting constantly to keep from the range of the enemy's artillery, who were constantly feeling for them. We had to get back slowly, allowing Lomax gradually to extend his old lines, and to relieve my men quietly, so as not to attract the enemy's attention. When everything was ready, back we went to mount, and soon had shell from the same battery shrieking after us. Out we moved, and met courier after courier, telling me to hurry up. Off we went at a trot, and when we reached the left things looked very ugly for us. General John C. Breckenridge and his staff were exert-

ing themselves to rectify our infantry lines. We could see our cavalry were moving up to meet a very large force who were coming down the pike. Two divisions of cavalry, Averill's and Torbert's, were now just ahead and in sight. Averill had sent a mounted regiment to take Fort Hill, to the north of Winchester, and a very commanding position to the west of the pike. General Early had no idea of allowing him to hold it, as that covered the pike below, and sent orders to me to take it and hold it. Up the hill we went and at them, followed by two guns of our horse artillery. We drove them from the hill, ran the two pieces in the fort, dismounted the First, Second and Fourth Virginia cavalry, giving the Third Virginia the protection of the led horses, and we had just gotten well into the fort when Averill charged to recapture it; but we gave them a rough welcome, and sent them back faster than they came up. A second charge was made with the same result, during which time our two guns had been doing splendid service. They had opened with such precision upon the cavalry below that it checked them. Looking below to our right we could see our infantry falling back rapidly and in some disorder, and our little battery was now to catch it. Three of the enemy's batteries from below opened upon us with a terrific fire. I ordered our guns to retire; they limbered up and had moved out, when a shell from the enemy's battery took off the head of one of our cannoniers. Sergeant Hawley, in charge of that piece, stopped it, and as it was shotted, unlimbered and fired it while the dead man was being strapped on the limberchest, and then moved off. A cavalry regiment charged us again feebly, but were repulsed. From my position I saw General Sheridan's army form in the plateau below us to the right, and looking to the southeast I could distinctly see Wilson's division of cavalry. Why this great body of horse were not hurled upon General Early's army is a mystery to me; why they did not run over my brigade is incomprehensible! I retired to the southwest through the outskirts of Winchester, but was not pressed, and when I arrived at Mill Creek, one mile south of Winchester, where I supposed we would be in the ugliest kind of a place, I got at within one hundred yards of Wilson's command before they saw us. I charged and drove those off in front of us. We exchanged a few shots and moved on and joined General Early at New Town. Our battery at the fort had done magnificent execution. Was it that our cavalry were in the fort dismounted that Sheridan could not get at us? Is not this a singular fact? General Early says "that Wickham's brigade covered

Ramseur's division, the only organized command in his infantry; yet in that manœuvre Ramseur had held in check Wilson's division, and my little brigade was the only force between Ramseur and Averill and Torbert; thus their three divisions of 11,000 cavalry: indeed more mounted men by double than Early had organized in the field, and yet they let us get away. They did not even press us. Let the military student take Pond's book and maps and see the battle-field and compare it with Early's narrative, and decide this matter in his own mind.

RETREAT UP THE LURAY VALLEY.

That night General Wickham sent my Brigade, that is the First, Second and Fourth Regiments (he retained the Third Virginia and the Battery) to Front Royal, to picket and guard the approaches from Winchester, so as to cover the Luray Valley road. I moved then, and was ready for the enemy at the three fords, and when they advanced at dawn we gave them a warm reception. My Brigade executed a manœuvre in tactics, which was a sharp test of the skill of its officers and the gallantry of its magnificent men. They had to pass three defiles from right to rear and left, in the face of a full division, flushed with the victory of the day before, and they did it successfully, with a loss of about ten or twelve men in killed and wounded, after a four hours' fight. I record it with pride, but give the glory to the privates who obeyed orders and executed them with magnificent spirit, well knowing the odds against them.

Had Sheridan shown any enterprise this magnificent body of heroes could have been hurried that night of the battle of Winchester up the Luray Valley pike, and the doom of Early's army was inevitable; indeed, Early's army should never have been allowed to go to Mill Creek the day of that battle.

At Front Royal there are three principal crossings or fords. The Shenandoah river runs east and the pike to Winchester cuts it at right angles. The Fourth Virginia was on the left of my line, the Second Virginia in the centre on the main Winchester pike, and the First Virginia on the lower ford on the extreme right. Our line reached about one-half mile, and our line of retreat was from right to left, and up the Luray pike. The loss of the ford held by the Fourth or Second would of course cut the First Virginia or Second Virginia off from that line. The Fourth and Second were instructed, when dismounted, to hold at all hazards until the First could be withdrawn,

then the Second and Fourth would retire. We had fortified as cavalry generally do, but the infantry had "*fixed*" the fords for their use. At early dawn Wilson's division moved up the Winchester pike and made a dash at the ford, but were repulsed. Fortunately for us, a very heavy fog had settled over the river. One could not see fifty steps ahead, but could *hear* everything. A second attempt was made to charge and carry this ford, but they were in turn repulsed; indeed, the pickets kept up such a fusillade that Wilson dismounted a considerable force and tried to drive them off. That did not succeed. He then sent to the other fords, hoping to carry them and sweep up the river and come in the rear of the Second, forcing the First. After some sharp skirmishing they fell back up the river on the Second Virginia. They were placed, supported by the reserve of the Second, and when the head of the enemy's column arrived opposite to my men—we could hear their commands, but they could not see us—Captain C. F. Jordan, of the First Virginia, charged with his squadron, backed by Lieutenant R. C. Wilson, of the Second Virginia, with his, and scattered the head of the enemy's column. The reserve of the Second held its position while Capt. John O. Lasslie, of the Second, moved up to relieve the dismounted men of the Third, Capt. Jesse Irvine's squadron. (They had been receiving a concentrated fire from the enemy's main column, who had hoped to hold these men until their people could take them in the rear.) Capt. Lasslie's mounted squadron was accompanied by the led horses of Capt. Irvine's squadron. The enemy's fire was very severe and Capt. Lasslie and two of his men were killed, holding the ford while the dismounted men ran out and mounted. Displaying Irvine's company mounted, we fell back. In the meantime the sun was well up and the fog was fast disappearing; and up and at us moved two columns that had been attacked by Jordan. The Fourth Virginia were being pressed and we moved back and joined them. By this time the fog was gone, and our little handful was in full view of Wilson's division, now crossing in force. Wickham had come up and was waiting at the mouth of the Luray Valley road with Payne's Brigade, the Third Virginia, and Brethead's battery of horse artillery. We fell back up the Luray Valley, skirmishing all the way. Some several weak charges were attempted by the enemy, but without any real advantages to them or loss to us. Wickham moved back to Gorny Run and formed his line, and there remained for the day and night. There were the cavalry "in poor condition" which Sheridan had so guilelessly said "he could not get at." This trouble

seemed to have followed him until our great disaster at Tom's Brook, where by Rosser's rashness we were entrapped, and lost more in that one fight than we had ever done before, in all of our fights together. (I refer to material, not men.)

On page 176, Pond's book, we find the following :

"The night of the 21st he sent this dispatch (Sheridan to Grant). 'Gen. Wilson's cavalry division charged the enemy at Front Royal pike this morning and drove them from Front Royal up the Luray Valley for a distance of six miles. I directed two brigades of the First Cavalry Division, with General Wilson's division, to follow the enemy up the Luray valley and to push them vigorously.'"

Pond says, page 178: "Unfortunately Torbert did not succeed in driving Wickham's cavalry from its strong defensive position at Millford, and hence the portion of Sheridan's plan which contemplated cutting off the enemy's retreat by seizing the pike at New Market was not carried out.

"On the 21st Torbert had moved through Front Royal into the Luray Valley with the divisions of Merritt and Wilson, excepting Devins's brigade of Merritt's division, which had been left to guard the rear of the army at Cedar Creek. He found Wickham, with his own and Payne's brigades, posted on the south side of Gorny Run. At 2 A. M. of the 22d Custer's brigade was sent back across the South Fork with orders, says Torbert, to march around the enemy's flank to his rear, as he seemed too strong to attack in front; but Torbert, on moving forward at daylight, found the enemy had retreated to a still stronger position on the south side of Millford creek, with his left on the Shenandoah and his right on a knob of the Blue Ridge, occupying a short and compact line. The banks of the creek seemed to Torbert too precipitous for a direct attack, and 'not knowing,' he says, 'that the army had made an attack at Fisher's Hill, and thinking that the sacrifice would be too great to attack without that knowledge, I concluded to withdraw to a point opposite McCoy's Ford.' On the 23d Wilson crossed McCoy's Ford, and Merritt went back through Front Royal, where he skirmished with Mosby during the afternoon. 'News was received of the victory at Fisher's Hill and directions to make up the Luray Valley.' Both divisions at once moved forward and bivouacked at Millford creek, which the enemy had evacuated."

NOTE.—[Sheridan to Grant] September 23d: "Its operations [the cavalry] up the Luray Valley, on which I calculated so much, was an entire failure. They were held at Millford by two small brigades

of Fitz. Lee's division, and then fell back towards Front Royal, until after they learned of our success at Fisher's Hill. Had they been able to move the day before across the South Fork through Massanutten Gap, a powerful body of horse would have been in the rear of the enemy upon their line of retreat ; but Early was fully alive to this danger and had guarded against it with Wickham's force."

A powerful body of horse were held by two small brigades whom Sheridan has already said he could not get at, and that they were in a poor condition !

On page 190 Pond says : " After the cavalry action at Millford on the 22d, Early had sent in haste for a brigade of Wickham's force to join him at New Market, through the Massanutten Gap. Torbert fell upon the other brigade, Payne's, drove it from Millford, compelled it to retreat again near Luray, Custer capturing about seventy prisoners ; thence crossing through the Massanutten Gap to New Market, he proceeded up the pike to Harrisonburg, while Powell's cavalry had gone forward to Mount Crawford."

These are the facts according to my recollection.

The morning after General Early's retreat from Fisher's Hill, he sent for a brigade of Wickham's command. When that order came two divisions of the enemy's " powerful horse " were active and demonstrating in our front, hoping to do what Sheridan had *suggested* and ordered, and which they should and could have done had they been willing to make the costly " sacrifice " to accomplish it. The idea of two divisions, six thousand strong, of magnificently mounted cavalry, allowing two skeleton brigades and a battery " in poor condition " to hold them for three days, needs no commentary. When our cavalry was in condition, General J. E. B. Stuart carried it wherever General R. E. Lee sent him, and left very few of them behind. The cavalry that Sheridan had should have been able to go from one end of Virginia to the other at will, and would have gone had Hampton had them ! I have digressed. Wickham left me in command and went in person to see General Early, across the mountain. In his route he met couriers, and sent them to me to move with my brigade and join him ; but Torbert was now very active, and doing his best to move my command. I knew, with his numbers, if he once got us started, I could do nothing, and determined to hold the advantage I now possessed, and replied to Wickham by the same couriers that it would not be safe to General Early ; that Early could not know what was in our front, and that I would not move under present pressure ; that as long as we could hold this part of the enemy's cavalry, Early was

safe. Torbert, running out his artillery, commenced a furious shelling, which our battery answered with vigor. His men demonstrated heavily in front of Payne, whose men were at the bridge, and they moved up in our front as if they intended to assault my lines. Payne repulsed those in front of him, and our rifles opened from behind stumps, rocks, and rail piles and trees with such a ringing fire, back they all went. This was being kept up so long I began to suspect something, and sent Captain Thomas Whitehead, of Company E, Second Virginia cavalry, to my extreme right with a scout, who soon notified me by courier that a considerable force (he thought a brigade) were making around across the mountain to turn our position. My line had already been stretched to its greatest tension; our led horses had consumed one-fourth of the command. I was in conversation with Major Brethead when this information was brought me; I asked him if he felt safe with his battery, if I moved the squadron in his front, and over whose heads his guns were firing? He smiled and said: "If 'Billy' (Colonel Payne) can hold that bridge—and it looks like he is going to do it—I'll put a pile of cannister near my guns, and all h—l will never move me from this position. I'll make a horizontal shot turn in full blast for them to come through; you need not be afraid of my guns." Just then the enemy repeated their feint again. I withdrew Captain Strother, of the Fourth Virginia, with his squadron, and gave him the buglers of the First, Second and Fourth regiments, and directed him to move his men, dismounted, quickly on the ridge parallel to the ravine in the woods the enemy were working around to get down behind us, this squadron to be deployed at about fifteen paces interval, and the buglers to be in their rear about regimental distance apart, with orders that whenever my headquarters' bugle sounded the advance they were to echo the same notes, one following the other. This little ruse acted just as I hoped. They had hardly gotten to the point before Whitehead's rifles could be heard falling back. When these troops arrived opposite Strother, his rifles opened sharply; I had the bugle for the advance sounded, and it was responded to in turn by the other three. The echo up the crags and cliffs pealed and reverberated; on our sharpshooters moved, and at the second blast from the bugles back started this column. As some of my men were now in their rear and on their flank, back they went in a hurry. Torbert continued to be active until Custer returned, when they withdrew and went back to Front Royal, as has already been described by Pond. Finding that they had withdrawn, I withdrew, leaving Colonel Payne with his brigade. (At that time

Payne was the Colonel of the Fourth Virginia cavalry of my brigade, detailed to command Lomax's old brigade. Later Payne was commissioned Brigadier-General, and for gallant services which had been well won, given that brigade.) I moved back with my brigade to join Wickham, whom I met at the gap at the top of the mountain. It was then too late to get to Early, as his infantry had passed New Market. We could see that he was retiring in line of battle, and Sheridan following him in line. Wickham was much excited, and wanted to know "why I had not promptly obeyed his orders." He had been momentarily expecting me to join him, and as the enemy were getting too close to New Market for us to gain that place, he was uneasy lest we be caught up on the mountain. Explaining what had occurred, he promptly accepted it as the best that could have been done under the circumstance, *especially* as the enemy had retired.

We countermarched, and moved back down the mountain and turned up towards Luray, having gone a mile or more, when couriers came dashing up, saying the enemy had returned in force and had run over Payne's little command, and that he was being pressed. Fortunately for Payne, he was able to get back beyond the road that passed through the Massanutten Gap, which the enemy was now making for. Their main body pushed over that route, and only a part of it followed us. We halted and had some skirmishing, but no serious engagement. We had been continuously engaged since the battle of Winchester, our wagons had gone up the main Staunton pike with General Early's train, and we were getting very short of ammunition and had been *pinched* for rations for men and horses; yet our men were cheerful and ready and willing to do all that in them lay. On the 25th we moved up to near Port Republic, where we joined General Early. There we again met the enemy's cavalry, and with them had some sharp skirmishing. General Early was now expecting reinforcements.

FIGHT AT WAYNESBORO'.

On the 28th they had arrived, and he was now ready again to take the offensive, and sent me across the South Fork of the Shenandoah river over towards the Staunton pike. General Gordon's infantry followed. We found the position of the enemy, and from where we were we could see the enemy's artillery in park in the direction of and near Weir's Cave. I placed two of

our guns in position to open on this part of their artillery which was now expecting our approach and was moving around to get in a piece of woods to attack. General Wickham arriving after we had started, ordered our guns to open before we had gotten near enough to accomplish anything, and the first shot from that gun had about the same effect that a stick in the hands of a mischievous boy, near enough to stir up a nest of wasps, would have had: they swarmed out and very soon were ready for us. Moving over to the Staunton pike, we soon learned that Wilson's division and Lowell's brigade had been sent to Staunton and Waynesboro' to destroy the iron railroad bridge at the latter place. General Wickham ordered me to move with my brigade to Waynesboro' and attack, saying General Pegram's brigade would follow me. Captain McClung's company of the First Virginia regiment came from this county—Augusta. I moved up to within half a mile of the enemy's pickets facing down the Valley, the direction they would expect us, and making a detour by a blind road used years before for the hauling of charcoal, passing in and around the foot-hills; this brought me out about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the tunnel through the mountain, and between it and the railroad bridge, upon which the enemy were at work.

Two companies of boys and reserves from Staunton and Waynesboro, with a battery, had fallen back in front of Wilson's command to the mouth of the tunnel. Their pieces had been withdrawn to the top of the mountain. I sent a scout forward, who cut off the enemy's vidette and captured it. We had to wait a little time for our artillery to come up. The blind road was filled with fallen trees and logs, but that splendid battery could follow the cavalry anywhere, and overcome any reasonable obstacle. When well up, the First Virginia cavalry was dismounted and sent down the Chesapeake and Ohio railroads towards Waynesboro and the bridge over the Shenandoah. The Fourth Virginia, mounted, was ordered to charge the enemy's reserve picket. Capt. Johnston, commanding the battery (a gallant officer), was ordered to move up at a trot and occupy an elevated piece of ground with his guns, while the Third and Second, dismounted, supporting it and the Fourth Virginia. They were all pushed over across the Charlottesville and Staunton pike, south of and parallel with the railroad. This was promptly executed, and immediately after the move was started, the enemy started back. (Coming in behind their picket from the opposite direction from

which we were expected was a complete surprise, which advantage I pressed, and was heartily seconded by the whole command. Prisoners captured told me they supposed it was Hampton's command, from Gen. Lee's army, as we had come from the direction of Charlottesville, and they had heard that morning that General Early had been reinforced from Richmond). Captain Johnson's battery was handled with great skill. He opened on the working party attempting to pull the bridge to pieces with splendid effect. They scattered and started back at a run, and as long as there was a mark to fire at, east of Waynesboro, his guns blazed at it. Arriving at the river, the First, Second and Third were mounted, but the Fourth had pushed on, and had some sharp skirmishing in the town before the other regiments came up. Upon their arrival we soon cleared the town, and Johnson's battery took position on the west end and was having a sharp duel with the enemy's battery. This was after sun-down, when Gen. Early with his infantry appeared on their flank, and with a few shots from the artillery attached to Gen. Pegram's infantry brigade, they started to retire, and after night moved rapidly back through Staunton to join their own army.

In this spirited little fight of my brigade Gen. Early had accomplished all he had expected and saved the bridge from serious damage. The conduct of the whole command—officers and soldiers and the battery—was all that could have been desired. I was especially indebted to Capt. Henry C. Lee, Adjutant and Inspector General of the brigade, and Rev. Randolph McKim, chaplain of the Second Virginia Cavalry, now a distinguished divine of the Episcopal Church, diocese of New York City, who acted as my aid-de-camp with great spirit.

In this engagement Capt. Geo. N. Bliss, commanding a squadron of Rhode Island cavalry, a Federal officer, who fell into my hands, behaved with such conspicuous gallantry, strikingly in contrast with the conduct of his command, I take pleasure in making a note of it. Seeing how small a number we had, he urged his Colonel to charge the Fourth Virginia cavalry as it entered the main street of Waynesboro. (So he told me in conversation when a prisoner in our hands after the fight.) The Colonel ordered him to charge. He moved forward, flashed his sabre, and dashed ahead, he being well mounted. His men started all right, but began to falter and stopped. He, without turning his head to look after them, dashed on at the head and into the Fourth Virginia cavalry, single handed, and

was cut down, but not until he had made several very ugly cuts with his sabre upon the men of the Fourth, and fell bleeding from his horse. His gallantry won the admiration of my men, and, as he was recognized as a Mason, and seemed to be a sort of a "head devil" among that fraternity, Capt. Henry Lee of my staff took him in charge, treated him kindly, and reported him "all right and accounted for." (Lee being a Mason.) The Masons—of which body I was not a member—seemed to be active in my brigade, and frequently seemed interested in people that I did not appreciate as they did.

Operations in Front of Petersburg June 24th, 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL HAGOOD.

H'D'QRS HAGOOD'S S. C. BRIGADE,
HOKE'S DIVISION, June 26th, 1864.

Capt. Otey, A. A. G.:

CAPTAIN,—I am required to make a full report of the operations of my command in front of Petersburg on the morning of the 24th inst.:

My Brigade occupied the left of our line of entrenchments, resting on the south bank of the Appomattox, the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-first and Eleventh Regiments filling the space from the river to the City Point road, and the Twenty-fifth and Seventh battalions extending along the lines south of the road. The enemy's entrenchments were at this point, parallel to ours, at a distance of about four hundred yards—an open field, with a rank growth of oats upon it, intervening. Each side had slight rifle-pits a short distance in advance of its first line of entrenchments. Our line of entrenchments was single. The enemy was entrenched in three lines close together, and the attack developed the fact that four and a half regiments, numbering some 1,600 or 1,700 men, occupied their first line.

My division commander, Major General Hoke, about dawn on the 24th, informed me that a general engagement was contemplated that day, and gave me detailed instructions as to the part my brigade was to take in bringing it on. He had, the night before, given me direc-

tion to be ready for movement at daylight. A heavy cannonade was to be opened from the north side of the river upon the enemy's position, and five minutes after it had ceased I was to charge the portion of the enemy's line between the river and the City Point road, with Twenty-seventh, Twenty-first and Eleventh regiments, and informed that I would be closely supported by Anderson's brigade.

When we had succeeded in driving them from their first line, Anderson was to occupy it till *his* support arrived, when he was to press on against their second and third lines, while, pivoting my three regiments, already spoken of, on their right, and bringing up the other two regiments of the brigade, I was to form my line along the City Point road, perpendicular to my first position. Then, taking the enemy's first line as a directrix, I was to clear Colquitt's front (on my right) as far as and including Hare's Hill, &c., &c.

While General Hoke was still explaining the plan of battle to me, Lieutenant Andrews reported to me from General Anderson, stating that the latter was in position, and had sent him to keep in communication with me. In consultation with General Hoke my plan of attack was settled and every preparation made.

The artillery opened precisely at 7 A. M. and ceased precisely at 7.30 A. M. At 7.20 A. M. I sent Lieut. Andrews to say to General Anderson that I would move in fifteen minutes. He left me with speed. A delay of seven minutes, however, occurred in my movements, and at precisely 7.42 A. M. I advanced. I am, so far, thus accurate as to time, because I did not see my supports, did not know their precise locality, and being governed in my instructions by time, noticed the watch closely.

My advance was made with four hundred picked men and officers as skirmishers, followed by the balance of the three regiments (about five hundred and fifty men) in a second deployed line at close supporting distance. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson (Seventh battalion) was selected to command the skirmishers. I took the direction of the main line.

The attack was made. The enemy were driven from their rifle-pits, without resistance of moment. Their first line of entrenchments was gained, and a portion of it captured. Some thirty prisoners were here taken and sent to the rear, and the enemy's whole line was seriously shaken, his men in numbers running from the works. Discovering our small force and the attack not being followed up, his first line rallied and reinforcements were rapidly pushed up from his

rear, and we were compelled to fall back. This was done slowly and the enemy endeavoring to charge us, was driven back into his works. My men, under orders, laid down in the oats about half way between the two hostile entrenchments to await Anderson's advance and then go with him. Numbers of them, however, got back as far as our rifle-pits before spoken of, and were allowed to remain there with the same orders as the more advanced line. None of them came back to our entrenchments, except the few skulkers whom every attack develops, and in this instance I am pleased to say that they were very few.

How much time was occupied in these movements I am unable to say accurately, as I did not look at my watch again. When the vigor of my attack was broken, however, and my men had begun to fall back, the left of Benning's brigade, moving by a flank, reached the right of the entrenchments I had left in advancing, and there stopped. A discussion between Major-Generals Hoke and Field took place, and after some delay this brigade moved in and was ready to advance. General Anderson's report will explain the delay in his arrival. The report of Lieutenant-Colonel Dubose, commanding Benning's brigade, will show the time of his arrival and the then condition of affairs. Major-General Hoke was on the ground during the whole morning and can speak of his personal knowledge.

The order for attack being countermanded, I kept out all day as many of my men as the rifle-pits would hold, withdrawing the rest by squad. At night all were withdrawn and the regiments reorganized. My loss was about a third of the force engaged, twenty-five being killed, seventy-three wounded, and two hundred and eight missing. Among the missing are, I fear, many killed and wounded who fell nearest the enemy's entrenchments.

The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson is missing, it is hoped not killed. Captain Axson, Twenty-seventh regiment, was killed at the head of his company. Lieutenants Huguenin and Trim, of the Twenty-seventh; Lieutenants Chappell, Ford and Vauduford, Twenty-first, and Lieutenant Smith, Eleventh, were wounded. Captains Mulvaney and Buist were captured upon the enemy's works, *the latter after receiving two wounds** Captain Rayson and Lieutenant Riley, Eleventh regiment; Lieutenant White, Twenty-seventh regi-

*A mistake.

ment, and Lieutenant Clements, Twenty-first, are missing. I append a tabular list of casualties.

Respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD, *B. G.*

COMMAND.	COMMANDER.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
		Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	
Seventh Battalion S. C. V.....	Captain Jones.....					1		1		1
Eleventh Regiment S. C. V.....	Captain Mickler.....		14	1	27	2	43	3	84	87
Twenty-sixth Regiment S. C. V....	Captain Wilds.....		3	4	18	1	49	5	70	75
Twenty-fifth Regiment S. C. V.....	Colonel Simonton.									
Twenty-seventh Regiment S. C. V..	Captain Buist....	1	7	2	20	3	110	6	137	143
Grand Total.....		1	24	7	65	7	202	15	291	306

REPORT OF GENERAL HOKE.

HEADQUARTERS HOKE'S DIVISION,
July 2d, 1864.

Captain :

In obedience to orders from Department Headquarters, I respectfully report that a plan of an attack upon the enemy was settled upon on June 23d, 1864, to take place on the following morning; which plan is fully known to the Commanding General. On the night of the 23d General Hagood was made sufficiently familiar with the mode of attack to make the necessary arrangements. No other officer of my command was aware of the intended advance. This precaution was taken fearing that by some means the enemy might learn our intentions and prepare for us. In accordance with the plan my arrangements were made, which are fully and properly given in the enclosed report of Brigadier-General Hagood.

Dividing my forces on the left of the City Point road into two heavy skirmish lines, one to be supported by the other, the whole to be supported by Brigadier-General Anderson's brigade, of Field's division, I formed in line of battle in rear of the entrenchments then

occupied by Hagood's left, and under cover of the hill. As was directed, the artillery from the batteries on the north side of the river opened fire upon the entrenchments of the enemy as soon as the morning's mist had cleared away, and continued its fire with great accuracy, but no execution, for half an hour. After the lapse of five minutes the fire of these guns was directed upon the batteries of the enemy, drawing, in a great degree, their fire from the advancing infantry, which, as far as I could see, was the only service rendered by our guns. Indeed, I fear we were injured more than we gained by the use of our guns, as it notified the enemy of our intended attack. My intention was to attack immediately after our guns opened upon the enemy's batteries, but as General Anderson had not reported I delayed, and immediately one of his staff officers appeared, by whom General Anderson was informed that in fifteen minutes the advance would certainly take place, which would give him time to reach the entrenchments then occupied by General Hagood. At the appointed time the advance was ordered, and immediately the second line followed. The first line gallantly entered the entrenchments of the enemy and did their duty nobly, and, as was witnessed by General Lee himself, succeeded not only in breaking the enemy, but drove them from their works.

It was never expected that the entrenchments of the enemy could be held by these two lines of skirmishers, but that they should occupy them until the line of battle could reach them. As was before stated, the second line of skirmishers followed immediately the first, but was not allowed to go beyond the line of rifle-pits, as it was discovered that the supporting line of battle had not appeared, and had they gone on would have shared the fate of the first line. I then asked Major-General Field, who was upon the ground, to order Anderson forward, as a moment's delay would be fatal. He immediately sent the order, which had been previously sent, to General Anderson to go forward. (It is proper here for me to state that this was my third effort to get General Anderson forward after my first notice to him that "in fifteen minutes I would certainly move forward.")

Some time after General Field's second order was sent to General Anderson he received a note from him stating that the entrenchments were still occupied by General Hagood's troops. In this he was greatly mistaken, as will be seen by General Hagood's report, and if necessary to prove this mistake, I can produce a statement from Colonel Dubose, commanding Benning's brigade (who by this time had moved up in line of battle on the right of General Anderson's posi-

tion, and after reaching the trenches moved by the left flank down them and occupied the position which Anderson was to have taken, and then in his front), that there were no troops in the trenches apart from some stragglers, of which I am sure no command is free. After some time, I suppose an hour, Major-General Field put two brigades in the trenches on the left of the City Point road, with a view to attack, and seemed anxious to do so, but I advised against it, as the enemy had had ample time to make all preparations for us, and which they had done, I felt assured he would sustain a very heavy loss and accomplish nothing. At this time orders were received from General Lee for me to report to him in company with Major-General Field, who abandoned the attack after hearing the position of affairs. My troops were not able to return until night, as they would have been exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy from their entrenchments, which were about four hundred yards in advance of those occupied by our men. A report of the casualties has been forwarded. I was much troubled at the loss of my men, who did their duty truly and well, without results which to me appeared certain, and surely ought to have been reaped. It is not my desire to place blame or responsibility upon others (I fear neither) in making the foregoing statements, but merely give facts to the best of my knowledge, after which the Commanding General may draw his own conclusions. I have unofficially heard that both I and my command were censured by the Commanding General. My regret is in attempting the attack without full command of all the forces who were to participate. Both the plan of battle and of attack were good, but failed in the execution. The enemy became extremely uneasy along his entire line when the attack was made, and had we been successful at that point our results would have been such as have not heretofore been equalled. No other portion of my command was engaged except the three regiments of Hagood's brigade on the left of the City Point road, whose action is given in detail in the enclosed report. The plan of battle was such that no part of my command could participate except those mentioned. General Hagood did everything in his power to give us success, and desired to push forward when in my judgment it appeared hazardous.

Very respectfully.

[Signed]

R. F. HOKE, *Major-General.*

To Captain John M. Otey, A. A. G.

Copy of Endorsement made by General Beauregard on Major-General Hoke's Report of the action of his Command on June 24th, 1864.

[Respectfully forwarded to General R. E. Lee for his information.]

It will be seen by the reports of Generals Hoke and Hagood that they are not responsible for the failure of the attack of the 24th ult., which would have been undoubtedly successful had the supports advanced in time. General Hoke is mistaken, if he refers to me, when he says: "I have learned unofficially that I and my command were censured by the Commanding General." I stated only that "the success would have been most brilliant if the skirmishers had been properly supported." His report and that of General Hagood prove the correctness of my assertion.

General Hoke says on the second page of his report, "after an elapse of five minutes, the fire of the guns—*i. e.*, forty-four guns on the north side of the Appomattox—was directed upon the batteries of the enemy, drawing, in a great degree, their fire from the advancing infantry, which, as far as I could see, was the only service rendered by our guns. Indeed, I fear we were injured more than we gained by the use of our guns, as it notified the enemy of our intended attack."

The object of opening the fire of the batteries referred to, during half an hour preceding the infantry attack, was to demoralize the enemy's troops occupying the defensive lines which were to be attacked, and which were enfiladed and taken in reverse of those batteries. It was expected, also, that the heavy artillery fire would throw into confusion any supports the enemy might have concealed in the woods near his lines. The best proof of the entire success of this plan is the facility with which *one unsupported* line of skirmishers got possession of those lines with the loss of only twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded. I am decidedly of the opinion that, regard being had to locality and the attending circumstances, no better results could have been attained by any other plan than the one adopted, and which failed only because not properly supported.

[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

Headquarters Department N. C. and S. V., July 5, 1864.

Official :

JNO. A. COOPER, *A. A. A. G.*

"The Gallant Pelham" and His Gun at Fredericksburg.

LETTER FROM MAJOR H. B. McCLELLAN.

REV. J. WM. JONES, D. D.,

Secretary of the Southern Historical Society:

Dear Sir,—My attention has recently been called to a publication entitled "*Contributions to a History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, Pamphlet No. 3,*" which contains, on page 58, a letter from Reuben B. Pleasants, Sergeant of the Second company, in which the claim is made that the praise which was bestowed by General R. E. Lee, General J. E. B. Stuart, and by others, upon Major John Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, for the gallantry with which he fought one Napoleon gun upon the extreme Confederate right, at the opening of the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, really belongs to a gun of the second company of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, which was served by Sergeant Pleasants himself.

I make the following extracts from Sergeant Pleasant's letter. He says:

"Soon after the war, I read a volume of 'so-called' history, written, I think, by Howison, in which was an account of the gallant conduct of Pelham's artillery in the battle of Fredericksburg, ascribing to Pelham and his command what was really the work of the first detachment of our old Second company, even crediting our killed and wounded to the Horse Artillery."

"Subsequently, I read substantially the same in General Lee's report of the engagement. I have also read allusions of the same tenor in articles contributed to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

"I have, at each repetition of the error, thought I would write something for publication, giving the truth of this affair (which all seem to think so gallant and glorious), but until now neglected to do so.

"General Alexander says (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, Nos. 10 and 11 of Volume X, page 446), that 'Lieutenant Pelham, of Alabama, approached close upon the enemy's left flank with only two guns, and so punished his line of battle that the advance was checked until Pelham could be driven off, an operation which it took four batteries an hour to accomplish.'

"Now, on that morning after an all-night march with Jackson's corps, from near Port Royal, our battery, with a number of other

batteries, was put in position below the line of hills on which Fredericksburg is located. We were advanced by half-battery to the front, firing at our 'level best' as we went forward. As we advanced, ours being the right section of the right battery, Captain Watson was approached by two mounted officers, one of whom I recognized as General J. E. B. Stuart, and the other, as I learned afterwards, being Colonel Rosser, who, after saluting our Captain, said to him: 'We are instructed to get a gun from your battery for special duty,' or words to that effect.

"Captain Watson ordered the first gun to 'limber up' and report to the two officers. Being Sergeant of the first detachment, I limbered to the rear, reported to the officers, and was ordered to follow them. Well do I remember the chase they gave us across fields and ditches, without a halt anywhere, and at a long trot all the way.

"We finally got into a sunken road, with a 'wattling' fence on either side, and lined with cedars. Down this road we went for some distance, with no idea whatever of our destination.

"We were halted in the narrow road, and ordered to make an opening in the fence. This was soon done, and a few spadefulls of earth thrown into the ditch made a passage-way.

"Colonel Rosser than told me to go up into the field and see what I had to do. I rode up with Halyburton, who was Orderly at the time, but had begged to be allowed to go with his old detachment, and so was with me, and found that we were on the extreme left flank of the Army of the Potomac. A battery was in position, commanding the field we were about to enter.

"Colonel Rosser told me to take any distance I chose to fight them, and in answer to my question as to how long I was expected to stay, said, 'As long as you can.' I asked, 'Until we are out of ammunition?' He answered, 'Yes' I have often thought he never expected us to get away from there.

"We pulled into the field and were seen, and were met by a salute from the enemy's guns; but the way we put whip and spur to our teams, and ran upon them, seemed to unsettle their aim, and we got into position about five hundred yards in their front. Then we returned the salute; and if you ever saw Sam Green shoot, you know he did his best.

"General Stuart and Colonel Rosser remained with us awhile (I think the latter's horse was wounded there), but soon left, and there we were, a gun detachment without even a straggling cavalryman

for support, and there we staid as long as we had a round, although, soon after we got into position, they opened on us with thirty-two pounders from across the Rappahannock. The nearest shot from these struck about thirty yards from our left.' "

I omit portions of this letter, which seem to reflect unnecessarily upon the Horse Artillery, and which might provoke an angry retort from a member of that organization. But I desire to place in close juxtaposition some extracts from a letter written (not twenty years after the battle, but four days after it), by Lieutenant Channing Price, at that time aid-de-camp to General Stuart. Lieutenant Price was, before his promotion to General Stuart's staff, a member of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion. This letter was addressed to his mother, by whose kindness such of her son's letters, as might aid me in writing the story of General Stuart's campaigns, have been placed in my hands. Lieutenant Price writes thus in describing the events of the 13th December, 1862:

"I then galloped out to where General Stuart was [at the junction of the Bowling Green and Hamilton's Crossing roads], and there Major Pelham had come up with one gun of Harvey's Horse Artillery. The enemy were in dense masses, advancing straight towards our line of battle, and Pelham was exactly on their left flank with his gun, with no support whatever. He opened on them with solid shot, and though most of them went amongst the infantry, one blew up a caisson for the Yankees. They now opened about fifteen or twenty guns on Pelham; but he had splendid shelter for his gun, and only had one man wounded, I think. He kept up his fire until he was ordered to cease, so that they might come up closer to our line. Not a gun on our long line, from Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, had yet fired, only Pelham with his Napoleon, and soon afterwards a Blakley, nearer the railroad. General Lee expressed his warm admiration for Major Pelham's distinguished gallantry, but said that the young Major-General (alluding to Stuart) had opened on them too soon."

After describing the repulse of the enemy by Jackson's troops, and the renewal of the attack by the Federal troops, Lieutenant Price continues:

"A Parrott Gun of the Second Howitzers and one of the Powhatan battery, now crossed the Bowling Green road and opened a very destructive fire on their flank, under the direction of Colonel Rosser, Major Pelham commanding the others

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Gallopig to the General I

found him looking on with his usual coolness. He soon started towards the crossing, and on our way met the two Parrotts I have mentioned above, leaving the field. The General was very much displeased at first, but Colonel Rosser made matters all right, by telling him that it was useless to stay there, a great many horses having been killed, men wounded, and ammunition nearly exhausted."

Other portions of Lieutenant Price's letter show how warm an affection he cherished for his old comrades of the Howitzer Battalion, and how impossible it would have been for him to misrepresent their conduct or to ascribe to any other the credit which was due to them.

Sergeant Pleasants says, in another part of his letter :

"I believe our dear old General, had he lived and had he known, would have corrected the error in his report."

Now, any error in General Lee's report must have arisen from wrong information furnished by his subordinate commanders, and in this case the information must have come from General Stuart. But the latter is relieved from this charge by the fact that he made no report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Moreover there is abundant evidence to show that Major Pelham's fight was made under the very eyes of Generals Lee and Jackson, who were both present on the extreme right of the Confederate line at that time. General Lee writes as an eye-witness, when he says :

"As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, General Stuart, with his accustomed promptness, moved up a section of his Horse Artillery, which opened with effect upon his flank and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire, which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours."

Aside from all this, there is one sentence in Sergeant Pleasants's letter, which, at once and conclusively, shows that he has made a mistake. He says that when his gun was detached to follow General Stuart and Colonel Rosser, "*We were advanced by half battery to the front, firing at our 'level best' as we went forward.*" That is, his gun was not detached until the engagement of the artillery had become general along the line. Now, Channing Price says that where Pelham was engaged with Henry's Napoleon, "*not a gun on our long line, from Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, had yet*

fired; only Pelham, with his Napoleon, and soon afterwards a Blakely, nearer the railroad."

Every report of the battle confirms this statement. It is, therefore, very plain that Sergeant Pleasants's gallant detachment must have served one of the other guns which are particularized by Channing Price, and that the honor which has for so long a time been ascribed to Pelham and his Napoleon, cannot yet be given to another.

H. B. McCLELLAN.

Lexington, Ky.. November 18th, 1884.

The Monument at Munfordsville.

[We promised in our last to publish the addresses on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument at Munfordsville on the 17th of last September, and we are sure that our readers will be glad to have this worthy record of a graceful act, commemorating heroic deeds.]

MR. JAMES SMITH'S REMARKS.

Major Sykes,—In requesting you to aid my daughter, and who is also a daughter of Mississippi, in this ceremonial unveiling, permit me to say that my strong desire has ever been to have the opportunity and the ability to place an imperishable mark on this field, the scene of as severe and heart-rending a struggle as ever occurred, and it gratifies me to see now this great stone firmly placed and durable as man can accomplish. It gratifies me, it gratifies those relatives and friends of Colonel Smith who are here from abroad to meet you and to meet so many of his compatriots from far distant parts of this land on this interesting occasion.

It is not for me to venture eulogium on him whose name is inscribed on this monument. I brought the youth from his native land straight to Mississippi. As he grew to manhood, his respect and affection for the generous and kindly people he had been thrown amongst grew with him. He was in his nature studious and mathematical. He watched with close interest the troubles from outside that were pressing his residential land. His most intimate historical knowledge was with his native Scotland's long and sore, but stern and ultimately successful struggle to preserve her integrity, and his impulse and judgment clearly fixed his action in the same vital emer-

gency which came at last upon his adopted State. Without hesitation, his military company, "The Mississippi Rifles," was among the first to enter service, and under his command it formed the first military escort of the President of the Confederate States when that great chief was called from his plantation to take the reins of Government. From that time onward, in camp, on the march or in action, until he fell in this disastrous field where we now stand, I feel that I am right in believing that fullest faith in his reliability was the possession of his superior, and that he had the unlimited confidence and love of every man of his command.

His much devoted sister sought her weary and dangerous way over many hundred miles, through the lines of opposing armies, obtained his body and carried it back to his Mississippi home, and it has ever been and still is, a solace to his venerable father and relatives and friends abroad to know of the high esteem in which Colonel Smith was held by his companions in arms and by his State, and of the poignant regrets at his loss so truly exhibited by all who knew him.

His regiment, the ever glorious "Tenth Mississippi," has an undying history of achievement and struggles, but none more sanguinary than the field of Munfordsville, an exhibition of patriotic discipline and unfaltering obedience in the face of death never perhaps excelled, a sore and regretful sacrifice, but an example of unflinching fulfillment of duty that enriches the annals of our race. In the loss of these dear, devoted men the costly price was paid; their memory is ever green with us, and forever within this inclosure may their ashes repose in peace.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR SYKES.

Mr. Chairman, My Comrades and Fellow Citizens: Under ordinary circumstances I would not have come so long a distance to enter my presence here to-day, but, considering the importance and dignity of the occasion; the distance to be traveled from his home by the noble-hearted and generous gentleman who presides as our host; the honor to be conferred upon my State, and the events of twenty-two years ago to be recalled—events in which some of you as survivors and those who fell here acted so noble a part, and which have conferred upon the soldiery of Mississippi a heritage of renown—I could not hesitate as to my duty. Therefore it was that I readily yielded my assent to the invitation extended to me a few weeks ago

by letter from Mr. James Smith, written from Glasgow, Scotland, to be present at this time and "perform the ceremony of unveiling the monument" erected by him "in memory of the sacrifice of the Tenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert A. Smith," and "to deliver an address" commemorative of the life and character of his deceased chivalric brother, and of the deeds of his heroic comrades now sought to be perpetuated. I attribute the partiality of my selection for the trust my friend from Scotland has confided to me, to the fact that he knew me to have been not only an officer under his brother, but a constant friend of that brother, and present in the engagement here September 14, 1862, when that gallant soldier fell. It is at this time meet that we take a retrospect, limited by the proprieties of the occasion, of what transpired here twenty-two years ago, and the prominent figure to whom our thoughts now revert.

Colonel Robert Alexander Smith was born on the 5th day of April, 1836, in Edinburg, Scotland. He was the youngest of five sons and five daughters of James and Annie Smith, of that city. The father, a Paisley manufacturer in early life, and later a wholesale druggist, still lives in his hale and hearty old age of ninety-three, at Spencer villa, 66 Brixton road, London, Southwest. At the age of fourteen Robert came to this country and settled in Jackson, Miss., where his eldest brother, our host, and a widowed sister had preceded him. Entering the business house of his brother, the youth soon won the elder's confidence, and by habits of sobriety, integrity and industry, together with the highest order of intelligent adaptability to the interests of the firm, he was at a comparatively early age placed in sole charge of the prosperous business. That brother writes from Glasgow: "In 1855, young as he then was, I parted with my business in Jackson to him, while I removed thence to live here. I visited Jackson again in 1859, and did not see him more, but the record was always good, unselfish devotion to duty and unflinching attachment to his command and the care of it."

The breaking out of the civil war—the war between the States—found him at the head of this business house—a law-abiding, industrious, firm and intelligent citizen of his adopted State, by principle a Southerner and by inheritance a Christian. Born in a land of heroes, his was a nature suited for the stirring events which were to follow. With a fondness for military life, and long before he could have expected to be called to the battlefield, he exhibited evidences of the coming soldier. Entering the ranks of the Mississippi Rifles in the

days of peace, he soon made himself familiar with military tactics. Though it may not have been remarked by the casual acquaintance, yet those who best knew the quiet young citizen of Jackson felt that behind the reserved and self-possessed exterior of Robert A. Smith dwelt the qualities of the true soldier. Thus it was that on the first mutterings of the coming storm he was elected Captain of the Mississippi Rifles, a company organized in and composed of his fellow-citizens of Jackson, whose services were tendered to the State as soon as she cast her fortunes with the Confederacy, and whose first duty was to escort the newly elected President to the seat of government at Montgomery, Ala. At the first call of the Confederacy on Mississippi for troops in March, 1861, he was ordered with his company to Pensacola navy yard, where General Bragg was organizing his heroic little army, that was subsequently to become so justly famous in the annals of war. This call resulted in the assembling of twenty companies from Mississippi, at Pensacola, which were organized into two regiments and named the Ninth and Tenth. The Mississippi Rifles, as Company D, formed a part of this latter regiment commanded by Colonel Moses Phillips. Before the expiration of two months service Colonel Phillips sickened and died, immediately after which Captain Smith was elected to the vacant colonelcy. From that time to the date of our removal in the spring of 1862 to Corinth, where Albert Sidney Johnston was assembling his army to give battle to the enemy under Grant and Buell, Colonel Smith was industrious in his study of the science and art of war and giving the needed instruction to his regiment. So proficient had he become in all the accomplishments of a regimental commander that on reaching Corinth and being placed with the other Mississippi troops which formed the brigade of General James R. Chalmers, he was soon recognized as the best drill-officer and the best disciplinarian of his grade. He needed only the opportunity to prove that these necessary accomplishments of an officer were but secondary to his ability to successfully command troops on the battlefield. This opportunity was soon given him in the sanguinary battle of Shiloh. Then, as ever after when under fire, he proved himself the knightly soldier and skilled commander. What in the quiet of the camp he had studied as a theory, now in the activities of the battlefield, he readily and scientifically reduced to practice, and with the eye and intelligence of the born soldier, disciplined by limited yet the closest study, the system of successfully handling troops in action was thoroughly mastered by him.

It was in action that he shone to best advantage. His bearing which, when in repose, was essentially military and dignified, rather than graceful, assumed a heroic type when in the heat of battle. He looked and felt a different man. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry sounded as thrilling music to his ears, imparting to him new life. Then, with face aglow with the inspiration of his soul, he was ready for any "deed of high emprise."

Throughout the two days' battle of Shiloh—on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862—Colonel Smith was conspicuous for his gallantry and the splendid handling of his troops. No regiment on that bloody field did better service or achieved greater triumphs, and this was due as much to the sterling qualities of its Commander, his coolness, intrepid bravery and influence over his men when in action, as to the excellence of his troops. His gallantry and unflinching courage, his high sense of honor, and his aptitude to grasp the arts of war, together with self-abnegation at the bidding of duty, won the respect of all his superiors, and the unlimited confidence, respect and esteem of his troops. From that day his eminence as a true soldier was assured. It was confidently believed by those in the army that had there been a vacancy to be filled by a Mississippi soldier, Robert A. Smith would at once have been promoted to the grade of Brigadier-General. As it was, his services were so highly appreciated by the General commanding, that he was, from this time forward, almost constantly in command of some brigade of the army by special assignment.

General Bragg's estimate of Colonel Smith may be judged by the following extract from a letter written by him after the termination of the war, and addressed to a friend of the deceased Colonel: "Entering the service at an early age, without military experience or education, the Colonel fell in the gallant discharge of an almost desperate assault in less than eighteen months, esteemed and honored for his acquirements and heroic deportment. To me his loss was severe, for I had looked to him for support in a much higher and more extended command."

Passing over the intervening time between the battle of Shiloh and Bragg's Kentucky campaign, we come to speak of Colonel Smith in his last battle,—the one here,—known as the battle of Munfordsville, fought September 14, 1862. Immediately prior to entering Kentucky Colonel Smith had been ordered to resume command of his regiment. On reaching Glasgow with his main force September 12, 1862, General Bragg ordered forward the same night Chalmers's brigade of

Mississippians to the railroad at Cave City, and Duncan's Louisiana brigade to the junction next south, with instructions to intercept and cut Buell's communications by rail with Louisville. General Chalmers surprised and captured the telegraph operator and depot of supplies at Cave City, but, because information as to our movements had been, in some manner, communicated to the Federals, he did not succeed in capturing any train. Hearing that a force of the enemy, supposed to be raw recruits, but in reality numbering, as we afterward found, largely in excess of 3,000 trained and disciplined soldiers, were entrenched at Munfordsville, protecting the railroad bridge over Green river, General Chalmers, without orders from his superiors, as was currently believed, leaving parts of the Seventh and Twenty-ninth regiments to guard Cave City, advanced with the rest of his brigade, numbering 1,200 or 1,300 strong, to Horse Cave, on the road to Munfordsville, and after resting until a late hour in the night again moved forward, and by dawn the next morning struck the Federal pickets about a mile in advance of their fortifications.

These were hastily driven in by the sharpshooters of the brigade, commanded by Major W. C. Richards of Columbus, Miss., who fell seriously wounded before our main line made the attack.

The brigade was then being rapidly placed in position for a general assault, in the following manner, as I remember: The Seventh Mississippi, under command of Colonel Bishop, on the extreme right and extending nearly to the river; next the Twenty-ninth, commanded by Colonel E. C. Walthall; next the Ninth, commanded by Colonel Thomas W. White—all three to be placed east of and parallel with the dirt road—and with a company of sharpshooters and a part of Garrity's battery, constituted the right attacking column. The Tenth Mississippi, under command of Colonel Robert A. Smith, was to be placed in position to the left, perpendicular to, but far removed from the dirt road, and constituted the left attacking column, with the Forty-fourth, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel James Moore, in reserve and partially covering the interval between the Tenth and the road. With these dispositions made, General Chalmers would be prepared to advance on the enemy's works.

As the Tenth Mississippi marched by the left flank on the crest of yonder hill in order to be opposite the Federal right, which was a fortified eminence covering the bridge, the enemy beyond the dense fog that overhung the intervening valley could be plainly seen standing in compact line behind their works with guns shimmering in the morning sun, and announced their readiness by discharging at occa-

sional intervals a single piece of artillery with such accuracy that the first shot struck the head of my company, wounding Privates M. S. Leopard, E. J. Hudson and W. B. Lesley ; another, fired on our right, cut the flag staff of the Twenty-ninth regiment in twain.

By the time the Tenth got in position, Captain Watt L. Strickland, of the brigade staff, rode hastily up and said : "Colonel, the General orders you to charge." After indicating the danger and hazard of the enterprise, Colonel Smith replied in substance : "To charge now, before the right is ready, will draw upon me the concentrated fire of the enemy. Will I not be too soon?" "No," replied Strickland, "the General says, 'charge now,'" to which Colonel Smith made response, "The duty is mine, the responsibility belongs elsewhere."

Then, pointing to the felled timber in the enemy's immediate front and to a fence standing to our side of it, Colonel Smith instructed his company commanders that as, when the order to advance would be given, it would be preceded with the command, "By the right of company to the front," he desired them in advancing to preserve well the interval, so that on reaching the fence and throwing it down, the companies, after passing through, would be in position, on the order "Companies into line" being given, to promptly form regimental front. Then followed in his usual clarion tones the command, "By the right of companies to the front, forward, double-quick, march !" Through an open field of a full quarter of a mile, under fire from the enemy's artillery and small arms behind formidable entrenchments, the Tenth advanced at a "double-quick," with Colonel Smith proudly leading on horseback. Passing over the intervening space without serious damage, and throwing down the fence that skirted the timber, we found the *abattis* of beech trees beyond so arranged as to render it impossible, on receiving the order "Companies into line," to form regimental front. Protecting themselves as well as possible, the troops were enabled, after receiving terrible damage, to silence the enemy's fire from the fortifications. In this position we remained several hours without being able, on account of the timber and the conformation of the ground, to see or hear from our brigade, center or right. It so happened that when Colonel Smith reached the felled timber he struck a narrow path, left by the enemy in the *abattis*, when, waiving his sword over his head and pointing to an opening in the works, cried out : "Follow me in !" Then, yielding to the hazardous impulses of his knightly nature, he rode straight forward, to be shot from his horse in the narrow space between the *abattis* and the fortifications. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, James Bullard, a brave old man,

had fallen on the extreme right of the regiment, just as we reached the matted mass of beech, he and his horse torn to pieces by canister shot.

The Forty-fourth Mississippi, which, when the attack was made, was left in reserve on the crest of the hill, was soon ordered to advance to the support of the Tenth. Reaching the felled timber, and taking shelter behind stumps and logs in the interval to the right of the Tenth, they, too, succeeded in silencing the enemy's fire in their front. Its brave commander, Lieutenant Colonel Moore, fell mortally wounded in the vain effort to reform his men in this inextricable mass of felled and pointed timber.

For awhile, as we were afterward informed, the assault by our right, made after the Tenth had become engaged, promised success. The Twenty-ninth, Ninth, and Seventh regiments, after a gallant charge, reached the wide and deep ditch around Fort Craig, and the fortifications adjacent. These troops on reaching the ditch had been ordered to lie down. In that position they kept up their fire, and soon had the Federals so they dared not raise their heads above the parapet. The United States flag flying above the fort was riddled by the bullets from Walthall's guns. They had been in this position only a short time when a piece of artillery belonging to Scott's Louisiana cavalry, which had come upon the field without the knowledge of General Chalmers, opened fire a short distance to the northeast, and unfortunately threw shell so near to our assaulting column as to cause some confusion in that part of our line, and prompted General Chalmers, who thought it a Federal gun, to order the Ninth to charge it. The Ninth had moved but a short distance, however, toward the artillery, when General Chalmers, who, in the meantime, had ridden in that direction, discovered that it was a friendly gun, and stopped the firing. He then gave orders for the Ninth to withdraw into a piece of woodland out of the enemy's range, and at the same time, for some reason satisfactory to himself, sent orders for the withdrawal of the troops assaulting Fort Craig. On receiving the order to withdraw, Walthall left at the ditch his senior Captain, Robert Robson, with his company, a brave old soldier, nearing his sixtieth winter, with orders to keep up a fire, until the regiment, which he thought would not be in the meantime missed, got to the woods, several hundred yards off, and then to scatter and reach him as best they could. The result was, that the only casualties, in making the successful retreat, were two men wounded.

The gallantry of these troops, and the splendid handling of them,

was reported to General Bragg, who, on the capture of the place on the 17th following, directed that the flag which was floating over the fort on the 14th be presented to the Twenty-ninth regiment, but it turned out that the colors were not to be found among the surrendered trophies, and were probably borne off as part of some soldier's undearwear.

After the lapse of several hours from the time the Tenth made its charge, and during a lull in the firing, soon following the withdrawal of the troops from and near Fort Craig, a white flag was seen emerging from behind the enemy's fortifications in the immediate front of the Tenth regiment. It proved to be a flag of truce, and was borne out by a young Captain in an Indiana regiment, directly facing the position of my company (K), and was met by me about midway between our lines. I was then informed that General Chalmers, under a flag of truce, sent in on our right, had demanded the surrender of the Federal troops; that the demand had been refused, but that an armistice for the purpose of removing the dead and wounded had been agreed to, and that ten minutes' notice would be given before the flag was withdrawn. These facts were communicated by me to our men, who at once began to remove the dead and wounded, together with their guns and accoutrements, and continued until everything of value had been carried to the woods, from whence we commenced the attack. On retiring with the withdrawal of the flag, and reaching our men in rear, I found that the dead were being hastily buried, and the living were preparing for a speedy return to Cave City.

Two days later General Bragg moved up with the greater part of his army and surrounded these troops, then reinforced and commanded by Colonel C. L. Dunham. For this purpose he crossed a part of Polk's corps to the north side of Green river, and upon the eminences there had placed a number of field pieces completely commanding the fortifications below, with instructions to open fire at early dawn the next (17th) morning. Surrounded by overwhelming numbers, and realizing their utterly hopeless condition, Colonel Dunham, who had reached there with his regiment after the fight on the 14th, superseding Colonel Wilder in the command, yielded before day on the morning of the 17th to the demand of General Bragg for their surrender. The troops surrendered consisted of the Seventeenth, Forty-third, Sixty-seventh, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Indiana Regiments, a company of Louisville cavalry, a part of the Fourth Ohio and a section of the Thirteenth Indiana battery,

amounting in all to about 4500 men and ten guns, together with a large supply of Quartermaster and Commissary stores. At an early hour on the morning of Wednesday, the 17th of September, just twenty-two years ago to day, the Tenth Mississippi regiment, in return for and in compliment of its gallant fight on the 14th, was marched in to receive the surrender of the troops and take possession of the forts. Our brave foes, who had been accorded very reasonable terms, were on the same day marched back to the lines of General Buell and paroled. Thus ended the battle and surrender of Munfordsville, which we have to-day gathered to recall, and to embalm in memory and perpetuate in marble the deeds of our heroes who fell in that rash, ill-advised and sacrificial fight—heroes as noble as ever gave their lives for “country or honor.”

On our retreat from here the evening of the 14th, Colonel Smith was carried to a house in the neighborhood and left in charge of his body-servant Henry, the Sergeant-Major, William French, and his brother-in-law, Captain Dodson, of his regiment, and lived until after the surrender on the 17th, his last thoughts reaching out for the welfare and concern of his men. His remains were temporarily interred near the scene of his death until the following March, when the loving care of a sister and nephew, who, by permission of the authorities came through the lines and removed them to the admiring fellow-citizens of his adopted city, where they were finally deposited with honor and reverence. In the beautiful Cemetery at Jackson, Miss., can be seen a circular plot of ground surrounded by a tasteful iron railing, inclosing a Scotch granite shaft with the following inscription: “Erected to the memory of Colonel R. A. Smith, of the Tenth Mississippi regiment, Confederate States army, a native of Edinburgh, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Munfordsville, Ky., September 14, 1862, while gallantly leading in the charge. Aged twenty-six years. Erected by his fellow-citizens.” In Dean cemetery, Edinburgh, Scotland, a similar monument with almost like inscription can be seen, which a brother’s love erected as a tribute of his grief and reverence.

Having been first the color-bearer, then adjutant of his regiment by appointment of Colonel Smith, and at the time of his death a Captain commanding a company under him, and from our entry into the service, personal and intimate friends, I am prepared to sympathize with that brother’s grief, and to add that in my opinion the loss of that brave and intrepid soldier and true man was the greatest blow to the Mississippi troops of any that happened during the Kentucky

campaign. To the Tenth Mississippi the loss was irreparable. The star of their destiny had been extinguished, and its brave men could never afterward, in following another, feel the same soldierly pride or patriotic hope.

Perhaps it will be said that his dash and bravery when in action were not uncommon traits of the Confederate soldier; that under the "stimulus of excited physical faculties and of the moving passions" the same was true of thousands of those who fell in or survived the late war. That is so, but no one who had known Colonel Smith, or had observed him well, could fail to discover that his was a different character and of a more earnest type than was that of most soldiers who were equally brave and dashing.

We need portray him only as he was looked upon by his troops—brave, earnest, single-minded and unassuming—a devotee to duty, "who softened its asperities to others," causing those who knew him best to admire him most. "Self-restraint, which has been termed the highest form of self-assertion," is a marked characteristic of the race from which Colonel Smith sprung, and was possessed by him in an eminent degree. He never gave way to "moods," and only when the necessities of discipline demanded, would he inflict upon the disobedient or unworthy the pain of his frown, and even then his better nature would soon assert itself in the charms of his favor. No man, woman or child could be more tender when deserving ones sought his sympathy. No warrior could be more stern when duty prompted reproof. The refinements of his nature would not brook the slangs and abuses of speech, nor tolerate evil words or evil surmises. His devotion to the care and welfare of the men under him was intense, and he was always ready to sacrifice his own pleasure, his time and labor to them.

With his death this "hastily written and imperfect eulogy of a typical Confederate soldier and officer" must end, in time for me to turn to "pay brief but heartfelt homage" to another—one who has come across 3,000 miles of the Atlantic's blue waters to meet us to-day and make to us this graceful expression of his fraternal love and friendship. It is something ennobling to behold the love, friendship and reverence which prompted this occasion and which is manifested in this demonstration by the living brother to the memory of the dead. It is rarely that we see this better nature of man so pronounced in its expression, and for this reason it deserves more than a passing notice.

My comrades, in Mr. James Smith, our honored friend and host,

whom it is my pleasure to meet to-day for the first time, though many letters and mementoes have passed between us, I feel that as individuals and as Mississippians, yea, as citizens of the late Confederate States, we behold a friend, a benefactor and a patriot, and one whose philanthropy and generous love is something too pure and sublime not to rivet our acknowledgement and esteem. As one who had resided on the soil of Mississippi and knew her people and institutions well, his sympathies were enlisted in her behalf during those dark days when she most needed friends abroad. At no time during the struggle did Mississippi or the Confederacy look to him in vain. His princely fortune was tributary to their necessities, and more than once his active support received the grateful recognition of the State and Confederate authorities. The deposed Chief of the Confederacy was his friend, and he permits no opportunity to pass to manifest his attachment to his person and to the cause which was forever eclipsed in his fall. During a long life, and even before fortune had so generously smiled upon and blessed his efforts, he has been noted for his deeds of charity. His private benefactions are only equaled by his public philanthropy. When I received, in November last, a letter from him informing me that during his visit to this country, the June previous, he had purchased a spot of the field of action here, and would erect a great stone "as an imperishable mark of the place of sacrifice," and within the very massive inclosure to be built, any who are interested in the dead of that battlefield, from Mississippi, were invited to deposit their remains, all the better impulses of my nature went out across the broad Atlantic to the home of this good man, who, in honoring the memory of his dead brother, did not forget to honor Mississippi.

Sensible of the gratitude Mississippians would feel for this exhibit of patriotism and crowning act of generosity, I prepared and introduced in the Senate of my State the following resolution, which passed both branches of the Legislature, and became a law by the prompt and cordial approval of the Governor, February 7, 1884.

WHEREAS, in the fatal and unfortunate battle of Munfordsville, on Green river, Kentucky, on the 14th of September, 1862, quite a number of soldiers from Mississippi, belonging to the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-fourth Mississippi regiments, gave up their lives in the service of the State, and by their gallantry and unselfish devotion to the cause, to which the State had pledged its sacred honor, reflected new and enduring luster upon its name; and,

WHEREAS, Mr. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, once an

honored citizen of Mississippi, and now, as always, interested in everything that contributes to the glory of her history, has purchased a spot of the field of action prominent in position near the railroad, which, at his own expense, is now walled in, and a cenotaph, some twenty feet high, and of fifteen to twenty tons weight, is being firmly fixed on the site as an imperishable mark of the place of sacrifice, with the simple inscription: "Erected in memory of the sacrifice of the Tenth Mississippi regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert A. Smith," and has generously offered to any who are interested in the remains of those of the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-fourth Mississippi regiments, which lie buried on and near the field of action, to deposit their remains within the massive inclosure; and,

WHEREAS, individual enterprise, on the part of those who have relatives among those fallen heroes, may be inadequate to the task of properly transferring their remains to the inclosure, where they would forever rest under the shadow of the monolith, erected to commemorate their valor and tragic fate, and where their honored ashes would be safe from intrusion or disturbance for all time; and,

WHEREAS, Their disinterment and removal, if intrusted to the care of a safe, reliable citizen in the vicinity, under the supervision of the authorities of this State, could be judiciously performed, and at a comparatively small expense to the State; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That the sum of \$500, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated out of any money in the State Treasury, not otherwise appropriated for the purposes recited in the foregoing preamble; the Auditor to issue his warrant therefor on the requisition of the Governor, and that the Governor be requested to correspond with Anthony L. Woodson, of Woodsonville, Ky., and make such arrangements with him, or other suitable person, as may be deemed advisable, for the removal of the dead and erecting suitable white marble slabs, upon which shall be engraven the names of such as can be ascertained, one each to the dead of the several regiments so reinterred.

Be it further resolved, That this resolution take effect from and after its passage.

The labor of love which has cost the noble giver much anxious thought has at length been satisfactorily achieved, and we have assembled here to-day to witness and assist in the crowning act of its completion.

I have to express the satisfaction that not only the remains of all Mississippians lying on and near this battlefield, including those of the noble and ever-gallant little band—the Ninth battalion of sharpshooters, that by inadvertence were not mentioned, yet in spirit are embraced in the resolution of their State Legislature—have been disinterred and their bones deposited within this inclosure, but that suitable white marble headstones which a grateful State made provision for, have been erected, one each to the dead of the several commands engaged in battle here.

With many acknowledgements for the munificence, the patriotism and public spirit which are exhibited here, not for the first time, by our noble-hearted benefactor, and with profound regard and reverence for the sentiment to be commemorated, I shall now, with the assistance of my young lady friend, a daughter of our noble host, and by birth a Mississippian, proceed to the unveiling of the monument, which I feel all will say crowns the giver of it with honor; does honor to the skilled sculptors of it, and reflects imperishable honor upon the State of Mississippi and her brave sons who fell here twenty-two years ago.

REMARKS BY MR. WATTS.

I have been deputed by my friend Mr. James Smith, under whose auspices I have come from old Scotland to take part in this most touching ceremony, to tender to Mr. Woodson, on his behalf and on behalf of his family and friends, their warmest thanks for the great interest and trouble he has taken in connection with the proceedings of to-day. I can readily believe from Mr. Woodson's well-known sympathy with the cause and with the occasion of our gathering, that he looks for no return; but we feel that we could not separate without recording in the strongest terms our appreciation of his noble and generous conduct. And while on my feet will you allow me to express how profoundly impressed I have been with to-day's proceedings; for I had the honor of Colonel Robert A. Smith's acquaintance, and little did I think when last he was in Scotland, and we wandered amidst the western highlands of my native land and climbed the hills together, that I was never to see him in the flesh again; that my first visit to this great country should be a pilgrimage to the scenes of his early death. But so it was ordained to be. "Whom the gods love die young." And, as oftentimes in the past I have shared in the joys and pleasures of my dear friend, Mr. James Smith, so now I am thankful to have the privilege of standing by his side on this—to him

and to many of us—sacred spot, and from our common grief derive a closer bond.

My friends, I feel that this is scarcely a fitting occasion to speak at length of the terrible struggle which, for a while, rent this great continent. The war is ended, the strife has ceased, the result has been accepted, and all that we can do is to pray that a bright future still awaits the Sunny South. But I cannot resist the opportunity of saying that my heart—aye, and the hearts of thousands of my countrymen—were with you in that hour of agony. We felt, instinctively, that you were fighting for your hearths and homes, and I know no greater heroes in the annals of the Old or New Worlds than Generals Lee or Jackson, and many other of your leaders. Why, to us Scotchmen, these men appeared, not only as brilliant commanders, but as the very incarnation of patriotism and self-sacrifice, recalling to us the magic names of our Wallace and of our Bruce. True, your leaders did not win success, but they did better, they deserved it; and even the graves of your dear departed proclaim the truth, that there is no nobler sentiment or abiding virtue than the love of country and of independence.

They are gone, but their spirits still dwell among us. What might have been, under different auspices, and had success crowned your leaders' arms, I know not; but of this I am certain, that they have bequeathed to you a heritage of patriotism and renown which most nations may well covet, and which you cannot too highly prize.

CASUALTIES IN BATTLE OF MUNFORDSVILLE.

Grand total: killed, 40; wounded, 211. Field Officers: 1 killed, 2 mortally wounded, and 1 severely wounded; total, 4.

NAMES OF THE KILLED.

Blythe's Regiment.—Company B, Corporal Whitter; Company D, Second Lieutenant James Paine; Company F, Martin Cantrell; Company L, Patrick Britt, August Levesa—5.

Seventh Regiment.—Company A, Corporal J. V. Whittington; Company C, W. C. Little, T. F. Reynolds, F. W. Cox, W. R. Ratcliff; Company K, W. H. Durham.

Ninth Regiment.—Company A, J. Davis; Company F, Archibald B. Wright; Company H, A. T. Dennis, V. A. Carraway, L. K. A. Pearce, Richard Scott; Company I, T. C. Bardin; Company K, W. C. Nesbitt, J. J. Laughter.

Tenth Regiment.—Colonel R. A. Smith, mortally wounded, died afterward; Lieutenant-Colonel Bullard; Company B, R. A. Pasko; Company C, Thomas J. Brown, H. E. Barten, Joseph Pruden, James Buchanan; Company D, John Murphy; Company E, Sergeant Lem. Supples; Company I, W. T. Holloway; Company K, Ira Cole, A. T. Johnson, F. L. Kelly, W. R. Turner, William M. Drury, J. J. Keith.

Twenty-ninth Regiment.—Company B, A. J. Burnett, E. S. Sadley, A. W. Squires; Company G, Corporal H. Russiale, John Williams, John Yeager; Company K, C. R. Dowsing, R. T. Court.

Some Great Constitutional Questions.

By B. J. SAGE.

CORRECTION OF ERRORS.

The South fought for *the enjoyment of independence in a separate Union*, and lost. But God's truths cannot go down in a human fight. Facts are indestructible. The States, the citizens thereof, the Constitution, its words and meanings, the public records, the ratifications of the States that gave to the Constitution all its life and validity—all these are facts that lived through the fighting unchanged. No thoughtful person of eminence ever considered them involved in the "Lost Cause," or affected by the result of the war. "After fighting," said Lincoln, "you must meet and settle; our Federal amendments measure the change that was made. They did not change the polity."

Common sense, then, shows that a separate Union was the cause the South lost, and that bringing the States back to the written Constitution, was the cause the North won.

I, therefore, in correcting some errors, deal with the Constitution, its establishment, its history, and its meaning, as facts. The task is to state and describe, not to interpret or construe.

I.—PROFESSOR BLEDSOE AND "P. C. CENTZ," ON DAVIS'S ALLEGED TREASON.

The first edition of the "Republic of Republics, by "P. C. Centz Barrister," was published in London in the summer of 1865, under the title of "Davis and Lee," &c.; and a second edition was issued

in New York the following winter. The great aim of the work was to show that Davis and the other Confederate leaders were not traitors, and could not be lawfully punished as such. The author in his introductory statement styled his work "*Advance Chapters*, to declare and show that no gibbet can be erected for Davis and Lee and the other Confederate Chiefs, except on ground that is composed solely of falsehood and fraud."

In 1866, Professor Bledsoe published his work entitled: "Is Davis a Traitor," making substantially the same argument, and presenting, in a large measure, the same authorities.

Judge Charles E. Fenner, in an admirable discourse delivered at the unveiling of the Lee statue in New Orleans on the 22d of February, 1884, credits Professor Bledsoe's work with being the first to explain why the phrase, "We, the people of the United States," instead of "We, the people of the States," became the phrase of the Constitution.

To correct this error, which is based on a seeming claim of Professor B. himself, and at the same time to refute the base and baseless heresy that ours is a National instead of a Federal polity, I beg leave to quote the following passage from the aforesaid work of Mr. Centz, pp. 65, 68:

"A FEW CONCLUSIVE HISTORICAL FACTS.

"But this is not, and it never was, a case of doubt or ambiguity requiring hermeneutics. The facts are so plain and decisive against these advocates, that, as is evident, they have labored to evade or suppress them. They knew that the phrase, 'the people,' so far as political action of the highest nature was concerned, must have meant *the people of the then existent political organizations*, and not a mass or nation with unified power and modes of acting, because *the same* people that they would fain consider as a nation, was just then, and was always, divided into *thirteen most distinct political bodies*, which were acknowledged by Great Britain to be respectively sovereign, and were at the moment of final action on the Federal Constitution, described as follows: 'Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence.' Hence, 'We, the people of the United States' meant, we, the people of the States that are united.

"Now we are prepared for the historical fact well known to but not mentioned by Dane, Story and Webster, viz: that the preamble, unanimously adopted by the Federal Convention for the proposed Constitution, was as follows: 'We the people of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, DO ORDAIN, DECLARE, AND ESTABLISH the following Constitution for the government of ourselves and our posterity: Article I. The style of the government

shall be The United States of America,' &c. But the whole instrument, after being agreed upon and adopted, article by article, was placed in the hands of a committee of revision, who reported it back considerably changed and improved in mere form. As to the preamble, the generalization: 'We, the people of the United States,' was substituted as an equivalent to a specification of the States. This was proper for the reason that the Constitution was to take effect when ratified by nine States, and it might result that some would be named, though not in the Union.

"It should further be explained that the phrase 'we, the people,' was used to contradistinguish this pact from the previous one, which had been ratified or acceded to by the State governments—the mere creatures of the people; whereas in this case, it was intended to connect the Federal Government directly with and base it upon the very source of power—the people—the sovereignty itself, making *thirteen sovereignties*, as Madison said, and all the fathers understood the constitutors of the new pact—the constituents or principals of the new agency. As the States were obliged to act as organizations, and according to the law of their natures, they gave separate assents, and hence the new was not less a compact than the old Constitution, though the powers vested by it in the government created, were more extensive [see letter of Hamilton to Pickering, 1803]. And the Convention accepted the Constitution, as revised, as their work, and never reversed their solemn and unanimous approval of the phrase, 'WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE STATES.' Messrs. Dane and Story must have known this, when the former penned, and the latter quoted approvingly, the following in reference to the meaning of the preamble: 'They properly said, we, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish; and not—we the people of each State.'"

The author then goes on to state the following corroborative facts, which I condense, to-wit: that in the Convention of 1787, Mr. Ellsworth moved to expunge from the plan of the Constitution "the word 'national,' and retain the proper title 'The United States;'" that this was agreed to *nem. con.*; that, accordingly, the word national was struck out of the proposed "Articles of Union" (as they were then called) twenty-six times; that Ellsworth stated, *nem. dis.*, that "he wished the plan to go forth as an amendment to the articles of confederation;" that all the States had carefully instructed their deputies to make "such alterations and provisions as would make the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Government and the preservation of the Union," and had not authorized them to go further; that the preamble adopted declared this union of States to be (in comparison) "a more perfect Union;" that the Convention, after maturing the plan, unanimously, through the pen of Washington, stated their aim to be "the *Federal Government*," and that the Congress of States declared on the 13th of September, 1788, that they had received and filed the *ratifications of the States*,

which were provided by the Constitution itself, to be "SUFFICIENT for the ESTABLISHMENT" of it.

At the conclusion of his most exhaustive historical and constitutional argument, the author asserts that the whole case against Davis, Lee *et als*, is based on a perversion of the principles of our polity—"based," to use his own language—"solely on falsehood, fraud and violence;" and he contends that "it is only on ground, composed of these detestable ingredients that their gibbet can be erected."

In December, 1865, Charles O'Connor characterized the work as "an admirably prepared and overwhelmingly conclusive brief" for Davis's defence, and, some time afterward, he employed the author in the case; the Philadelphia *Ledger* stated that "a most important argument had been received by the President from London, in which are set forth the reasons why Davis cannot be convicted in any court;" and many leading papers of that day noticed the work as one of extraordinary research and ability, specially designed to show that Davis was no traitor and was not punishable as such. In short, all that was valuable in the defensive argument of Professor Bledsoe, delivered in 1866, was given to the world by "P. C. Centz, Barrister," in 1865; though as a criticism and refutation of the consolidation dogmas of Story and Webster, Professor B.'s work is unsurpassed.

II. SO WITH "THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES,"

Which Hon. A. H. Stephens published in 1868. One of its most important demonstrations had been given, in the same general form, and for the same purpose, by "P. C. Centz, Barrister," early in 1865. If Mr. Stephens had quoted from "Davis and Lee," pp. 22-47, his ground would have been completely covered. In those pages Mr. Centz carefully gave the history of each State's convention, debate and ratification, and showed that "the people" who were *organized and capable of acting only as States*, and were actually named as *such* in the Constitution, did, *as such political bodies*, give to the said Constitution its entirety of life and legal force—three of them ratifying, and *pro tanto* establishing, the said Constitution in 1787, eight in 1788, one in 1789, and the last, Rhode Island, in 1790; and moreover clearly demonstrated that *the said States themselves intended to be and remain the government*—intended, in short, to remain republics or self-governing societies of people, each to select her *quota* of the federal agency from her own members or citizens, who, on being selected, were empowered and sent by the State, under her commission and seal, to speak her federal voice, and do her federal duty.

Mr. C. concluded his demonstration as follows: "We have now patiently gone through all the original States, and ascertained from the testimony of the leading statesmen, and from the acts of the States themselves, that the Constitution was formed and vitalized by thirteen independent and concurrent wills, each with no superior on earth; and we have seen no great nationality, or national will, exercising itself on the matter of government in any sense. The dogmas of Dane, Story and Webster have been shown to be untrue; * * all history falsifies their utterances."

The arguments and citations, however, are so obvious to one who earnestly searches for the origin of the Constitution that originality can scarcely be attributed to either of the authors, and neither of them would be under any obligations to give credit. And the subject is only referred to here because many, who have only seen Mr. Centz's later editions, think he copied from Mr. Stephens.

III. "IS SECESSION A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT"?

This is the sub-title of Professor Bledsoe's book; and Judge Fenner, in his discourse, also seems to regard the question as a Constitutional one. As the Constitution has nothing express or implied on the subject, the right must exist—if at all—as an original and inherent one, in the parties to the instrument. And there is where it is: the people in a natural society, such as a State is, must have a collective instinct, right and duty of self-preservation, and a collective mind—the *aggregatio mentium* of the people—the only governing mind of the country. And the only original, inherent, natural will, of which sovereignty or the right of government can be predicated, is in the said mind, which dwells in the body called the State. Take, for example, Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania. Everybody will admit that each of these entities had, at the making of the Constitution, its own name, geography, people, organism and political will, and that they made a voluntary union. If it is now involuntary, they are again provinces, which they ceased to be when they achieved independence and statehood in the revolution.

These societies of people, named as New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, &c., in the first article of the Constitution, are "the people of the United States." "The people" never had form or capacity for governmental action, except as States. As James Wilson said, sovereignty dwells in them "after, as well as before, a Constitution is made." And, as Daniel Webster said, "*sovereignty in America is al-*

ways in the people, and never in the government." And, as no change whatever was provided as to name, geography, people, organism, mode of mental action, or political will, of these societies, we may consider all assertions of their degradation as falsehoods, and not mistakes of interpretation!

Why did not the great Republican leaders, Chase, Seward, Andrew, Wilson, Stevens, Wade, Trumbull, and others, when they shaped the amendments the conquering States dictated, prohibit secession? Because they knew their sovereigns, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois preferred the old union of free societies of people to a nation of counties; and they could not even have hinted at preventing secession, and thereby chaining States; and they reflected that risks and burdens must always go with "the blessings of liberty." Freedom is not freedom if restrained or qualified. We cannot, if we would, get rid of a right essential and vital to a sovereign mind; but we can behave ourselves, as Washington besought us to do, and preserve justice, amity and mutual interest, which he said were the original motives and "sacred ties" of union. If these be preserved, as written and consecrated in the solemn preamble, the "domestic tranquillity," founded on content, preserves the intended union. Only tyrants and robbers want tied and helpless victims.

IV. "TWO CONSTRUCTIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION,"

Is a common phrase, involving error; "opposite interpretations of a written instrument"—as Judge Fenner euphemistically puts it. Soon after peace, James L. Orr, of South Carolina, hastened to "bridge the bloody chasm" by telling the North we differed with her as to the construction of the Constitution; and she proved ours false by whipping us. By parity of reasoning, if you whip a man who denies your statement that your horse is sixteen feet high, you produce the monster; and if you drive a man from his estate, his title is bad and yours good! The truth is, all the fighting or force, since Adam, never produced a truth or changed the character of a lie. And even Mr. Lincoln, although favoring the northern "construction," said: "When you are done fighting, you must meet and settle the question you fight about."

THE CONTEST IS BETWEEN TRUTH AND UNTRUTH.

A *proper* statement removes the error and *confusion*. One party sticks to history, forming his theory of *facts*, which cover the ground

like a Mosaic pavement. He makes his case of facts, which merely require statement, not argument or interpretation. Our polity is real—factual in all its parts. The opposing theory is figments—assertion without fact. It is speculative or doctrinal.

It is obvious that when a man says this is a "Union of States," he asserts a fact; he tells the truth, for the Constitution itself speaks of the States in this Union—calls the system "the United States," and characterizes all the people as citizens of States. There is, and can be, no exegesis, or interpretation, or construction, or doctrine about this. It is simple truth; but when a man says "these States is a nation," and that the Union is an association of the people into one State, of which "the States is" counties, he simply tells an ungrammatical falsehood! There is no subject of construction. It is simply a matter of fact and history, and he who maintains the contrary must erase the records of heaven, for though truth may be crushed to earth here, it is written down by the recording angel, and it has the guaranty of God that it shall endure through His eternal years! See "*The Republic of Republics*," pp. 50-58, for a clear exposition of the matter, and an exposure of the fallacy of Mr. George T. Curtis's "two schools of interpretation."

Again, it is a true assertion that the States themselves devised the Constitution, convening and voting as States in doing so; also that each State ratified the compact by her separate convention; so that the establishing of the Constitution was done by the States; and hence the counter-assertion that the nation made the Constitution, reserving to the States their rights, and imposing delegative duties on them, is entire untruth, and not erroneous construction.

And as the States were preëxistent, complete, self-governing societies; as they were named in the first article as political bodies; as, by their ratification, they were to establish the polity, thus becoming, as Hamilton said, "the parties to the compact," or, as Webster said, "the thirteen Confederate States;" as they owned all the votes, and were to elect, commission, and send for Federal duty, their own citizens and subjects; as they were to be and remain forever the amenders of the Constitution; as no other potential actors are provided for or hinted at, and, as finally no change whatever is made in these original and designated societies, as to name, geography, people, organism, mode of mental action, or political will, we may well conclude that all assertions as to their being merged in a nation, or degraded from their original statehood, are treasonable falsehoods, instead of mistakes of interpre-

tation! The truth is, our statesmen and jurists are inexcusable for construing the Constitution instead of treating it factually as they would the person, lineaments, and traits of a king, or as they would the foundations, walls, and uses of a fort. The States are "beautiful structures on the broad beach"—the Union a surrounding "dyke to fence out the flood." [*Fisher Ames.*] The Constitution and all its parts, as well as its history, are facts. Construction indeed! Gouverneur Morris deals with some of the constructors or interpreters as follows: "The Legislature will always make the power it wishes to exercise * * swearing the true intent and meaning [of the Constitution] to be that which suits their purpose." [III, Life of M.]

V. ERROR AS TO SOVEREIGNTY'S SEAL AND ACTION.

The able judge and gallant soldier referred to above, said, last year, in a speech on "Decoration Day," that the Constitution left the question of sovereignty "unsettled, or settled it so obscurely that the very framers of the instrument placed antipodal constructions on it." He also quoted, as further evidence of doubt, the following curious dedication of Mr. J. C. Hurd's "Theory of our National Existence," viz.: "To the sovereign, whoever he, it, or they may be." But I submit that the author is misunderstood. He recognizes sovereignty as being in the societies of people, but shows that revolutionary perversion, usurpation, fraud and force have melted the States, so to speak, into a nation—making, out of many republics, a *pseudo* one—the *E pluribus unum* of the consolidationists; and he tries to show where, in the monstrous and treasonable product, sovereignty is located; and, finally, seeming to find it easier to swim with the tide of falsehood and wrong than to *stop* and *stand* on the rock of truth, the rock of his own faith, he recommends accepting the new *régime*.

Now, if history show what actors "*established*" the "*constitution*," "*delegated*" all its "*powers*," and "*chose*" and "*appointed*" the servants and agents to execute it, surely it shows the sovereignty that constituted the Constitution; and that now remains above it, controlling, through its agency, all the subjects of its government.

Madison says such arguers "lose sight of the people." And he further says, "the Federal and State governments are but different *agents* and trustees of the *people*. * * * The ultimate authority, wherever the derivative may be, resides with the people alone." [Federalist, 46.] And in numbers 39 and 40, and in the Virginia Convention, he said it was the people as "thirteen distinct sovereign-

ties," and that the government formed was *federal* and not *national*. Washington, Hamilton, Sherman, Ellsworth, Ames, Bowdoin, Morris, and, in short, all the fathers, took the same view; all recognizing the union of sovereign States.

Now, how is it possible for any informed person to doubt that sovereignty is, as James Wilson says, "in *the people* before they make a Constitution, and *remains* in them after it is made," *i. e.*, "in thirteen independent sovereignties"—to use his own words? Of course the collective people, that is to say, societies, is meant, for only as organized bodies can the people have political mind and act in government. New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, and the rest of the names in the Constitution, mean only "the people" called by those names—"the people of the United States." "The people," as States, have the only voters. "The people," as States, have all the federal representation. "The people," as States, "choose" and "appoint" and "commission" all representatives, senators and electors of presidents from their own citizens. [Articles I and II.] "The people," as States, are to "*establish*" the Constitution through their conventions. [Article VII.] "The people," as States, are guaranteed by the associated States to be republics or self-governing peoples. [Article IV.] "The people," as States, are to make all amendments. [Article V.] Each State has "*suffrage*" in the Senate, which can never end without her "*consent*." All these provisions of the constitution, especially the last, make obvious both *mind* in the State and *sovereignty* in mind. Denying this seat and residence of sovereign will is simple untruth—criminal, if coupled with knowledge.

WEBSTER AND CURTIS FULLY CONCEDE THE POINT

—The former saying, in 1833, that "sovereignty of government is unknown in North America." "All power is with the people." "Until the Constitution was ratified by nine States, it was but a proposal, the mere draft of an instrument, * * * inoperative paper, * * it had no authority; it spoke no language." In 1849 he said "the parties to the Constitution originally were the thirteen confederated States"; that it was "founded on compact and plighted faith"; and that the individual States had "the exclusive possession of sovereignty." In 1850 he said "the Constitution was the bond, and the only bond, of the union of these States," and in 1852, just before his death, he said they never intended "to consolidate themselves into

one government," and "cease to be Maryland and Virginia, Massachusetts and Carolina." He saw that "the people" were "the States" and "the States" "the people"; and that the real government was the republics, or self-governors, named in the Constitution.

Curtis, the most conspicuous living advocate of the pseudo nation, said Rhode Island had after independence, and of course up to her adoption of the Constitution, "absolute sovereignty." [II Hist. Const'n, 599.]

Again:—"The meeting of the States [to form a Constitution] was purely voluntary: they met as equals, and they were *sovereign political communities*, whom no power could rightfully coerce into a change of their condition." [*Ibid.*]

Again:—"The relations of the individual to the political society, of which he is a member, * * came into existence as soon as a sovereign American State was formed out of a revolted British colony." [Let. to N. Y. World, 1869.]

Again:—"The source of fundamental law is found in the sovereign authority of the people of a distinct State to order the political conditions of society. It cannot be doubted that this is the very highest of all human authority." [*Ibid.*]

Hundreds of pages of such proofs and admissions as the above could be given, and American History contains nothing to the contrary. "The people" then were Republics; *i. e.*, societies of people, governing themselves; all governmental functionaries, State or Federal, being their servants and agents, and not above them.

The societies, New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, *et als.*, being complete and independent, and NAMED IN THE CONSTITUTION, were likened to pillars voluntarily taking their place in an edifice, or to stars of a constellation. As entities, they were as separate as stars. Let us then symbolize the States by thirteen stars in a row, thus designating the people of the United States; *i. e.*, the thirteen Republics, or States, at the time when all agreed and guaranteed that each was sovereign, and when they were together proceeding to devise the Constitution, which they afterwards established by separate adoptions; and next, below the thirteen symbols, we will draw the line indicating the Federal Constitution, they, as sovereigns, devised and established. The next line below will be the tripartite government; and, lastly, will come the subjects of government, *viz*: the people and their belongings.

This is intended to be—

A BLACKBOARD DEMONSTRATION OF AN ERROR,

Which is probably the most signal, but highly respectable, blunder in history, since its authors and supporters are the very highest of the professed expounders of the Constitution—some of them being the sworn officials charged with protecting the lives and sovereignty of their masters and principals—the American Republics.

"*The People of the United States*," i. e., *the 13 Republics in 1787*.

1 * * * * *

2 "*The Federal Constitution, they, in Congress, declared established,*

Sept. 13, 1788.

3 "*The Federal Government*," organized March, 1789.

4 *The people and their belongings—the subjects of the government.*

Now, no one will dare to deny that this is the proper collocation of the grades of political authority, for the States did actually and voluntarily devise and establish the Constitution, while there was, out of them, no acre or man for a nation; and all statements of national mind or action in the premises are false. The States *filed* the separate ratifications, which the Constitution itself declared "*sufficient for the establishment*" thereof, in the archives of Congress, there to remain and eternally belie the national theory. We can neither assert the acts of the States out of the record nor argue State seals from the bond.

Provinces achieved independence and statehood. Afterwards they agreed and guaranteed that each State was sovereign. Each must have acted in such character through the making of the Constitution. The *status* of each must have continued thereafter.

It is absurd to suppose they did not retain sovereignty, to effectuate their own purpose of governing their subjects. Again, they began their work with their own "*absolute supremacy*"; they could not foolishly subject themselves to the "*absolute supremacy*" of their constituted agency.

Surely, they could not begin as States and end as provinces, achieving statehood by bloody revolution, and soon swapping it for countyhood. It cannot be that they violently severed themselves from one nation to become subordinate parts of another—exchanging a personal king for a corporate one.

Again, as these societies made a voluntary union, they could not, without a supervening revolution, be subject to involuntary and indissoluble relations. Nor could "the parties to the compact"—as Hamilton called them—after having established an agency, become subordinate and allegiant to it, without treasonable violence or fraud.

In fine, if the pernicious theory in question be maintained, we shall have reached a subversion of the republic—a change from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of their agency—"the very way," says the great Burke, "*in which all the free magistracies of the world have been perverted from their purposes.*"

THE CONSTITUTION REPUDIATES NATIONALISM.

In the foregoing quotation from "Davis and Lee" it is shown that the Convention of States repudiated the national theory [see also R. of R., Part III, ch. VII]; let us now see how the Constitution annihilates it.

I. The States were, in the Constitution, designated with proper nouns, as preëxistent political societies, each with its own name, geography, people, organism, and political authority; and as each was agreed by all to be sovereign, and as no change was provided for or hinted at in the instrument, it is absurd to suppose that any was made. Hence we may assert, as Hamilton did, that the States remained "the parties to the compact" and the "essential component parts of the Union." [Fed. 85; II Ell. Deb. 304.]

II. It is absurd to suppose that the named societies of people—viz., New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, *et als*—started in the work of constituting self-government, possessing the "all-power," and all original and inherent RIGHTS given by the Deity; and ended the work only possessed of PRIVILEGES under their own Constitution, and with delegative duties imposed on them by superior authority. No one can believe such theory.

III. As the States, by their respective ratifications, established what they together had devised, they necessarily reserved—*i. e.*, kept back what they did not delegate in the language used; hence it is alike false and foolish to talk about *rights* reserved to them in the Constitution, and still more so for such expounders to call themselves "State-rights men." Reservations thus made to the States would be, at best, but "*privileges.*"

IV. Citizenship is a *status*, which the Constitution recognizes as preëstablished. "The people of the United States" are, in fact, and

constitutionally members, citizens and subjects of States, and the Federal law was laid on them and their obedience commanded by States. [See Art. IV, § 2; Art. III, § 2; Am. Ed. XI; Rep. of Rep. 4th Ed., Part V, ch. VII.] The Democratic caucus resolution that our people are *citizens of two governments*, owing allegiance to both, is not even respectable sophistry, let alone truth.

V. All voters belong originally and absolutely to the States, and all the representatives, senators, and presidential electors are freely "chosen" or "appointed," by the said States, from their own members or subjects, and have title to office and right to act in Federal matters only through the commissions and under the seals of their respective States. In short, and obviously, all the life and validity of the Constitution come from States; all the "powers" of it are "delegated" by them and "vested" in its "governments," and all its operations of every kind and character are theirs—they themselves really being "the Government" of the country for general affairs

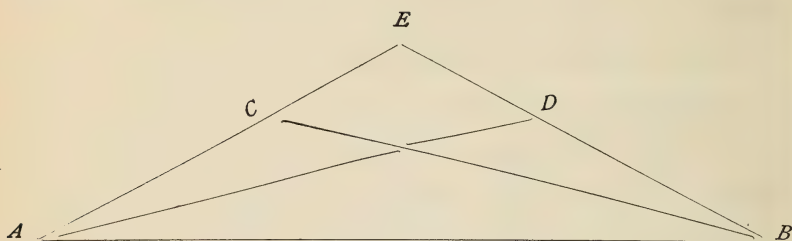
"THE STATES" ARE THE REAL "GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

No one who searches for truth, and thinks, can fail to see that "the people" are the States and the States the people—all being "the people of the United States" and "citizens of different States," as the Constitution itself says; that the associated States themselves are really and necessarily "the government of [*i. e.* belonging to] the United States;"—the so-called Government being only their agency; that all the authority in the Constitution is delegated or entrusted in writing, by the States, for their own use, to their own servants, who are, in technical *status*, describable as their "substitutes and agents [see the original bills of rights and Elliot's Debates, *passim*];" and finally, that the Convention of 1787, unanimously declared as follows: "The style of this Government shall be the United States of America"—thus showing beyond doubt that the republics or self-governing societies of people were to continue to be, as they had been, the governing powers of the land. [See Rep. of Rep's, part III, ch. VII.]

ANOTHER FUNDAMENTAL ERROR EXPOSED.

Before concluding I will give another blackboard-demonstration of error—as to sovereignty—which is of vital moment. The bottom line of the following diagram "A" to "B" is the extent of gov-

erning jurisdiction. "The Federal and State Governments," says Madison, "are but different agents of the people." "Sovereignty," continues he, "resides with the people alone." "C" is the State agency, "D" the Federal one. Each acts over the whole ground.



We must predicate agency, and not sovereignty, of these agents, "C" and "D." The people alone are sovereign and are represented by "E." They have set two servants to work in the same field. They control both and prevent conflict. "The house is" not "divided against itself." The able writer who said "the problem left us by the Convention is to harmonize National and State sovereignty," "loses sight of the people"—to use Madison's expression. The only sovereignty is theirs. "C" and "D" are always agents subject to it. There was no such problem!

It may be well to say here that Hon. George F. Edmunds and Hon. David Dudley Field, as the former shows in the *North American Review*, seem to think "teetering" or "seesawing" is going on, as to dominance, between the General Government and the States, and they call it a principle! and conclude that the great duty or problem is to keep *equilibrium*!

IN CONCLUSION,

It is painful to test by truth, doctrines taught by great and revered teachers, and reduce them to falsity; but the duty is imperative and vital to institutional freedom, and the demonstration should be both historical and pictorial, so that even the boys—the coming power-holders of the country—shall, while forming their momentous political habitudes of thought and action, know and despise such doctrines as untruths!

IN FACT, THESE DOCTRINES ARE REFUTED FALSEHOODS;

And they so appear in American History, being originally charges which were made by the foes of the Constitution to defeat it, and

which was proved untrue by the fathers, viz : "Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and the rest." Will not the reimposition of them be alike fraudulent, revolutionary and detestable? For a complete *exposé* of the wrong, see the Republic of Republics, part III, ch. 1, p. 159.

THESE EXPOUNDERS ARE AWAY FROM THE ORIGINAL ROCK—

Away from Republican tenets—away from the organic laws of the people—away from the faith of the fathers, and away from the doctrines of the publicists. They seem never to have comprehended the system aimed at. Montesquieu and Vattel, who guided our fathers in federalizing, held that liberty and self-government were only possible in small societies, while the size and strength and the stability needed among nations is to be attained by their uniting themselves into a "Confederate Republic," or "Republic of Republics." It was numerous commonwealths, or self-governing peoples, united in one system, that the founders contemplated; and the extension of "the area of freedom" over America was to be Federal, and not National. "*New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union,*" tells the whole grand story of the ocean-bounded "Republic of Republics." And the States showed that they adhered to and consummated the federalizing plan, by declaring unanimously in their Convention, as we have seen, that "*the style of this government shall be the United STATES of America.*" The people "established" a perpetual, voluntary union of States—a Republic of Republics. "Nation," indeed! It simply means revolution, empire, and subject peoples everywhere!

GREATNESS AND GLORY ATTENDED THE UNION OF STATES,

And "we, the people," enjoyed "the blessings of liberty," and consequently "domestic tranquility;" "the sacred ties," amity, mutual interest and justice were preserved, and the polity seemed immortal; but through perversion and usurpation nationalism supervened, and "hell followed with" it; or, perhaps it were better to say, it brought "the abomination of desolation!"

Respectfully,

P. C. CENTZ, *Barrister*,
The Author of the "*Republic of Republics.*"

Reunion of the Virginia Division Army Northern Virginia Association

The annual gathering of this Association in the State capitol at Richmond took place on the evening of October the 23d, 1884, and was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. A large number of distinguished Confederates were present—a notable feature of the occasion being that about twenty-five veterans of the "Maryland Line," under command of General Geo. H. Steuart, came as an escort to the orator, and were enthusiastically welcomed by their Virginia comrades—and the hall was packed with a brilliant audience.

General W. H. F. Lee, President of the Association, called the meeting to order, Chaplain J. Wm. Jones led in prayer, and General Lee (in graceful, appropriate and very complimentary phrase) then introduced, as orator of the evening, General Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore. General Johnson was greeted with hearty cheers, and was frequently interrupted with warm applause as he delivered the following

ADDRESS ON THE FIRST MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

Within five years after the surrender and dispersion of the Confederate armies, it was considered necessary by some of those who had borne arms in the defence of the Confederate States that an organization should be formed for the purpose of perpetuating the comradeship and preserving the *esprit* of those four years of ordeal, and of collecting material for history; whereby the honor of our dead should be protected, and justice done by posterity to the aspirations, the motives, and the deeds of those who had fought and failed. A plan of such an organization was submitted to General Lee, but he did not think the time had arrived for such an action.

But when, in October, 1870, all Christendom stood uncovered before that open grave, at Lexington, when the South bent over the bier of her great chief, and the heart of Virginia was wrung at her bereavement, a great concourse of citizens, and patriots, and veterans came together here, in Richmond, to do honor to his memory, and to give expression to the feelings that stirred the whole people. Then and there it was determined to carry out the intention which had been formulated the year before, and the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was formed. In the fourteen years that have succeeded, the largest portion of its work has been as-

sumed, and has been most admirably carried out by the Southern Historical Society

But our Association has efficiently performed its part. All over the South soldier memorial societies have been formed, and are being formed, and we can now confidently leave to time and to truth the vindication of our motives, the defence of our political action, and the description of the genius, the courage, and the achievements of the Confederate soldier.

Brief, but glorious, was that epoch that blazed out in the history of all time, but no four years have ever produced such results, or made such impression on the art of war.

The Confederate war-ship, Virginia (Merrimac), made a complete revolution in naval architecture and warfare.

The Confederate torpedo service has made an entire change in the system of defence of water-ways.

The Confederate cavalry raid has necessitated an alteration in the tactics, as well as the strategy of armies and Generals.

Von Borcke told me that while Stuart's raid around McClellan was not regarded with respect by the Prussian Generals in the Prusso-Austrian campaign, of 1866, the principle of thus using cavalry was adopted in full by them in the Franco-Prussian campaign, of 1870, and that now Stuart was considered the first cavalry General of the century, as the campaigns of Lee and Jackson were the models taught from, in Continental Military Schools.

While the civil war afforded many brilliant illustrations of genius for war, of daring and heroic achievement, while the valley campaign furnishes a model and the defence of Richmond in 1864, an exhibition of defensive operations, alike the wonder and the admiration of soldiers all over the world, the fourteen days occupied by the First Maryland campaign were probably more remarkable for their performances and their results than any other episode of the war.

Taking into consideration the time occupied, the distances marched, the results achieved and the incredible disparity of numbers between the armies engaged, the operations of that campaign were as extraordinary as any ever recorded for the same period of time.

On the first day of January, 1862, the President of the United States issued a general order, somewhat theatrical, to all of the armies of the United States, directing them to make a general advance on the 22d of February, then ensuing, on the whole line extending

from Washington city to the Missouri river. The forces intended for the reduction of Virginia were the Army of Western Virginia, General Fremont, the Army of the Potomac, General McClellan, and the Army of North Carolina, General Burnside. After this general movement had been made a fourth army was organized as the Army of Virginia which was to coöperate with these converging columns in the general movement on the Capital of the Confederate States. Burnside's army occupied Roanoke Island and New Berne and seated itself on the flank of Richmond. Fremont moved up the Valley as far as Cross Keys where he met his checkmate from Jackson on the 9th of June.

McClellan advanced up the Peninsula as far as Mechanicsville, three and a half miles from Richmond, and after seven days' hard fighting, June 26th to July 1st, succeeded in changing his base to Harrison's Landing, on the James, thirty miles from Richmond—a hazardous and meritorious undertaking, when nothing better could be done; and Major-General John Pope had been first checked by Jackson at Cedar Run, August 9th, and then, with the consolidated armies of Burnside, Fremont, McClellan and his own, had been escorted back to the fortification on the south bank of the Potomac, from which McClellan had moved with such confidence and high expectation in obedience to President Lincoln's general order in the preceding spring. On the 2d of September General McClellan was directed verbally by Mr. Lincoln to assume command of the demoralized mass of troops, which had just been beaten under Pope at Manassas.

His order to General Pope on that occasion epitomizes, more graphically than I can, the results of the six months' campaign of four armies to reduce Virginia. His order was in these words:

“HEADQUARTERS, Washington, Sept. 2d, 1862.

“GENERAL,—General Halleck instructed me to report to you the order he sent this morning, to withdraw your army to Washington, without unnecessary delay. He feared that his messenger might miss you, and desired to take this double precaution.

In order to bring troops upon ground with which they are already familiar, it would be best to move Porter's Corps upon Upton's Hill, that it may occupy Hall's Hill, &c.; McDowell's to Upton's Hill; Franklin's to the works in front of Alexandria; Heintzelman's to the

same vicinity; Couch to Fort Corcoran, or, if practicable, to the Chain Bridge; Sumner either to Fort Albany, or to Alexandria, as the case may be most convenient.

In haste, General, very truly yours,

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General United States Army.

Major General John Pope,
Commanding Army of Virginia.

The old lines of Upton's, Hall's and Munson's hills, with the peach orchards, and the gardens, that we fought over and occupied, in September, 1861, were to be re-taken and re-occupied by the four armies seeking refuge from Lee's pursuit, in September, 1862.

The number of troops who thus sheltered themselves by McClellan's command behind the fortifications of Washington was 160,000. There were besides, in the Lower Valley, at Winchester, Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry, over 11,000 more. General Lee had with him probably about 40,000 men of all arms present for duty.

Under these circumstances, it was impossible to stay where he was, re-occupy the old Centreville lines, and wait until his adversary had refreshed and reorganized the immense force at his disposal. That would have been increased by the concentration of seasoned troops from the West and volunteers from the whole North. A sufficient force could then have held the Confederate Army in Northern Virginia, while an overpowering column would have taken Richmond on the flank from York River or the James. The same objection would apply to an occupation of the line of the Rappahannock, with the additional serious objection that the fertile counties along the Potomac and in the lower valley would be thereby abandoned to the Federal occupation.

Therefore, there was only one practicable movement to make and that was, to cross the Potomac, relieve Virginia from the war for the present, and at least delay further aggressive operations on the part of the Federal Generals, until the season itself should interpose an insuperable barrier to further advance for that year.

I believe that I know that the Maryland campaign was not undertaken by General Lee under any delusive hope that his presence there would produce a revolution in Maryland, and such a rising as would give a large force of reinforcements to him.

During the march of the 4th of September, General Jackson re-

quired me to give him a detailed description of the country in Maryland on the other side of the Potomac, of which I was a native, and with the topography, resources, and political condition of which I was familiar. I impressed upon him emphatically the fact that a large portion of the people were ardent Unionists; that perhaps an equal number were equally ardent sympathizers with the Confederate cause, still, they had been since June, 1861, so crushed beneath the overwhelming military force, that they could not be expected to afford us material aid until we gave them assurance of an opportunity for relief, by an occupation promising at least some permanence. That night General Jackson invited me to accompany him to General Lee's headquarters in Leesburg, and there requested me to repeat our conversation of the day to the latter. I did so at length.

General Lee particularly required information as to the topography of the banks of the Potomac between Loudoun county, Virginia, and Frederick county, Maryland, and those about Harpers Ferry and Williamsport. After several hours the conversation ceased.

Jackson sat bolt upright asleep.

Lee sat straight, solemn, and stern, and at last said, as if in soliloquy: "When I left Richmond, I told the President that I would, if possible, relieve Virginia of the pressure of these two armies. If I cross *here*, I may do so at the cost of men, but with a saving of time. If I cross at Williamsport, I can do so with saving of men, but at cost of time. I wish Walker were up," or words expressing a desire or anxiety about Walker. This incident I relate to prove what, in my judgment, was the real objective of General Lee in the Maryland campaign. It was not as the Count of Paris states in his history of the civil war, or as General Palfrey, in his well-considered and elaborate memoir of Antietam says, that by the transfer of the seat of war to the north banks of the Potomac the secessionists of Maryland would be afforded an opportunity to rise, and by revolution, supported by Lee's army, transfer Maryland to the Confederation of States.

General Lee knew perfectly well that a people who had been under military rule for fifteen months, who had been subjugated by every method known to military and relentless force, could not organize resistance or revolution until confidence in themselves and their cause was restored by the presence of an abiding and permanent power. Therefore it seems beyond dispute that the first Maryland campaign was undertaken by General Lee solely and entirely as part of his defensive operation for the protection of Virginia. It was an

offensive-defensive operation, having as its objective neither the invasion of Pennsylvania nor the redemption of Maryland, but only the relief of the Confederacy, as far as the means at his command would permit. The reason for, and object of, the Maryland campaign cannot be better stated than was done by General Lee himself in his report: "The armies of Generals McClellan and Pope," says he, "had now been brought back to the point from which they set out on the campaigns of the Spring and Summer. The objects of their campaigns had been frustrated, and the designs of the enemy on the coast of North Carolina and Western Virginia thwarted by the withdrawal of the main body of his forces from those regions. Northeastern Virginia was freed from the presence of Federal soldiers up to the intrenchments of Washington, and soon after the arrival of the army at Leesburg information was received that the troops which had occupied Winchester had retired to Harpers Ferry and Martinsburg. The war was thus transferred from the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs, in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass, without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland. Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war, and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the Northern frontier, until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult, if not impracticable. The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington government to retain all its available force to provide against contingencies, which its course toward the people of that State gave it reason to apprehend.

At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might feel disposed to make to recover their liberties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington government, than from active demonstration on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

Influenced by these considerations, the army was put in motion,

and crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, in order that, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, the enemy would be forced to withdraw from the south bank of the Potomac, and thus the wounded and captured property on the field of Manassas be relieved from threatened attack. And afterward, this result accomplished, it was proposed to move the army into Western Maryland, establish our communication with Richmond, through the Valley of Shenandoah, and, by threatening Pennsylvania, induce the enemy to follow, and thus draw him from his base of supplies."

General's Lee's purpose, then, in transferring the seat of war to the north of the Potomac was: 1st. To relieve Virginia from the pressure of the contending armies, and delay another invasion until the next season. 2d. To inflict as great an injury, material and moral, to his enemy as was practicable. 3d. To reinforce the Confederacy by the alliance of Maryland, which could have been certainly secured by a permanent occupation, and by an exhibition of superior force. 4th. As a consequence, the occupation of the Federal capital, the evacuation of it by the Federal government, the acknowledgment of the Confederate government as a government *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, by France and England, and the necessary achievement of the independence of the Confederate States.

During the summer of 1862, the Emperor of the French had been openly in sympathy with the cause of the Confederate States, and under the name of, sometimes mediation, sometimes recognition, had always been anxious to intervene in their behalf. He was pressing the English government, without ceasing, to unite with him in acknowledging the existence of the new government, and recognition, as all the world knew at that time, meant independence. Therefore, when Lee crossed the Potomac, he was playing for a great stake. He had the certainty of relieving his own country from the burden of the war, and of beating back invasion until the next year; and he had the possibility of ending the war and achieving the independence of his people by one short and brilliant stroke of genius, endurance and courage. How he accomplished the first, and why he failed in the last, it shall be my endeavor to make plain in this narrative.

The victory at Manassas had left Lee with about 40,000 men. He had cooped up in the entrenchments of Washington about 160,000 men. The army which he led was composed of the veterans of Jackson's Foot Cavalry, of Hill's Light Division, and of Longstreet's First corps, seasoned by the marches and tempered by the victories in the Valley, in the seven days' battles, at Cedar Run

and at Second Manassas, over Banks, Fremont, Shields, McClellan and Pope. Jackson's men had been marching and fighting from May 23rd to September 1st. The two Hill's and Longstreet's, from June 25th to the same date.

The troops who were left after these campaigns were as hard and tough as troops ever have been, for the process of elimination had dropped out all the inferior materials.

Jackson left the Waterloo bridge on the Rappahannock on the 25th of August, and no rations were issued to his people until they camped about Frederick on the 6th of September—twelve days afterwards. They had marched and fought during that time, subsisting on green corn, or such supplies as the men individually could pick up on the roadside, except some rations captured at Manassas. The rest of the army was no better off; therefore, when Lee undertook the forward movement over the Potomac, numbers of brave men fell out of ranks, barefooted and utterly broken down from want of proper food.

While the army was in Virginia they struggled along as best they could, and a few days' halt for rest or battle enabled them to catch up and rejoin their colors. As soon as the Potomac was crossed, they were cut off and prevented from reoccupying their positions in ranks until the army returned to Virginia. Thus it was that the army which followed Lee into Maryland was so reduced that the statements as to its numerical strength have ever since furnished ground for incredulous criticism by Northern writers. It is a fact, however, that when the Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Potomac on the 4th and 5th days of September, 1862, not more than 35,000 men were present for duty. There were then in and about Washington 160,000, as McClellan's report shows.

The first days of September were laden with anxious forebodings to the leaders of the Union side.

The Army of the Potomac had been driven to shelter behind those intrenchments it had constructed in 1861, to protect the capital from the victorious troops of Johnston and Beauregard. The Army of Virginia, demoralized and disorganized, had sought the protection of the same works.

The armies of Fremont and of Burnside had ceased to exist, and had been absorbed in the rout of the armies of the Potomac and of Virginia. The President of the United States, distracted by grave cares, seems to have been the only one who preserved his faculties

and exercised his judgment. His advisers, Stanton and Halleck, dominated by jealousy and hatred of McClellan, had united to destroy him, and during the second battle of Manassas had left him at Alexandria, within hearing of Lee's guns, his troops ordered to Pope, and himself without even the troop of cavalry, his customary escort.

Lee disappeared from the front of Washington on the 3d of September. That he had fallen back into Virginia was incredible. That he was marching up the south bank of the Potomac was entirely probable. Whither was he going? What were his intentions? Would he cross above Washington, and with his army of 40,000 veterans capture the disorganized mass of 160,000 men there cowering under the heavy guns of the engineers' forts, expel the Federal officials from Washington, plant the battle flag of the Confederacy on the capitol of the United States, conquer an acknowledgement and recognition by the Powers, and achieve the independence of the South? Or would he cross the Blue Ridge, pass the Potomac beyond that barrier of mountains, and hold their defiles, while reinforcements poured down the Valley of the Shenandoah, and his victorious columns swept through Pennsylvania, and laid Philadelphia under contribution, and thus transfer the seat of war to Union territory and conquer a peace there? These were the terrible possibilities of the hour to the Union chiefs.

On the 1st of September the President sought an interview with General McClellan, who was then absolutely without a command, and told him that he had reason to believe that the Army of the Potomac was not cheerfully coöperating with and supporting General Pope; that "he had always been a friend of mine," says McClellan in his report, "and asked him as a special favor to use his influence in correcting this state of things; to telegraph Fitz John Porter or some other of his friends, and try to do away with any feeling that might exist; that he could rectify the evil, and that no one else could."

This picture of the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of a great nation, interceding with his subordinate, whom he had permitted to be disgraced within the preceding week, to use his personal influence to persuade soldiers to do their duty, is certainly an interesting one. It proves that they knew and feared McClellan's power.

On the next day, September 2d, Mr. Lincoln verbally directed McClellan to take command of the army.

He proceeded at once with extraordinary energy to re-organize it. He constituted his right wing, under command of Major-General

Burnside, of the Ninth corps under Reno and First corps under Hooker. His centre under Sumner consisted of the Twelfth corps, Mansfield, and Second corps, Sumner.

His left wing was constituted of Sixth corps, Franklin and Couch's division of the Fourth corps, Sykes's division followed in the main the march of the centre. The right wing and centre numbered about 30,000 men each and the left wing about 20,000.

Sykes's division consisted of 6,000 men and the cavalry under Pleasanton of 4,500.

The authorities at Washington were in such panic that they would not permit McClellan to move out until he had left 72,000 behind him to defend the capital. During the ensuing fourteen days Halleck was constantly telegraphing McClellan that he must be careful lest Lee should evade him and pounce down on the defenceless city. Therefore when McClellan moved north of Washington he kept his left along the north bank of the Potomac. And his right extended toward the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, so as to cover the approaches to both Baltimore and Washington. Lee's army was divided into two corps, the First under Longstreet, with the divisions of R. H. Anderson, Hood, McLaws, and J. G. Walker, and the Second under Jackson, of the divisions of Jackson, Ewell, A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill.

Longstreet's First corps consisted of 15,855 men, Jackson's Second corps of 11,400, with him also was the cavalry division of J. E. B. Stuart, comprising the brigades of Fitz. Lee, Hampton, and Robertson, the latter under Munford, the whole probably, for there are no reports of the cavalry, numbering as many as 4,500, his artillery is estimated at 3,000 effective men. I follow Colonel Taylor's laborious and exact statement as to Lee's numbers, and General McClellan's as to his own.

On September 4th, Lee's army was concentrated about Leesburg. McClellan had moved his Second, Ninth and Twelfth corps, and Couch's division to the north side of the Potomac and north of Washington on the Seventh-Street road, and to Tenalltown. The cavalry, under Pleasanton, was pushed along the river to watch the fords in the neighborhood of Poolesville. On the afternoon of September 4th, D. H. Hill sent Anderson's brigade to fire on the Federal trains across the Potomac at Berlin, and with two other brigades drove away the Federal cavalry pickets near the mouth of Monocacy, and crossed at White's Ford. During the night of the

4th and day of the 5th, Lee's whole army crossed at the same place, the cavalry, under Stuart, bringing up the rear.

The infantry camped that night at the Three Springs, in Frederick county, nine miles from Frederick. The cavalry passed at once to the flank, and extended an impenetrable veil of pickets across Montgomery and Frederick counties, from the Potomac to New Market, beyond the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and on the National turnpike from Baltimore to Frederick. Robertson's brigade, under Munford, was posted on the right with his advance at Poolesville; Hampton's at Hyattstown, and Fitz. Lee's at New Market; cavalry headquarters were established at Urbana, eight miles southwest of Frederick, and in the rear of the centre of the line thus established. This was the position on the night of September 5th. On the 6th, Lee moved his infantry to Frederick, the cavalry retaining its line. On the same day McClellan moved out as far as Rockville, which brought him within fifteen miles of Stuart's pickets. By the 9th he had cautiously pushed out some eight or nine miles further, the right wing, under Burnside, occupying Brookville; the centre Middlebrook, and Franklin on the left Darnestown; while Couch was kept close on the Potomac at the mouth of Seneca. The position thus taken by McClellan was a defensive one, on the ridges along the line of Seneca Creek, and was intended by him to be occupied in defensive battle. He had no idea of attacking, and, as far as can be seen, his single hope was to interpose such a force in front of Washington as might best defend an advance from the conquering legions of Lee.

General McClellan was undoubtedly overpowered by his own estimate of the forces, moral, political and military, of his adversary. He knew Lee's character, and his career in Mexico. He knew the value of personality in war, and he knew that those forces were, beyond estimate, greater than his. He believed, and it was not discreditable to an honorable and high-spirited man to believe, that the army which had overcome him before Richmond was numerically superior to his own forces. He so represented to Halleck and Staunton again and again. In the battles before Richmond General McClellan held under his control for actual operations 115,102 effectives.

During the same period Lee controlled 80,835 men. Yet on June 25th, 1862, McClellan reported to Stanton, Secretary of War, that Lee's force was stated to be 200,000, and on June 26th he states that the secret service reports his force to be 180,000, which he does not consider excessive. Therefore, after the defeats around Richmond,

and after the disasters of Second Manassas, McClelland believed and so reported that the troops under Lee amounted to 97,445. We can sympathize with, and appreciate the feelings with which, on September 4th, in command of 90,000 soldiers of the campaigns of the Seven Days' battles and of Second Manassas, he left the shelter of the fortifications at Washington, to seek for and give battle to Lee with 97,445 fighting men. It is not discreditable to him, his Generals, or his soldiers, for us to believe that they sought a rendezvous for which they were not anxious. This view of the condition of McClellan's mind will account for many things otherwise incomprehensible, in the events of the succeeding ten days.

While McClellan marched out of Washington to protect the capital against an army which he believed to be overwhelming, he was handicapped still more by the apprehensions of the Washington government.

They distrusted him. He had no confidence in them. They were pervaded with apprehensions that Lee's movement into Western Maryland was a strategic ruse to secure from McClellan an abandonment of the capital in order that Lee might by a quick march turn his left, and seize Washington before he could strike a blow in its defence. During the whole of the Union General's advance into Maryland, he was trammelled and harrassed by constant cautions from the General-in-Chief that he should protect them. He says in his report:

"I left Washington on the 7th of September. At this time it was known that the mass of the Rebel army had passed up the south side of the Potomac in the direction of Leesburg, and that a portion of that army had crossed into Maryland, but whether it was their intention to cross their whole force with a view to turn Washington by a flank movement down the north bank of the Potomac, to move on Baltimore, or to invade Pennsylvania, were questions which at that time we had no means of determining. This uncertainty as to the intentions of the enemy obliged me, up to the 13th of September, to march cautiously, and to advance the army in such order as continually to keep Washington and Baltimore covered, and at the same time to hold the troops well in hand so as to be able to concentrate and follow rapidly if the enemy took the direction of Pennsylvania, or to return to the defence of Washington, if as was greatly feared by the authorities, the enemy should be merely making a feint with a small force to draw off our army, while with their main forces they stood ready to seize the first favorable opportunity to attack the capital."

On September 9th, Halleck telegraphed to McClellan: "It may be the enemy's object to draw off the mass of our forces and then attempt to attack from the Virginia side of the Potomac."

Lee's 35,000 men were on that day preparing to march northward from Frederick.

On the 12th President Lincoln telegraphed McClellan: "I have advices that Jackson is crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, and probably the whole Rebel army will be drawn from Maryland." "Please do not let him get off without being hurt."

On the 13th Halleck telegraphed him: "I am of opinion that the enemy will send a small column towards Pennsylvania to draw off your forces in that direction, then suddenly move on Washington with the forces south of the Potomac, and there he may cross over."

Jackson, McLaws and Walker were on that day investing Harpers Ferry. On the 14th Halleck telegraphed: "Scouts report a large force still on the Virginia side of the Potomac; if so, I fear you are exposing your left and rear."

Harpers Ferry surrendered at 8 A. M. on September 15th. And on September 16th, the day after the surrender of Harpers Ferry, he again telegraphed: "I think, however, you will find that the whole force of the enemy in your front has crossed the river; I fear now more than ever that they will recross at Harpers Ferry, or below, and turn your left, thus cutting you off from Washington. This has appeared to me to be a part of their plan, and hence my anxiety on the subject. A heavy rain might prevent it."

This was the day when McClellan was feeling along Lee's front at Sharpsburg, and the day before the battle. *No heavy rain ever did prevent Lee's movements, or hinder Jackson, Longstreet or the Hills.* Just before this point of time occurred one of those incidents which, unforeseen and astounding, change the conduct of campaigns and the fortunes of war.

Western Maryland is traversed by the Catoclin range of mountains running through Frederick county from the Potomac to Pennsylvania. Parallel and about eight miles northwest runs the South Mountain, the extension through Maryland of the Blue Ridge, the dividing line between Frederick and Washington counties.

From two miles and a half to three miles northwest of South Mountain runs the Elk Ridge from the Potomac, extending almost eight miles parallel to the South mountain.

The Valley of the Monocacy is east of the Catoclin. Between it and South Mountain is Middleton Valley, and between South Moun-

tain and Elk Ridge is Pleasant Valley. Along the base of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, the Shenandoah empties into the Potomac. At the confluence of the two rivers is Harpers Ferry. It is dominated on the Maryland side by the southern terminus of Elk Ridge, called Maryland Heights, and on the Virginia side by the northern end of Blue Ridge, known as Loudoun Heights. Harpers Ferry is, of itself, a *cul de sac*, indefensible against the dominating heights on either side. Both Loudoun Heights and Maryland Heights are accessible from the rear by roads, and can be carried by a determined attack.

When Lee crossed into Maryland he knew that eleven thousand Federal troops were stationed at Winchester, Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry. After he had crossed, he was informed that they had retired from Winchester. He supposed as he had a right to expect that they would evacuate the line of the Upper Potomac, and withdraw by way of Hagerstown into Pennsylvania. It is singular, but true, that whenever Lee anticipated his adversary's making a blunder he was never disappointed; whenever he relied upon his acting upon sound rules of strategy his expectations always failed. So it was, that when he relied upon the evacuation of Harpers Ferry he found that he was entirely mistaken in his calculations.

On the 9th of September he learned that the forces in the Lower Valley had been concentrated at Harpers Ferry. In order to dispose of this threat upon his flank and rear, he at once set his army in motion, directing Major-General J. G. Walker to proceed by the Virginia side to occupy Loudoun Heights, Major-General McLaws, with Major-General R. H. Anderson, to take possession of Maryland Heights, and Jackson, with the Second corps, to proceed by way of Williamsport and Martinsburg to invest Harpers Ferry, on the line between the Potomac and the Shenandoah. General Jackson was directed to take charge of the movement, and the detached columns were ordered to be in position on Friday, the 12th. Longstreet, with eleven brigades, and Hill, with five, were ordered to take position at Boonsboro, where the rest of the army was ordered to join them after the reduction of Harpers Ferry. At day-light, on the 10th, his army moved, on the National road, from Frederick to Hagerstown. McClellan explains the tardiness of his movements, because, he says, his troops and trains moving on one road would have made a column fifty miles long. Lee found no such difficulty. His army swept along the broad turnpike in three close parallel columns, artillery and trains in the centre, and infantry on each side.

THE FABLE OF BARBARA FRITCHIE.

The march of the army of Northern Virginia through the streets of Frederick on the 10th of September, was the occasion of a scandalous invention in derogation of its honor, which has gone to the world as the "ballad of Barbara Fritchie." The point and the pathos of this creation of the imagination, is in the description of a scene, in which an aged and decrepit woman, fired by patriotism and nerved by a courage, in which the men were lacking, flaunted the flag of the United States, defiantly in the face of the Confederate column as it swept through Frederick. That, by order of Stonewall Jackson, a volley was fired at her and her flag, and then, seized by sudden remorse, the ideal Confederate hero, passed on with heart wrung by shame, and head bowed by grief, at the unnatural crime of which he had been guilty. It transmits in smooth and melodious verse, the explicit statement that one of the chief historical characters of the Confederacy, he, whom the love of his contemporaries, and the veneration of the good in the whole world, have singled out and apotheosized as the hero, the genius, the martyr of the cause of honor, chivalry and patriotism—that Stonewall Jackson ordered Confederate soldiers to fire on an old woman, feebly flaunting a flag out of a garret window, and then overwhelmed with remorse and grief, hung his head and fled from the scene of his shame. The function of the singer has in all time been akin to that of the prophet. While the latter gave expression to the will and the purposes of the gods, the former moulds into words, the hopes, the memories, and the aspirations of races, of people, and of nations. The real poet is under obligations to truth, for truth lives and stirs the heart, and perpetuates heroic deeds, and the desire to do them. Therefore there is no excuse for this slander and libel on the Confederate cause, the Confederate soldier and the Confederate hero. Not only is every allegation in the story of Barbara Fritchie false, but there never existed foundation for it. I was born in Frederick and lived there until May, 1861, when I joined the Confederate army. I had known Barbara Fritchie all my life. I knew where she lived, as well as I knew the town clock. At that time she was eighty-four years old, and had been bed-ridden for some time. She never saw a Confederate soldier, and probably no one of any kind. Her house was at the corner of Patrick street and the Town Creek bridge. The troops marched by there during a portion of the 10th of September. On that morning General Jack-

son and his staff rode into the town to the house of the Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman there, and paid a visit to Mrs. Ross, who was the daughter of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, Virginia, where Jackson lived, and whom he knew well. After the visit to Mrs. Ross, at the parsonage, which was next to the Presbyterian church, and not on the same street, nor near Mrs. Fritchie's house, he rode at the head of his staff by the Courthouse, down through the Mill alley, up to Patrick street some distance beyond the Fritchie house. He never passed it, and in all probability never saw it. It is needless to say that no such incident as that described by Whittier, could have occurred in the Confederate army, which was composed of men in all stations of life, fired by enthusiasm for the cause of honor, liberty and patriotism. The highest admiration and the warmest love of principle were the forces which directed and controlled it.

It is quite possible that the future historian may designate the passion that moved it, for four years of privation, of starvation, of battle, wounds and death, as fanatical. But it was devotion to the highest ideal which men or nations have ever created for themselves. Therefore, it was impossible for such men, so led, to perpetrate the puerile act laid to their charge, and no such thing occurred anywhere, in Frederick or elsewhere.

I doubt not that women and children waved Union flags in the faces of Confederates; such incidents were natural, and doubtless did occur. But the soldiers never resented it, on the contrary, it amused them, and the only punishment I ever heard of being administered to them, the fair patriots, was witticism, more or less rough, from the ready tongues of the privates in the ranks.

Jackson moved rapidly in advance to Boonsboro', then turned to the left, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, passed through Martinsburg and closed in on Harper's Ferry by noon of the 13th, a march of sixty-two miles in three days and a half, McLaws turned off the National road at Middletown and passed over the South Mountain range by Crampton's Gap into Pleasant Valley. After some sharp fighting he got possession of Maryland Heights on the afternoon of the 13th. Walker got to his place on Loudoun Heights during the evening of the 13th. At night of the 13th, therefore, the investment of Harper's Ferry was complete. Escape was impossible. Rescue by McClellan was the only salvation. General Lee, with Longstreet and the reserve artillery, had in the meantime gone into camp at Hagerstown and D. H. Hill at Boonsboro.

We left McClellan on the 9th occupying the ridges along the line of the Seneca. On the 10th he moved his centre some five miles further to Damascus and Clarksburgh, and his left to Poolesville and Barnesville where he came in contact with Stuart's lines. The duty of the cavalry was only to cover the movements of Lee which had begun that morning, and Stuart merely held his position until pressed back by McClellan's infantry. On the 11th he withdrew, still spreading a cordon of cavalry, covering about twenty miles between the Federal and Confederate armies.

Munford, with the Second and Twelfth Virginia cavalry (the rest of Robertson's brigade being on detached service), was moved back to Jefferson and thence to Crampton's Gap; Fitz Lee was directed to move from New Market around Frederick to the north and cross the Catoclin range six miles above Frederick, while Hampton retired leisurely to Frederick, six miles distant. Familiarity with the topography, since boyhood, refreshed by personal inspection this summer, has only increased my admiration for Stuart's genius for war. In a strange country, with ordinary maps as his guides, his dispositions could not have been excelled, if he were operating over territory carefully described and accurately portrayed by the most skilful engineers. From the moment Lee crossed the Potomac, Stuart covered his positions and his movements with impenetrable secrecy, so far as McClellan was concerned, and he concealed Lee's movements so perfectly that McClellan reported that, on September 10th, "he received from his scouts information which rendered it quite probable that General Lee's army was in the vicinity of Frederick, but whether his intention was to move toward Baltimore or Pennsylvania was not then known."

Lee's whole army had, in fact, been for five days encamped around Frederick, and was then in full march up the National road. If it had not been for a piece of extraordinary negligence, McClellan never would have divined Lee's purposes until after Harpers Ferry had been taken, and with his army well in hand, reinforced, refreshed and rested, Lee would have delivered battle on his own conditions, with time and place of his own selection. No one, Union or Confederate, doubts what the issue of such a struggle would have been. The army of McClellan would have been routed, Baltimore and Washington opened to the Confederates, and then—what? This misfortune to the cause of the Confederacy will be described hereafter.

On September 11th, Lee having his army well-disposed beyond the South Mountain, and the two ranges of Catoclin and South

Mountain having been interposed between his infantry and the Federal advance, McClellan threw forward his right, the Ninth and First corps, under Burnside, to New Market, taking the place of Fitz Lee's cavalry. He then began what was described as a grand left wheel, his right turning gradually so as to be advanced.

Fitz Lee kept his rear guard close to Burnside, and well advised of his movements. Hampton, with Stuart and the general staff, moved through Frederick. Stuart desired to defend the passes in the Catoctin, and ordered Munford to hold the gap at Jefferson for that purpose. But, Burnside pressed up the National road on the 12th, and Pleasonton's cavalry being unable to make an impression on Stuart, forced his infantry on him and Hampton in the streets of Frederick. One gun was placed in position in Patrick street, in front of the foundry, supported by a regiment and a half of infantry and a body of cavalry. Hampton was sitting on his horse, with his staff, in front of the City Hotel, some eight hundred yards off, in nearly a direct line. He sent the Second South Carolina cavalry, Colonel, now Senator, M. C. Butler, rattling down the street with a yell and a vim that might have started the stones out of the sidewalk.

Lieutenant Meighan led the advance squadron. The South Carolinians rode over guns, horses, infantry and artillery. Colonel Moore, Twenty-third Ohio, was captured. Five horses attached to the piece were killed, so that it could not be taken off. It was upset in the fray. Ten prisoners were carried off. This lesson taught Burnside caution, and Stuart held the pass at Hagans, where the National road crosses the Catoctin, five miles from Frederick; all the rest of the Twelfth, with the Jeff Davis Legion, and two guns.

On the Twelfth, then, Stuart's Cavalry held the Catoctin range, and McClellan had advanced his right under Burnside to Frederick, his centre under Sumner to Urbana and Ijamsville, while his left, under Franklin, still dragged behind close to the Potomac. Burnside was in contact with Stuart's cavalry at Hagans; but Sumner and Franklin were at least twelve miles from an enemy while they camped at Urbana and Barnesville.

The next day, September 13th, Walker, McLaws and Jackson, completed the investment of Harpers Ferry.

Halleck and Stanton were telegraphing McClellan with hot wires to save the army and material there. Frederick is twenty miles from Harpers Ferry. Stuart, on leaving Frederick, sent instructions to Fitz Lee to gain the enemy's rear and ascertain his force.

For the purpose of delaying his advance and giving all time possible for the capture of Harpers Ferry, and subsequent concentration of Lee's army, he called back Hampton's brigade on the morning of the 13th to assist the Jeff Davis Legion in holding the gap at Hagans.

They did so until midday of the 13th, when absolutely forced out of it by the irresistible pressure of Burnside's two corps ; and during the 13th the cavalry made two separate stands against the Federal infantry in Middletown Valley, for the purpose of saving time and retarding the advance. By noon of the 13th, however, Burnside had obtained possession of the top of the mountain at Hagans. From that point is a most extensive and lovely view. Middletown Valley, rich in orchards, farm houses, barns, and flocks and herds spread before you, down to the Potomac and Virginia on the left, and up to Mason and Dixon's line and Pennsylvania on the right. The South Mountain, or Blue Ridge, stretches out, a wall of green on the western side of this Elysian scene, while Catoctin forms its eastern bounds. From Hagans the gap at Harpers Ferry is plainly visible. With a good glass you can see through it to the line and hills beyond. On the Maryland Heights was a high tower, erected for a signal station, and flags on it, and at Hagans it could have been readily distinguished. They were not eighteen miles apart. Rockets from the Maryland Heights and from Hagans would have been easily visible at either point. Notwithstanding this, although Burnside obtained possession of Hagans by noon on the 13th, before Walker had occupied Loudoun Heights, or McLaws had taken Maryland Heights, no attempt is recorded to have been made by either force to communicate by signal with the other during the half of the day so pregnant with fate for the garrison at Harpers Ferry. McClellan fired signal guns incessantly from the head of his relieving columns. They produced the impression upon Miles and White at Harpers Ferry of heavy cannonading, and a great battle somewhere, and scared them so badly that when the attack was really made upon them, they surrendered a strong position without striking a blow in its defence.

Stuart held tenaciously to his ground until driven from position to position by infantry, and after midday of the 13th, he drew back to the pass in the South Mountain, where the National road passes over it. He found the pass occupied by D. H. Hill, and turned Hampton off to the left and South, to move down Middletown valley by the foot of the mountain, to Crampton's Gap, which he considered the weakest part of Lee's lines. Hampton, on arriving at Burkettsville, joined Munford with his two fragments of regiments.

At night, then, of the 13th, this was the position of affairs. Jackson on Bolivar Heights, McLaws on Maryland Heights, and Walker on Loudoun Heights, had completely invested Harpers Ferry. Lee, with Longstreet, was near Hagerstown, D. H. Hill at Boonsboro', with the brigades of Colquitt and Garland in the pass through the South Mountain, known to history and the reports as Turner's Gap, Hampton and Munford guarded Crampton's Gap.

Reno's corps, of Burnside's right wing, at Middletown, four miles from the top of Turner's Gap. The corps of Hooker, Sumner, Mansfield and Sykes's division, around Frederick, eight miles from Middletown, and twelve from the top of Turner's Gap. Franklin was at Buckeyestown, twelve miles from Crampton's Gap, with Couch's division three miles to his left, at Licksville. The roads were in capital condition. On the National road, three columns could move abreast, with numerous roads over Catoclin, across Middletown Valley. Over the road from Buckeyestown, Franklin could have marched his troops in a double column to Crampton's. McClellan held his troops everywhere within six hours' march of the passes of the South Mountain, which were defended at Crampton's by cavalry, and at Turner's by two weak brigades of infantry. Lee's army was divided in part by the narrow Pleasant Valley. If a march had been made by Reno, at sun-down, on Turner's Gap, and by Franklin on Crampton's, they would have been in possession of both passes by daylight of the 14th. With Franklin in possession of Crampton's Gap, he would have been five miles from Maryland Heights and Harpers Ferry. With Reno in Turner's Gap, the head of McClellan's columns would have been driven between D. H. Hill and Longstreet on the one side, and Jackson, McLaws and Walker on the other, and McClellan could have isolated and fought either before the other could come to its assistance. The caution with which General McClellan had moved forty-five miles in nine days might well be explained by his lack of knowledge of the position or the intentions of Lee, and the demoralized condition of his own beaten troops.

But on the 13th, by the most extraordinary fortune of war, McClellan received precise and official information of the exact position of each of the Confederate divisions on that very day. He was put in possession of Lee's orders to his corps Commanders, directing the details of the movement on Harpers Ferry. General McClellan says this order fell into his hands. The Count of Paris states that it was picked up from the corner of a table in the house, which had served

as headquarters to the Confederate General, D. H. Hill. A story current in Frederick is, that General Hill sat for sometime at the corner of Market and Patrick streets inspecting the march of his column as it moved by, and was observed to drop a paper from his pocket, which was picked up as soon as he left, and delivered to McClellan on his arrival on the 13th. It was a copy of Special Order No. 191, which had been sent by Jackson to D. H. Hill, and was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9th, 1862.

This army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown with such portion as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such of the enemy as may attempt to escape from Harpers Ferry. General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsboro', where it will halt with the reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army. General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet. On reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harpers Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harpers Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, and take possession of Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning—Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy. General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill, General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army, and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind. The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the

army at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown. Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments to procure wood, etc.

By Command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major-General D. H. Hill
Commanding Division.

At what time on the 13th General McClellan obtained possession of this order is unknown. His order to Franklin to move at day-break of the 14th on Burketsville is dated Sept. 13th, 6.20 P. M.

At that hour all of his army was in camp. Most of his corps had marched about six miles that day. Only two or three divisions had marched as far as eight miles. A vigorous march of six hours would have put Burnside through Turner's Gap, and Franklin through Crampton's by daylight of the 14th. Longstreet and Hill would have been cut off from the rest of the army, and McLaws cooped up in Pleasant Valley with 6,500 men, by Franklin with 12,300 at the one end of the Valley and Miles with 11,000 at the other.

But such prompt action was not taken by the Federal Commander-in-Chief. He put his troops in motion on the morning of the 14th, after a comfortable breakfast, and they proceeded leisurely enough to Burketsville and Middletown.

On that morning Stuart, finding nothing in front of Crampton's, sent Hampton down to Sandy Hook, the point between the South Mountain and the Potomac, and left Munford with his handful of cavalry to guard Crampton. He had the Second Virginia cavalry, 125 men, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, 75 and two fragments of infantry regiments of Mahone's brigade. About noon Franklin arrived, Munford dismounted his cavalry and deployed them behind a stone wall on each side of the road at the foot of the mountain on the flank of the infantry. His artillery, consisting of Chew's battery and a section of Navy Howitzers belonging to the Portsmouth battery, was posted on the slope of the mountain. Colonel Parham, commanding Mahone's brigade soon came up with two more regiments numbering 300 men and were similarly posted by Munford.

Franklin promptly formed Slocum's division on the right of the road leading through the gap and Smith's division on the left and moved them forward. Munford clung to his position with tenacity,

and it was only after three hours' struggle that the two divisions were enabled to drive the dismounted cavalry and Mahone's small brigade, and then only because they were out of ammunition. *Munford's entire force did not exceed a thousand men.*

Stuart reports that General Semmes, who held a gap next below (probably a mile off), rendered no assistance of any kind. General Howell Cobb, who had been loitering for hours on the other side of the pass, at last arrived with two regiments, and requested Munford to post them. While he was doing so, in a second line in rear of his first, the infantry of the first, whose ammunition had given out, fell back. At this, Cobb's regiments broke in panic and went pell-mell over the mountain, carrying back with them the rest of Cobb's brigade, which was moving to their assistance. Slocum's advance, Cobb's fugitives and the dismounted cavalry all arrived at about the same time, in the dark, at the forks of the Rohrersville road. Stuart came up and assisted in rallying and reforming the infantry. A line was formed across Pleasant Valley, and Franklin's further progress stopped.

Turner's Gap is six miles north of Crampton's. It is passed by the National road in a series of easy grades. The mountains on either side command the approaches to the pass. A mile west of Middletown at Koogler's bridge, a country road leaves the broad turn-pike on the left or south side of the pike, and passes over South Mountain, a mile south of Turner's. It is the road which had been cut by Braddock, in his campaign, and is now known as the old Sharpsburg road. It is steep on the eastern approach; on the north of Turner's, the mountain ridge subsides to an opening or recess between two spurs. A country road runs up this ravine, or recess, and turning up the mountain ascends, and passing along the side near the summit, joins the National road in Turner's Gap, a hundred yards or so from the top. McClellan is in error in calling this the old Hagerstown road, and has caused the error to be perpetuated by all subsequent writers. The old Stage road and trail from Frederick to Hagerstown passes the South Mountain six miles north of Turner's Gap.

It was D. H. Hill's business to hold the gap until the reduction of Harpers Ferry should be effected. Stuart had led him to believe on the night of the 13th, that only two Federal brigades were advancing on the National road, so he ordered Colquitt and Garland back from Boonsboro', three miles off, and put them in the pass. Early next morning he ordered up Anderson's brigade. It only got there in

time to take the place of Garland's command, which was driven back demoralized by his death.

The Ninth corps, General Reno, marched from Middletown at daylight of the 14th, Cox's division in advance, turned into the old Sharpsburg road at Kugle's Mills and followed by the rest of the corps pressed for the top of the mountain. Hill sent Garland to repel this attack, but Garland was killed, his command driven back and it was rallied by Anderson's brigade, together with which, it held the Federal left back during the remainder of the day. It killed Reno however.

Colquitt was placed in the centre astride of the turnpike. Later, Ripley was sent to the right to support Anderson, and Rodes to the left to seize a commanding peak of the mountain there. *Thus were Hill's five brigades posted.* The whole of the Ninth corps was pushed up to the position secured by Cox when he drove back Garland on Hill's right. Hooker's First corps turned from the National road at Bolivar, leaving Gibbon on the pike, and pressed up the mountain road to Hill's left. Neither the Ninth corps on the Federal left, nor the First corps on the right, made much progress. By four in the afternoon Longstreet came up with the brigades of Evans, Pickett, Kemper, and Jenkins which he placed on the left, and Hood, Whiting, Drayton, and D. R. Jones which he posted on the right. But the men were exhausted by a forced march of twelve or fourteen miles over a hot and dusty road, and General Longstreet himself was not acquainted with the topography of the position nor the situation of the Federals. Hill says, that if the reinforcements had reported to him he would have held all the positions right and left of the gap. As it was the Ninth corps made no further advance but was held firmly in the position taken in the morning from Garland, but Hooker worked and fought his way to the possession of a commanding spur on his right, which dominated the gap itself and the position on the Confederate left. At 9 o'clock at night fighting ceased along the whole line, with Hill in possession of the gap and of the left, and Hooker firmly seated on the mountain on the right, where in the morning he could control the whole line. Fitz Lee having failed to gain McClellan's rear from Frederick, had crossed the Catocin range five miles north of Middletown, and the South Mountain, some miles above Turner's, and joined Hill at Boonsboro' late the afternoon of the 14th.

He relieved the infantry before dawn on the morning of the 15th, and Hill and Longstreet withdrew noiselessly and rapidly through

Boonsboro', to Sharpsburg, eight miles off, where they took position before noon of the 15th.

We will now return to Harpers Ferry. McLaws having constructed a road up the Maryland Heights and placed his artillery in position during the 14th, while this fighting was going on at Crampton's Gap and at Turner's Gap, signalled to Jackson that he was ready; whereupon Jackson signalled the order to both Walker and McLaws: "Fire at such positions of the enemy as will be most effective." His Infantry was moved up the road from Charlestown towards Harpers Ferry. At day-light the circle of fire blazed out around Miles, the Federal commander at Harpers Ferry, and by 8 A. M. he surrendered 11,000 men, 73 guns, and immense supplies of food and ammunition. The position on the morning of the 15th, therefore, was this:

McClellan's right, two corps under Burnside, was through Turner's Gap, eight miles from Sharpsburg. The centre, two corps under Sumner, was well closed upon Burnside. Franklin, who had been joined by Couch during the night, held eighteen thousand men in Pleasant Valley, behind McLaws, and also eight miles from Sharpsburg. Lee, with Longstreet and D. H. Hill, occupied a position on the west side of Antietam Creek, utterly isolated from his nearest reinforcements, which were at Harpers Ferry, seventeen and a half miles off. McLaws cut off in Pleasant Valley, with no escape except first to capture Harpers Ferry, and then cross the Potomac, and passing through that place rejoin Jackson and A. P. Hill. Walker was on Loudoun Heights, Jackson near Bolivar Heights. A march of three hours would have brought the heads of Franklin's and Burnside's columns together in front of Lee, and no earthly power could have prevented the whole of McClellan's 93,000 men being precipitated on Longstreet and D. H. Hill with 9,262, and all the reserve artillery, ammunition, and ordnance of the Confederate army.

When General McClellan, at Frederick, on the 13th, received official and exact information of Lee's dispositions and purposes, his delay in not pushing a vigorous pursuit is utterly incomprehensible. But this delay on the morning of the 15th, is even still more extraordinary. He had heard the firing at Harpers Ferry and was advised of the surrender that morning. He knew that he had D. H. Hill and Longstreet just in front, and that all the rest of Lee's army was in Virginia or in Pleasant Valley. Notwithstanding this it took him from the morning of the 15th to the afternoon of the 16th to move eight miles and get into position to attack Lee. General McClellan believed at that time that General Lee had over 97,000 men. He

knew that he himself did not have so many. And I am bound to believe, and cannot help believing, that the slowness of his movements from Fredrick to find his enemy, and from South Mountain to fight him, was caused by apprehensions of the consequences of the meeting. He is entitled to great credit for having infused any spirit at all into the mob of routed fugitives, which he met outside of Alexandria on September 2d, just a fortnight before, and he and his subordinates achieved wonders when they got this mob organized and to fight, as they did fight, on the 17th. But it is clear that McClellan distrusted his ability to stand before Lee.

There was neither distrust nor uncertainty in the conduct of Lee and his Lieutenants.

Miles hoisted the white flag at Harpers Ferry at 8 o'clock A. M. on the 15th.

Jackson turned over the details of the surrender to A. P. Hill, and started at once to join Lee. The divisions of Jackson and Ewell delayed only long enough to supply themselves with provisions from the captured stores, and by an all-night march, by Shepherdstown and Boteler's Ford, reached Sharpsburg, and reported to Lee on the morning of the 16th. *McClellan's golden opportunity had gone forever.*

JACKSON AND THE FOOT CAVALRY WERE UP.

Antietam Creek flows in a southwesterly course through a rolling country to the Potomac. Though a shallow stream, its banks are steep and rocky, and it is only passable at numerous fords and four bridges.

On the east side, where McClellan was now forming his army for battle, a series of rolling hills rather overlook the comparatively level country of the west side on which Lee's line was formed. Near the mouth of the Antietam is a bridge, which was used by no troops during the battle. About a mile, southeast of Sharpsburg, is a stone bridge, known as Burnside's Bridge. A mile and a quarter further up the creek is another bridge, on the broad turnpike from Boonsboro' and Keedysville to Sharpsburg, which I call the Keedysville Bridge. Two miles further up stream is another bridge above Pry's mill, known as Pry's Bridge. A mile and a half east of, and parallel to, the Antietam, is a high range of hills called the Red Hills. On the 16th Lee's line was formed with Longstreet on his right, Toombs being his right, and to the right of the Burnside Bridge, D. H. Hill covered the Keedysville Bridge, Hood, with his two small brigades,

extended the line on D. H. Hill's left, his left thrown somewhat back to the Hagerstown pike, and Jackson's division under J. R. Jones, with its right on the pike, at right angles to it, in double line, some distance beyond the Dunkard church, in a cornfield and woods. Ewell's division, under Lawton, was on the left of Jackson, still further beyond, Early being at right angles to Starke, Jackson's left brigade, and formed Lee's extreme left of infantry. The space between that point and the Potomac was held by Stuart, with Fitz Lee and Munford and the Horse Artillery. During the 16th McClellan was making his dispositions with all the pedantry of war, which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics. He cleared the summit of the Red Hills of trees, and erected a signal station, that gave him a clear view of Lee, even down the road to Boteler's Ford, in the rear of Sharpsburg.

He established himself in elaborate headquarters at Sam Pry's house, on a high hill opposite to the right of Hood's line, and slightly in rear, where he could see, with the naked eye, every movement of the Confederate left. He posted Burnside with the Ninth corps on his left, opposite Toombs, with the bridge between them. He placed Porter in his centre, with two of his divisions opposite the Keedysville Bridge, and covered the hills on either side of the Keedysville pike with long range guns. He moved Hooker up stream, and passed him over Pry's Bridge, whence he proceeded west as far as the Hagerstown pike, when he marched south towards Sharpsburg. He soon ran into Hood's skirmish line, but he gained no ground from them, though Early says in his report, shells were flying pretty thick. They held their places, and darkness put an end to the firing.

The battle of the 17th was mainly fought to the north of Sharpsburg, and beyond the Dunkard church, on the Hagerstown pike. The pike runs nearly due north from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown, probably a mile and a half west of Antietam Creek. A mile north of Sharpsburg is a Dunkard meeting-house, on the west of the pike, in a wood of hickory and oak. The woods extend on the west side of the pike for a quarter of a mile, then they run west for a hundred and fifty yards, then north for another quarter of a mile, and then westward some distance. Following General Palfrey, I shall call these the west woods. In the space along the pike there were fields of Indian corn of great height and heavy growth. To the east of the cornfields and the pike was another smaller body of woods, which we call the east woods. The plateau, thus nearly enclosed on three sides by woods, is nearly level, but is higher than the west woods.

The west woods is full of limestone ledges, running parallel to the open.

About 11 o'clock at night Hood was withdrawn to enable his men to cook, and the brigades of Lawton and Trimble took his place. Hooker withdrew up the Hagerstown pike and went into bivouac, his pickets close to those of the Confederates, which in some places were not over one hundred yards apart. The troops of Jackson extending at right angles across the Hagerstown pike and some hundred yards in advance of the Dunkard church, slept in line of battle, their skirmish line well out. They had been marching and fighting since the morning of the 10th, when they left Frederick and had marched all the preceding night. Gaunt with exercise, lean with fasting, they were in that physical condition, which can, by a few days rest and feeding, be made superb. Without fires, their line lay still and grim, under the light of the stars. Hooker's men were comfortable with supper and coffee. The dead silence of midnight was only broken by a stray shot from an advanced picket, until way off to the northwest arose a sound—a stir—a hum of muffled noise. It was Mansfield, with his Twelfth corps, marching into position. He crossed on Hooker's route and took place a mile in his rear. By four in the morning the two armies were astir. With Hooker there was bustle and cooking and coffee and pipes. With Jackson there was only a munching of cold rations and water from the spring. The men stretched themselves and peered out through the darkness that precedes the dawn. By daylight Hooker got into motion, Doubleday's division on his right, Meade his centre, Ricketts his left. Doubleday's right brigade, Gibbon, supported by Patrick, was west of the pike. The rest of the corps was west of it. They moved in two lines, the brigades of each line themselves, formed with front of two regiments and the other two in support. Thus they swept forward through the west woods into the cornfield, their right striking the east woods. They numbered 14,856 men. They had a full supply of artillery, which moved in the intervals of divisions or on the flanks. In the cornfield they struck Jackson's division, 1,600 strong, and the brigades of Lawton and Trimble and Hays, with 2,400 men. The Confederate line of battle numbered 4,000 infantry, well supported by artillery. As the Federal advance came on, Stuart, with his horse artillery from the extreme left, swept their lines with a fierce fire which cut them down in mass. The musketry and artillery in front swept them down by rank and file. But they pressed on. Their batteries poured grape and canister into the Confederate line. McClellan's

long range guns, east of Antietam, showered shell and shrapnell into their flank and rear, and Pleasanton crossed four batteries at the Keedysville Bridge and fired in their rear. They were surrounded by a circle of fire from front, right and rear. Hooker's lines came into the cornfield, into the west woods, through the east woods. And the foot cavalry went at them, with that yell they had heard at Gaines's Mill and at Second Manassas. Gibbon went back on Patrick, Meade was thrust back out of the cornfield, Ricketts whirled back into the east woods. When the second line of Hooker moved gallantly forward, it was hurled back by a blow struck straight in front. When the reserves were brought in, the fierce attack of the Confederates drove them also back through the corn. Hood had come up to the assistance of his comrades. And the Confederate line was intact. But the loss on both sides was fearful. The two lines tore each other to pieces. Hooker was borne from the field badly wounded, and before 7 o'clock the First corps was annihilated for that day. Ricketts lost 1,051 men, Phelps 44 per cent., and Gibbon 380 men. The Confederate loss was as great; Jones and Lawton, division commanders, had been carried off disabled or wounded; Starke, who succeeded Jones in command of Jackson's division, was killed; Lawton's brigade lost Douglas, its commander, killed, and five regimental commanders out of six, and 554 men out of 1,150. Hays lost every regimental commander and every member of his staff and 323 out of 550. Walker, commanding Trimble's brigade, lost three out of four regimental commanders and 228 out of 700. Grigsby and Stafford rallied 200 or 300 men of Jackson's division and kept them in line. But Trimble, Lawton, and Hays were so cut up that they could not be brought up again.

Early had been detached at daylight to the left, to Stuart, but after awhile had been ordered back in haste to take command of Lawton's division, on Lawton being wounded.

When he got back to Hood's, he found the west woods well in possession of the Federals. On the destruction of Hooker, Mansfield had moved forward to take his place with the Twelfth corps of two divisions of ten thousand one hundred and twenty-six men. He was killed while deploying his troops; but the first division, under Crawford, moved right down the pike with Green's division on his left, marching over the same ground from which Hooker had just been driven. Crawford was met and checked by Grigsby, and Stafford, with their handfull of Jackson's division, and Green was easily held back by Hood. It was now about 9 o'clock.

Two divisions of Confederates had been nearly destroyed. Two corps of Federals had been exhausted. Burnside still stood motionless in front of the bridge, less than a mile and a half from the only road to Virginia, accessible to Lee for reinforcement or retreat. In front of him was Toombs, with three Georgia regiments and Jenkins's brigade. From his position he could see every movement of the Confederates, and each detail of the struggle on the left. Between 9 and 10 o'clock he attempted to carry the bridge by assault, and up to 1 o'clock made four other feeble attacks, all of which were repulsed by the Second and Twelfth Georgia, numbering in all four hundred men. He threatened, but he forebore to strike.

At 9 o'clock begins the third scene of this battle; Lee's right retaining its position to watch Burnside; his centre standing fast to look after Fitz John Porter across the Keedysville Bridge; his left, D. H. Hill; then Hood, and then Early, who had just come in from Stuart, with one thousand muskets, were awaiting the next blow which should fall on them. Sumner, with the Second corps, had started at 7.20 A. M. to support Hooker. He was then east of the Antietam. His corps consisted of the divisions of Richardson, Sedgewick and French, mustering thirteen thousand six hundred and four men. He crossed at a ford below Pry's Mill, Sedgewick in front, then French, then Richardson. As soon as Sedgewick cleared the ford he moved his three brigades in parallel columns, heading straight for the east woods. In the woods they were faced to the left, thus forming three parallel lines moving west. They moved across the cornfield, over the open field beyond into the west woods, in full march beyond Jackson's left, then held by Early with his own brigade, and the men under Grigsby and Stafford.

While they moved down to turn Lee's flank, Greene, who had been resting for an hour or more, pushed straight from the east woods toward the Dunkard church in the interval between Hood and Early. Early reported to Jackson that the force was moving toward his flank and asked for reinforcements. Then Greene came out of the east woods. A battery took position near the Dunkard church, firing on Hood, and the gap between Early and Hood was in fact filled by Greene, who had thus inserted himself in the interval. Early had Sedgewick on his front and left flank, cutting him off from retreat to the river; Greene was in his rear and right flank, cutting him off from the rest of the army. The battery was firing two hundred yards from his right and in rear of it, and the infantry of Greene was pushing on by the battery. General Early says that "the movements of

the enemy were assuming very formidable proportions." "My position was now very critical. I looked anxiously to the rear to see the promised reinforcements coming up. The columns on my right and rear and that coming up in front, with which my skirmishers were already engaged, being watched with the most intense interest." *I should think so!*

Greene now pushed rapidly into the woods in rear of the church. There was no time, then, to watch or to wait. The only reinforcement Early could count on was his own head and heart. Leaving Stafford and Grigsby to hold back the advancing division of Sedgewick, he whirled his own brigade by the right flank, parallel to Greene, who had the start of him, but who was unaware of his presence, though only two hundred yards off, and made a race to head him off. His march was covered by ledges of limestone rock, which concealed him until he suddenly swept from behind them, struck Greene full and drove him back through the woods and through the cornfield. General Early remarks that "he did not intend moving to the front in pursuit, but the brigade, without awaiting orders, dashed after the retreating column, driving it entirely out of the woods, and, notwithstanding my efforts to do so, I did not succeed in stopping it until its flank and rear had become exposed to the fire of the column on the left;" *i. e.*, Sedgewick's men. He withdrew it, reformed it, and, being joined by Semmes's brigade, two regiments of Barksdale's brigade, and Anderson's brigade, of D. R. Jones's division, on his right, and Stafford and Grigsby on his left, crushed him with one blow, swept Sedgewick out of the west woods, and he lost 2,255 men in a moment. General Palfrey writes: "The Confederate lines marched over them, driving them pell-mell straight through the west woods and the cornfield, and the open ground along the pike." Greene lost 651 men, most of them by Early's assault.

General Sumner had attempted to pass entirely around the Confederate left and march into Sharpsburg. The result I have described.

No further attack was made in front of the Dunkard church, or west of the pike.

Smith's division, of Franklin's Sixth corps, took position to prevent a Confederate advance there.

Richardson and French, of the Second corps, taking a different direction from Sedgewick, had marched South. McLaws had relieved Hood, who was out of ammunition and had retired to fill cart-ridge-boxes. Moving east of the pike they forced D. H. Hill and

McLaws back quite half a mile behind, and to the south of the Dunkard church. There a country road branches from the turnpike towards the Keedysville Bridge, which is cut into the ground by long use, and has strong fences of stone or rail on either side. It is described in reports as the Sunken Road, but is now known on the field of Sharpsburg as the Bloody Lane. Rodes and Anderson were in the road, and with them, probably, some of the men from Ripley, Colquitt and Garland, who had been driven from the field. French came on in three lines, but was stopped by the Sunken Road, until Col. Barlow, with the Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York, of Richardson's division, wheeled suddenly at right angles to the road, thus obtaining an enfilading fire, and drove the Confederates out, with a loss of prisoners and battle-flags. French and Richardson were driving in the centre, and no organized troops were left to oppose them. Just then General Jackson came up to a battery that was in rear of Hill's line, and asked why they were not engaged. It was Branch's. "No orders and no supports," was the reply. "Go in at once," was the curt rejoinder. "You artillery men are too much afraid of losing your guns." At this time R. H. Anderson, from the right, with 3,500 men, reported. He formed a second line, but was soon wounded. Pleasanton added two batteries and five battalions of regulars to the force across the Keedysville Bridge, and poured a destructive fire into the Confederate flank and rear. Richardson and French pressed steadily on. McLaws was used up, Hill had no organized troops left, R. H. Anderson was shattered to pieces. A firmly held force could have marched straight into Sharpsburg.

But, after reaching a point between Lee's right and left wings, the Federal advance stopped. McClellan, meantime, had hurried Franklin's Sixth corps to the support of Sumner, but the latter, after the terrible disaster to Sedgwick, and the great loss to French and Richardson, was unwilling to risk another corps, because, as he said, a fresh body of troops was necessary to protect them from Jackson's attack. D. H. Hill, in the meantime, had rallied a few hundred men and led them against Richardson. They were dispersed and driven back. Colonels Iverson and Christie had likewise gathered about two hundred men of three or four North Carolina regiments and with them attacked French's flank but were also driven back. John R. Cooke, with his North Carolina regiment, held his place with empty muskets, his ammunition exhausted, and waved his battle-flag in the face of the advancing lines. He stood fast with not a cartridge. This boldness appears to have halted the Federal advance on the

centre. It was now past three o'clock. The battle was over on the left and in the centre. The Confederates held the ground they had occupied in the morning north of the Dunkard church. The Federals held the ground they had wrested from Hill, McLaws and Anderson, in front of Sharpsburg.

The Confederates were used up. Of Jackson's and Ewell's divisions, Early, alone, with the fragments under Stafford and Grigsby, were left. Of D. Hill, McLaws and R. H. Anderson's, only scattered squads, were held by their officers in a thin formation in front of Sharpsburg. The Federal reserve in the centre, under Fitz John Porter, threatened to march straight through Lee's army. Its artillery had crossed the Keedysville Bridge, with Syke's division of regulars, and closed up on Richardson's left.

Toombs held the Burnside Bridge with D. R. Jones in support. But a determined attack by the Ninth corps must, of necessity, have carried the bridge, marched into Sharpsburg and attacked the Confederate left and centre, in rear. Franklin was fresh, Porter was fresh, Burnside was fresh. They were not three miles apart. They were visible to each other and communicating by signals. There was no help for Lee unless A. P. Hill got up in time, and A. P. Hill had been obliged to remain at Harpers Ferry to parole the prisoners and secure the guns and stores taken there. Why Burnside delayed, no man can tell. He stood the whole day looking at the battle.

He saw every battery, every line, every attack, every repulse. He saw his own friends march forward with bands playing and colors flying and lines dressed.

Burnside could not help seeing this, and that the lines went forward, moved slower, stopped, began firing, and then melted away before his eyes. His hesitation therefore is incomprehensible. McClellan urged him by order, by orderly, by signal and by staff-officer, to go in. At last the Ninth corps was put in motion. Toombs made a gallant defence, but he was brushed away like chaff. He lost half his men, though he was obliged to leave the bridge and upper ford undefended, and confined his efforts to the lower ford.

The brigades of Kemper and Drayton were driven back through Sharpsburgh. The Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel De Saussure, clung to some strong stone houses on the edge of the town, where he held back Wilcox's advance. Jenkins followed Drayton, and Pickett and Evans were then ordered back by Jones.

The battle was lost, for Burnside was within two hundred yards of

Lee's only line of communication and retreat. There were no reinforcements. The last man had been used up.

Where was Hill then? Where was the light division, with its gallant chief, who loved to liken himself and his command to Picton and that light division which was Wellington's right arm and sabre in the Peninsula?

De Saussure was holding on with desperate tenacity to the stone barn and houses. Toombs was forming his Georgians well in hand to strike. But they were all that stood between Lee and rout. Just then up the Shepherdstown road came the head of Hill's column, with the long free stride that had brought it seventeen miles from Harpers Ferry and across the Potomac Ford since sunrise. The brigades of the light division deployed at a double-quick. Pender and Brockenborough on the right, Branch, Gregg and Archer on the left, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama joining hands with Toombs and D. R. Jones, they went through Rodman and Wilcox with a rush and saved the day.

Burnside withdrew to a position in front of the bridge, and later in the afternoon, to the east side of the bridge, having ordered Morell's division of the Fifth corps to occupy his position in front of A. P. Hill. As soon as Burnside's repulse was assured, Jackson ordered Stuart to turn the Federal right with his cavalry and J. G. Walker with his division to support him. Stuart found McClellan's batteries within eight hundred yards of the brink of the Potomac, and the movement was deemed impracticable and abandoned.

Lee held his position all the next day, and during the night of the 18th crossed at Boteler's Ford into Virginia. The delicate task of covering his movement was entrusted to Fitz. Lee. Stuart, however, during the afternoon crossed the river at an obscure ford with Hampton's brigade. On the 19th he recrossed at Williamsport, supported by some infantry and artillery, and by his demonstrations having kept McClellan in doubt as to Lee's intentions, and drawn Couch's division to resist him. On the 20th he repassed again to the Virginia side.

General Pendleton had been left by Lee with the reserve artillery to cover Boteler's Ford. Fitz John Porter determined to cross the river and drive him off. He lined the Maryland side with skirmishers and sharpshooters, supported them by the division of Morell and Sykes, and by guns so posted as to command the Virginia bank.

Volunteers from the Fourth Michigan, One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, and Eighteenth Massachusetts, crossed under

command of General Griffin. Sykes was ordered to advance a similar party, but by some misunderstanding the order did not reach him in time. The movement was made at dark, and resulted in the capture of four pieces, among them one taken from the Federals at First Manassas, from Battery D, of the Fifth artillery. Pendleton was driven back in confusion. At 6.30, next morning, A. P. Hill moved back, and half a mile from Boteler's Ford formed his line of battle in two lines; the first of the brigades of Pender, Gregg and Thomas, under Gregg; and the second, of Lane, Archer and Brockenbrough, under Archer, numbering two thousand muskets. At the same time Porter was pushing forward a reconnoissance in force, under Morell and Sykes, consisting of the First brigade of Morell's division of seven regiments of one thousand seven hundred and eleven men; the Second brigade of Sykes' division of four regiments of one thousand and sixty men; and the Third brigade of Sykes, in the two regiments, and probably five hundred men. Hill advanced on them with spirit in the face of the most tremendous artillery fire from the other side of the Potomac.

The brigades of Gregg and Thomas swept everything from their front, but the commands of Morell and Sykes offered an obstinate resistance to Pender, and extending endeavored to turn his left. Becoming hotly engaged, he called on Archer, who forming his command of three brigades on Pender's left, they, together, made a simultaneous charge. Their line moved forward with resistless force, and drove their opponents pell-mell into the river. General Hill was under the impression, as were all eye-witnesses, that the carnage from shot, shell and drowning, was fearful. Indeed such was the general impression on the Confederate side, and the slaughter at Shepherdstown was matter of common remark.

But the reports of the Federal officers show a total loss of three hundred and thirty-one, of which two hundred and eighty-two were from the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania. Hill reports a loss of two hundred and sixty-one, and the capture of some two hundred prisoners.

These discrepancies are irreconcilable. I shall not endeavor to make them consistent.

The Federal loss in a rout, it would seem, must necessarily have been much greater than that of the Confederates.

General McClellan reports his loss on the 16th and 17th as two thousand and ten killed, nine thousand four hundred and sixteen

wounded, and one thousand and forty-three missing ; total, twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-nine.

General Lee reports his loss at one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven killed, and eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-four wounded and missing at the battles of Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, and Shepherdstown, from September 14th to 20th ; total, ten thousand two hundred and ninety one.

We have no data to fix the loss at Sharpsburg, but it was probably for the Confederates the bloodiest battle of the war.

Thus ended the First Maryland campaign. It was undertaken by Lee with the certainty of thereby relieving Virginia for a time from the pressure of war, with the hope of transferring the scene of operations to the North, and with the possibility of the capture of Baltimore and Washington, the recognition of the Confederacy by the powers, of independence and of peace. It accomplished the first and secured great spoils of prisoners and arms, and of supplies. It failed in the last, first by the blunder of Halleck in retaining possession of Harpers Ferry, when he ought to have evacuated it, secondly and principally by the negligence which lost Lee's Special Order No. 191, and thus furnished McClellan with precise official information of the dispositions of Lee's troops and of his future intentions. It was a failure in so far as he did not accomplish what he hoped would be possible, but it was a success in the results achieved, and in the loss of time, men and material it inflicted on the Federal side.

The First Maryland Campaign, when we consider the number employed, the distances marched, the results achieved, the disparity of forces fought, was an episode unsurpassed in brilliancy of achievement, in self-sacrifice of soldiers, officers, and men, in heroic endeavors and chivalric gallantry, by any chapter in the history of war. Considering Lee's audacity in dividing his small force in the presence of three times his numbers, in an unknown and unfriendly country, his fortitude and tenacity in holding on until the object for which he had detached them was accomplished, and they could re-join him, his genius in selecting his position, and his skill in handling his troops on the field of battle, and the manner in which he was supported by his Lieutenants, their subordinates and their men, we have a lesson inspiring, instructive and impressive. The causes of the civil war are sinking out of memory, the passions aroused by it on both sides have died out, but the record of the valor, the patriotism and the endurance developed by it, will be perpetuated for generations.

"Its splendor remains, and, splendor like this, is something more than the mere outward adornment, which graces the life of a nation. It is strength, strength other than that of mere riches, and other than that of gross numbers; strength carried by proud descent from one generation to another; strength awaiting the trials that are to come."

General Johnson was warmly applauded all through the delivery of his address, and cheered to the echo as he took his seat.

A TRIBUTE TO GOVERNOR LETCHER.

General Jubal A. Early rendered an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late ex-Governor John Letcher, who had died since the last meeting, and presented some graceful and appropriate resolutions to his memory, which were heartily adopted.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers were elected by acclamation, as follows :

General William H. F. Lee, President.

General Bradley T. Johnson, First Vice-President.

Executive Committee : Major W. K. Martin, Colonel William H. Palmer, Major Robert Stiles, Sergeant George L. Christian, and Major Thomas A. Brander.

Treasurer, Robert S. Boshier.

Secretary, Carlton McCarthy.

Chaplain, Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones.

THE BANQUET.

After the exercises in the hall were over, the Association repaired to Snger Hall, where Zimmerman had spread an elegant banquet. After the good things had been fully discussed, General Lee called the company to order, and the Toast-Master (Judge George L. Christian), read the following toasts, which were responded to by those whose names are annexed :

1. The Army of Northern Virginia : "That noble body of men, with unconquerable leaders, the lustre of whose deeds grows brighter with each revolving year."

General J. A. Early.

2. The Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia :

"They marched through long and stormy nights;
They bore the brunt of an hundred fights,
And their courage never failed.
Hunger and cold and the summer heat
They felt on the march and long retreat,
Yet their brave hearts never quailed."

Colonel J. C. Gibson.

3. The Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia :

"There deeds have on their country's page
Their names immortal made."

Colonel Stribling.

4. The Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia :

"They fought and bled till their work was done;
They should wear the meed their valor won."

Major H. B. McClellan.

5. The Women of the South :

"Our Spartan women, born in dust,
Around their country's broken shrine,
True as their souls are noble—just,
Pure as their deeds have been divine."

Judge F. R. Farrar.

6. Our Dead : Who died in a righteous cause, and

"To teach that right is more than might,
And justice more than mail."

Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D.

7. Maryland :

"She met her sisters on the plain,
'*Sic semper*,' was the proud refrain,
That baffled minions back again,
Maryland, my Maryland."

General George H. Steuart.

The speeches were, generally, admirable, and some of them very fine, and the whole occasion one of deepest interest and enjoyment.

Dairy of Rev J. G. Law.

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

August 30, 1862, 12 o'clock. On the battle field. We have had a hard fight of three hours' duration, have routed the enemy with great slaughter, and are now resting in an apple orchard. About daylight we were in line of battle, and moved forward about two miles, when we filed off into the turnpike and resumed the rout step. We were under the impression that the enemy had fled as usual upon our approach, and were marching quietly and carelessly along about 8 o'clock, when all of a sudden, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, the report of a cannon rung out on the morning air and a shell came whizzing over our heads. The head of the column immediately filed off into the woods and we were again drawn up in battle array. "Forward, march!" shouted our gallant Colonel Fitzgerald, and the gray line steadily advanced through a heavy fire from the Yankee batteries, until we reached a rail fence, where we encountered the infantry, who were strongly posted on the opposite side of an old field, and from the skirt of the woods opened on us with a galling volley of musketry. And a desolating fire it was, for it deprived the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment of its beloved leader. The brave and gallant Fitzgerald fell dead from his horse before he heard our shout of victory. He was shot through the heart and expired instantly. Colonel Fitzgerald entered the Confederate service as Captain of a company raised in Paris, Tenn., where he was a promising young lawyer. At the reorganization of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, at Corinth, he was elected Colonel, and by his kind consideration of the comfort of his men had won for himself the esteem of the entire regiment. He was universally popular, and his loss will be severely felt. His first, last, and only command in action was, "Forward, march!" Dr. Barbour, and Billy Goodlett, of the "Maynard Rifles," were both wounded by the same volley that cut short the brilliant career of the chivalric young Fitzgerald. We held our position behind the fence for some minutes under a continuous stream of fire, wondering why we were not ordered to charge, when all at once a tremendous roar of musketry broke out on the flank of the enemy, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mageveney, who had assumed command of the regiment, rode along the lines, and in his rich Irish brogue, shouted: "Mount the fence lads; mount the fence, and at 'em; charge!" No sooner was the command given, than one wild

yell arose from the ranks of the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, and leaping over the fence, we charged through the open field in the face of a perfect storm of bullets, and scattered the enemy like chaff before the wind. As they turned to fly, we opened fire with our Enfield rifles, and mowed them down like grass. The flanking column closed in on the right, and their rout was complete. A gallant officer mounted on a white horse was seen with sword in hand, making a desperate effort to rally the flying columns, and reform the broken lines on a commanding eminence, but a well directed volley was poured into the disorganized blue mass, and horse and rider disappeared. The enemy continued their flight hotly pursued by our victorious troops, and left the ground covered with their dead and wounded. We have captured a large number of prisoners, and they are still coming in. General Cleburne is wounded.

Two o'clock P. M. We have had another fight, and have again routed the enemy and driven him in confusion from a strong position in the open fields. His artillery was well posted, and the shot and shell tore through our ranks as we advanced to the attack, but such was the impetuosity of our charge, and such the demoralization of the enemy, that their line was easily broken, and the shout of victory again went up from the Confederate ranks.

We have had a beautiful battle-ground, and could plainly see every movement of the enemy before we came within range of their fire. We are now resting in sight of their camp, and the white tents look very tempting. But they are shelling us, and we will have to take the battery. I thank God for my escape from injury so far. One of the prisoners reports that they have eighteen thousand fresh troops coming up to reinforce their army, but I feel confident of our ability to hold the field, trusting not in numbers, but in the God who rules over the earth and defends the right. The firing has ceased, but we will probably have more of it before night. Our army is elated with success and flushed with victory, while the enemy are demoralized and dispirited by continuous defeat. General Preston Smith is now in command of the division, as General Cleburne is disabled by his wound. Colonel Vaughn, of the Thirteenth Tennessee, commands the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mageveney commands the regiment.

Seven o'clock P. M. The curtain has dropped. The dark and bloody tragedy is closed, and we are in possession of the town of Richmond. The enemy made a last desperate stand on the outskirts of the town, and fought us with great gallantry, contesting every

inch of ground, and slowly retreating before our steady and determined advance. They fought us from behind haystacks and hedges, but all in vain. We were determined to win the fight, and we won it. Just as the sun was sinking we drove them from behind the tombstones in the graveyard, pursued their flying columns through the town, and the citizens of Richmond heard the Confederate shout of victory, and saw our battle-flags waving in triumph over the long gray line that filed through their streets. Captain Sterling Fowlkes, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth regiment, was killed just as we entered the town. He was Captain of the Zouave Cadets, a brave soldier, and a most accomplished young officer. His death will be deeply lamented. It is a costly victory when two such men as Fitzgerald and Fowlkes yield up their lives. General Preston Smith rode up to our regiment as we were formed in the streets of Richmond, and congratulating us on our victory said: "Boys, there is one thing I have to say, the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth can't be whipped." We have had a terrible experience to-day. Without food and without water we have been on the double quick, charging infantry and artillery through open fields, and climbing fences under a galling fire, and yet not a man faltered. The gaps made in the ranks by the enemy's fire would close up, and with a determination to conquer or die, our invincible column moved forward, sweeping the field before its fiery onslaught. We have fought over about ten miles of ground, and rest to-night in a lovely grove just outside the town of Richmond. The 30th day of August will ever be memorable in the history of our country, as marking one of the most brilliant victories ever achieved by Confederate arms. And now with gratitude to God for my singular preservation through all the dangers of this bloody day, and a tear for the lamented dead, who have laid their lives upon the altar of our dear native land, I will seek "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," on a soft carpet of blue grass.

Sunday, August 31.—We have rested all day, and will probably move on to Lexington to-morrow. Our victory yesterday was a glorious one. We captured all of the enemy's artillery and five thousand prisoners. General Nelson, who was in command of the Federals, was wounded. We also captured the enemy's wagon-train with quartermaster and commissary stores in great abundance. Spent the morning inspecting the fruits of our victory and in gazing with absorbing interest at the long line of prisoners that we were fighting yesterday. Our cavalry intercepted the retreating army of Federals and brought in a long line of prisoners this morning. One

of our boys in gray recognized his brother in blue among the prisoners and gave him a bountiful supply of rations. One of the sad features of this bloody war is that it is a fratricidal strife. Brother is arrayed in arms against brother, father against son, and friend against friend. Especially is this the case among the troops of Kentucky, where there is such serious division of sentiment in families, some in unnatural sympathy with the Federals who are seeking to subjugate us and enforce a union that we do not desire, and some in sympathy with the Confederates who are battling for the sacred rights of independence and confederation. It was quite affecting to witness the meeting between the two brothers, one a ragged, war-worn and half-starved Confederate, and the other a well-dressed and well-fed Federal. Yesterday they were enemies and would have shot each other down in the heat of battle. To-day they are friends and the Confederate ministers to the bodily comfort of his Federal brother. Such are the reversible fortunes of war.

Richmond is a beautiful little town, and the private residences have an air of elegance and wealth. The church buildings are very handsome, which indicates a refined, generous and cultured people. We are encamped in one of the most beautiful groves that I ever saw. To my mind the Arcadian grove would not be a sweeter resting-place than this lovely spot. Rations are now abundant, and we are enjoying the luxury of genuine coffee and sugar. I feel thankful that our Sabbath rest has not been disturbed by the rude clash of arms

September 1.—Left Richmond early this morning and marched eighteen miles. We crossed Kentucky river without opposition, as the demoralized Yankees fled on our approach. We are now marching through one of the wealthiest regions of Kentucky and find the sentiment of the people almost unanimously Southern, it being a rare exception to meet with an avowed Union man. The Kentuckians seem to be frantic with joy over the appearance of a Confederate army in their State, and have already began the organization of a regiment at Richmond. It was hard to leave our blue-grass beds, but a soldier can't expect to sleep on a downy bed of ease every night.

September 2.—We camp to night only four miles from Lexington. The enemy continue to fly before our victorious advance, and we expect to make a triumphal entry into the city of Lexington to-morrow.

September 3, Lexington, Ky.—This morning at 9 o'clock, our victorious army marched through the streets of Lexington, flushed with

success and bouyant with joyous excitement. At the head of the column marched the regimental band, filling the air with the inspiring strains of martial music, followed by the long line of gray, with bayonets fixed and banners floating proudly in the breeze. We could not have met with a more enthusiastic reception if the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, senior regiment of Tennessee volunteers, had marched down Main street in Memphis, after its baptism of blood at Belmont. It was a proud moment for the Southern army. The morning was lovely and heaven seemed to give us its gracious benediction. It was a perfect ovation. The streets of the beautiful city were lined with fair women and brave men. Confederate flags waved over our heads and floated from the windows, and as we filed through the streets under a canopy of white handkerchiefs, cheer upon cheer rose in one harmonious volume of enthusiasm for Jefferson Davis and the Southern boys.

In the distance could be seen the handsome monument of Henry Clay, and I felt profoundly grateful and happy over the thought, that the resting-place of Kentucky's great statesman was no longer polluted by the tread of Lincoln's hireling soldiery. If Henry Clay were alive to-day would he not join in the hearty welcome extended by Lexington to the soldiers of the Confederate cause, and raise his eloquent voice in defence of the principles for which we contend?

September 4.—Have spent the day in Lexington wandering about the beautiful streets and feasting my eyes on the pretty, rosy-cheeked girls. The great chieftain, John Morgan, came into the city last night. He is a splendid type of the *genus homo*, and seems to be a perfect idol with the people. They gather around him in groups and listen with wondering admiration to the recital of his daring adventures. Recruiting is going on rapidly, and Kentucky is enlisted in the cause of freedom. My good friend, Tony Bartlett, introduced me to the family of Mrs. Winslow, where we spent a delightful evening and enjoyed a social cup of tea.

September 5.—Left Lexington at sunrise and marched eighteen miles on the Maysville pike. The march was very severe. Weather hot and roads dusty.

September 6.—Marched twelve miles, and are now resting at Rudder's Mill. Passed through Paris early this morning and turned off into the Covington road.

Sunday, September 7.—Marched twelve miles (more than a Sabbath day's journey) and are camping to-night near Cynthiana. The Southern feeling is strong throughout the country and recruiting is go-

ing on rapidly. Many of the fair daughters of the land visited our camp this evening and expressed great sympathy for the Rebels.

September 8.—We camp to-night two miles from Georgetown, and after marching four days, find ourselves only fourteen miles distant from Lexington. We can't understand the circle in which we are moving. General Preston Smith's brigade is alone, and I suppose that our General is taking his boys to see the capitol of the State. Marched eighteen miles.

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By Lieutenant IREDELL JONES, of First Regiment, S. C. Regulars.

FORT SUMTER, August 29, 1863.

My Dearest Mother,— * * * I am happy to inform you that we have been spared the disagreeable whiz of 200 and 300-pound Parrots for the past few days. The enemy have not fired on us since the 26th instant, the reason whereof we are not able to tell for certain; but, as usual, have various conjectures and surmises. Some say they are out of ammunition; others that they have accomplished all they expected of their land batteries, and others, still, that they are only waiting to get their mortars in position. I think the first supposition is the most reasonable, for they could have had no conception that it would have required so much ammunition to reduce us, the more so as their General publicly asserted that the fort would be knocked to pieces in six hours after he opened on it. I think the quiet means more than many suppose, and I would not be surprised if the next attempt is in combined attack between their monitors and land batteries with redoubled fury. But whatever their mode, or whenever they see fit to make another attack, I hope and trust that our fortifications in the harbor will be sufficient to repel it. As to ourselves in the poor old fort, I hope we will give them the best we have got. To-night Captain Harleston's company leaves the fort, so that our company is the only one of the regiment now left here to guard the honor of the fallen fortress.

We have three barbette guns to fight, but of these one has its trunnion cracked, and the other two have the parapet knocked away from in front of them. After the fight on the night of the 26th in front of Wagner, in which the enemy took our rifle-pits and captured

nearly the whole of our picket, the detested monitors came sneaking close up to the fort, and it would have made the blood boil in the coldest hearted coward to have seen the men rush to battery to man their disabled guns. The night was very dark and foggy, and before we could see them to open, they sneaked out again and left us to surmise, as usual, as to their object. I know not what is the ultimate intention of the authorities, but you may rest assured that the fort is to be held for the present, at least until the guns are gotten out, at which we are now working hard, though only two as yet have been sent to the city. The enemy's launches come up every night to try to cut off our communication with Morris Island, but they have not succeeded yet.

The two big guns, which Mrs. Gaillard spoke of, are two Blakely (rifled) guns, imported by John Frazer & Co., one of which is meant expressly for the defense of the city of Charleston, and both of which are to be placed on the battery in the city, under charge respectively of Captains Harleston and Lesesne. They are truly two wonders, weighing each twenty-two tons, and carrying a projectile weighing seven hundred and eighty pounds. It takes a whole company to manœuvre one gun. We know very little about them, having been shut out from the scientific world for the last two and a half years, but I hope they will prove a success.

The enemy are within three hundred yards of Wagner, but if our men act properly, I have no idea that they will take the Fort, as the remaining portion is a low, flat, wet plain, thoroughly flanked, and commanded.

Sunday Morning.—A bright Sunday morning as this is, I had hoped we would enjoy in peace, but the scoundrels are giving us *bricks* in reality as I write. They opened at daylight, and from appearances are likely to continue it all day. You must not judge from the tremendous blot or smear that I have just made that I am scared, though, if you should think so, probably you will not be very far wrong. How I would like to enjoy now some of the cool water, delicious breezes, and *butter-milk*, with which you in one of your late letters were pleased to taunt me! You and Pa seem to like to talk of the telegraph very much, but, through the goodness of your hearts, I will accuse you of making a blunder. You forgot that there was a third person concerned, and you must have thought that I was to be, or was likely to be wounded or hurt in some way. Banish any such idea from your mind, for, I assure you, you never were more mistaken. I am as well and as happy as possible. George is a

little unwell to-day. I am sorry to inform you that Lieutenant Erwin had his foot shot off at Wagner. I believe I told you of it in my dispatch two nights ago to my father. He is from York, and brother of John Erwin, whom Pa knows. I am now Acting Adjutant to the Colonel, Lieutenant Boyleston having gone home in consequence of his wound.

IREDELL JONES.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 7, 1863.

My Dear Mother,—As you will observe, I am now stationed in the city, where Colonel Rhett has his headquarters for the present. I had the pleasure of being among the very last to leave the Old Fort on the morning of the 5th instant, which event, I assure you, was characterized by the deepest feelings of regret and sadness on my part. And now I will speak of the progress of events since that time, and particularly as I myself am concerned with those events, as you get from the daily journals the general history of affairs. All day Friday and Saturday Morris's Island was subjected to a terrible and trying ordeal, which resulted, at Wagner, with the loss of one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, together with considerable damage to the work itself; while at Gregg the loss was proportionately great. On the evening of the 5th, I had the honor to be the bearer of dispatches from General Ripley to Colonel Keitt to say that the dispatches of the enemy had been intercepted, which informed us that there would be an assault on the rear of Gregg by means of barges during the night. When I reached Gregg and delivered the dispatches, everything seemed to be in such a bad condition, and knowing that all the assistance possible was needed, I thought it my duty to remain for the fight, and accordingly I reported, with my boat's crew, to Captain Lesesne, commanding Battery Gregg, who gave me command of thirty-four men in one of the most important positions. Our force was very small—not more than two hundred men. After everything was ready, we waited quietly until about half-past one o'clock Sunday morning, when we saw the barges approaching the battery slowly in a semi-circular line. They were about twelve in number, and carrying not less than fifty men each. They reached about one hundred and fifty yards from the battery, when we opened on them "like a thousand of bricks," on a small scale. The rascals cried out: "Don't shoot! We are friends!" But we piled it on the better. The barges then replied rapidly with boat howitzers and

rifles, and the little fight became general; for Moultrie, Battery Bee and Simkins had all by this time joined in to help us.

The shooting on all hands was good, and must have had considerable effect; but it was dark, and we were unable to tell correctly. There soon appeared considerable confusion. Everybody seemed to be giving command. We heard the command "Forward!" distinctly, but they soon "forwarded backwards." The fight lasted about twenty-five minutes, and the loss on our side was eight men wounded. About fifty men succeeded in landing, but a few well-directed shots made them take the water again. The truth is the enemy were so surprised that we should have been prepared for them that all their efforts were paralyzed. When I first took command of my little squad, I thought it best to have a sword; but when I saw the rascals coming I threw down sword and all, put on my accoutrements, took a rifle and went to work regularly with the men. I could not miss the chance to take revenge for "Sumter," and I hope I laid some fellow low.

Last night, as you will have heard, the whole Island was successfully evacuated, but you must not imagine that affairs are in a bad condition in consequence. We are in a stronger position now than we ever have been before. When Sumter fell Morris's Island was of no value, and it was only held to give us time to complete the battery at Fort Johnson, which has now been accomplished. Wagner really was nothing more than an outwork to Sumter, and should have been abandoned as soon as the latter fell, had we been prepared for it. This morning our batteries opened on the Island and scattered the "Yanks," who were prying around into every nook and corner. Before leaving last night the guns were all rendered unfit for service again and preparations made to blow the works up, but on account of some imperfection in the slow match we failed to do so.

The enemy are now (7 o'clock P. M.) firing on Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island from monitors and iron-sides, while the batteries are replying with spirit. It is fine fun to stand on the battery here and look on from *afar off* at the fight. The "big gun" is mounted and ready for action. You will not appreciate a description. Suffice it to say that it is *huge*. The other gun, mate to this, will be here from Wilmington in a day or two, which is to be placed on the battery also.

* * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

An Incident of the late Col. Carlos Tracy, of South Carolina, at "Walthall Junction."

The late Colonel Carlos Tracy, a volunteer aid of General Hagood, at the time of the battle of "Walthall Junction," while following his General into the field, became separated from him by some intervening obstacle. His attention was then directed to a scene which aroused all the soldier within him. A man (wounded) bearing the colors of one of the regiments, was walking with the flag of the regiment trailing on the ground. Our left was clearly turned, and as far as he could see, or know, there was not a soldier to be thrown in the way.

Seizing the colors of the regiment borne by the man, Colonel Tracy (then Captain Tracy), rushed forward some distance on his large cream colored mare, a conspicuous mark for the shot of the enemy, and endeavored, by every possible exertion to rally the men. After fifteen or twenty minutes, having succeeded in getting some of the regiment to form in a line with him, an officer of the regiment, bravely and gallantly claimed the flag—to whom, of course, he bowed and yielded it.

It was for this gallant conduct Captain Tracy was promoted to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry, and assigned to the court of General Ewell's corps, as one of the three Judge Advocates. This act of Colonel Tracy's was one which few survive, the like of which one finds scattered here and there in the histories of the past—the relation generally ending with the account of the death of the actor therein.

Our friend, although in imminent peril, was providentially saved. And his exertion probably turned the fate of the day in our favor.

SUDELEY.

A Sketch of Debray's Twenty-Sixth Regiment of Texas Cavalry.

By GENERAL X. B. DEBRAY.

PAPER NO. I.

In the summer of 1861, General Van Dorn, commanding the District of Texas, made a requisition on the Governor of the State for six companies of cavalry, to be enlisted for the war, to report at Galveston, and to be employed in patrolling the coast.

Prompt response was made to the Governor's call; the following companies reported for duty, and were mustered into the Confederate States' service:

Captain Riordan's Company A, from Harris county.

Captain Myer's Company B, from Caldwell county.

Captain McGreal's Company C, from Harris and Galveston counties.

Captain McMahan's Company D, from Galveston and Leon counties.

Captain Owen's Company E, Montgomery and Washington counties.

Captain Menard's Company F, from Galveston and Liberty counties.

Captain Atchison's company, from Fort Bend county, composed of one-year men, was also accepted in the service and became Company G.

These seven companies were organized into a battalion under the command of Major Samuel Boyer Davis, who, being at the same time Assistant Adjutant-General at District headquarters, soon resigned his lineal rank.

On the 7th of December, 1861, Major X. B. Debray, of the Second regiment of Texas infantry, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, and Captain J. J. Myers, Major of the battalion. Then the work of disciplining and drilling was actively entered upon, and in a short time the battalion assumed the leading rank, in point of instruction and discipline, among the troops stationed on Galveston Island.

In January, 1862, orders were received to raise three more companies for the purpose of completing a regiment. Commissions were issued to that effect, and by the close of the ensuing February, the following companies reported for duty, and were mustered in for the war:

Captain Du Pree's Company H, from Montgomery and Grimes counties.

Captain Whitehead's Company I, from Montgomery and Grimes counties.

Captain Hare's Company K, from Harris county.

General Hebert, commanding the District of Texas, upon receiving the report of the completion of the regiment, appointed Major Samuel Boyer Davis to be its Colonel. But when it became known that newly organized regiments were, by law, entitled to elect their field

officers, Colonel Davis resigned, and an election was ordered to be held on the 17th of March, 1862, in which the following officers were chosen : X. B. Debray, Colonel ; J. J. Myers, Lieutenant-Colonel ; and M. Menard, Major. Owing to delays, either at District or Department headquarters, in forwarding the muster-rolls, or in examining them in the War Department, the regiment was recognized as the Twenty-sixth regiment of Texas cavalry, while, according to the date of its organization, it should have been the Tenth or the Eleventh.

The organization of the regiment was completed by the promotion of Sergeant R. M. Franklin, of Company D, to the rank of Lieutenant and Adjutant, and the appointment of William Armstrong to be Quartermaster with the rank of Captain. The latter officer, having been transferred to the Engineer Corps, was superseded by Lieutenant T. R. Franklin, of Company D. Lieutenants Lane, of Company B, and Armstrong, of Company F, became the Captains of their respective companies, to fill the vacancies created by the election of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, and Major Menard.

The one-year term of service of Captain Atchison's company having expired, it was replaced in the regiment by Captain Rountree's company, theretofore unattached.

Soon after orders were received from the War Department to reduce the companies of cavalry to the number of eighty, rank and file. Few of the companies of the regiment numbered less than one hundred men, and it was considered a great hardship to be turned out of the regiment and be attached to some other organization. To obviate this unpleasant contingency, the Colonel's first step was to obtain the dropping of Captain Rountree's company from the rolls of the regiment ; next, such men as were found to be unfitted for active service in the field were discharged, and, finally, volunteers from the several companies, having a surplus of men, joined together to form a new company, G, and elected R. L. Fulton, formerly of Company B, to be their Captain.

Thus Debray's regiment was definitely constituted with its full complement of young, robust, enthusiastic, well-mounted, well-disciplined, and drilled volunteers, when the order was received to prepare to march to the State of Mississippi and report to General Van Dorn. The prospect of entering into service in the field, gladly hailed, was soon darkened by disappointment. The report of the fall of New Orleans caused the destination of the regiment to be changed, and it was ordered to proceed, with Brown's battalion of cavalry, to re-enforce General Sibley in Arizona and New Mexico.

This duty, by no means pleasant, as it entailed a march of about one thousand miles, over a country mostly deserted, sterile, and with long waterless stretches, was entered upon, if not cheerfully, at least with becoming soldierly fortitude. The regiment was on the march when the report was received that General Sibley, confronted by a largely superior force, and short of supplies, was falling back on San Antonio. Hence a new counter-order, and the regiment went to camp on the Bernard river. During these marches and counter-marches, and mainly in camp, the fine appearance of the regiment attracted the interest and curiosity of the people around. Drills on horseback and on foot, and dress-parade, enlivened by a very creditable band, were attended by ladies and gentlemen in carriages and in cavalcades; negroes, too, would flock around, and enjoyed the sight as they would have done a circus. Hence came the self-given name of "The Menagerie," which clung to the regiment, and by which its old members still delight to designate it.

In July, 1862, the Colonel, by reason of his seniority in rank, was called to command the Eastern Sub-District of Texas, with headquarters at Houston, leaving the regiment to the efficient care of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers. Nothing happened for several months to break the monotony of camp life, except patrols on the coast, on which duty landing parties from the blockading squadron, in search of fresh meat, were captured or otherwise punished, and induced to cease their depredations.

Meanwhile General Herbert having been ordered to send to Arkansas all the infantry stationed in Texas, except two regiments, remonstrated against that disposition which left the State unprotected. His remonstrance was met with the curt answer that "Texas must take her chances." The authorities at Richmond seem to have overlooked the fact that the loss of the Rio Grande frontier, the only point to be depended upon for obtaining army supplies, might be a fatal blow to the Confederate States. General Herbert, despairing of a successful defence with his reduced force against an attack by sea, ordered the small forts, erected at Galveston, to be dismantled and their artillery to be removed to the mainland at Virginia Point, where sand works had been raised. Indeed, this was an era of despondency and gloom for the people of Texas.

In October, 1862, the Federal fleet entered Galveston Bay without resistance. The small force which had been left in the city retired to Virginia Point, the city itself being almost deserted by its inhabitants, who had moved with their chattels to Houston and the interior

of the State. Communication with the Island was maintained by planking over the railroad bridge and protecting it on the Island side with a redoubt and rifle-pits, occupied by a detachment of infantry and artillery. Debray's regiment, ordered to Virginia Point, by frequent patrols, day and night, satisfied the Federals that we still claimed the city, and prevented them from visiting it. A battalion of Federal infantry landed on one of the wharves and took quarters in its warehouses, strongly barricading themselves, but they never ventured into the city.

By the close of November, Major-General John Bankhead Magruder came to assume the command of Texas, relieving General Herbert, who was ordered to Louisiana.

The new Commanding General had acquired fame for the skill with which, in the peninsula of Virginia, he checked for weeks McClellan's invading army before miles of empty entrenchments, armed, in part, with *Quaker* guns, and by continually moving about his small force to multiply it in the Federal eyes. Feeling that something must be done to rouse the spirits of the people of Texas, he resolved to try his hand against the enemy's squadron lying in Galveston Bay. Under his instructions two steamboats, lying in Buffalo Bayou, at Houston, were travestied into rams and gunboats, armed with one gun each, and supplied with two tiers of cotton bales to give them, as the General said in confidence to his friends, an appearance of protection. A third boat was fitted out to act as tender. The two gun-boats were manned by volunteers of Green's brigade, converted for the occasion into *horse marines*, also by a company of artillery, the whole under the command of the brave Tom Green. Captain Leon Smith was the naval commander; Adjutant R. M. Franklin, of Debrays regiment, having volunteered to serve as his aid.

At Virginia Point General Magruder was actively organizing his land forces. We had about fifteen pieces of field artillery, manned by details from Cook's regiment of heavy artillery. The infantry were told off to drag the artillery by hand and to carry ladders, to be used for storming the wharf where the Federals were quartered. Companies B and E, of Debray's regiment were to act as escort and couriers. The whole land force amounted to about 1,000 men.

All dispositions having been perfected on land and on water, on the 31st of December, by nightfall, the column was set in motion to Galveston, over the railroad bridge, on a six miles silent march by a dim moonlight, soldiers laboriously hauling the guns and carrying the ladders. Upon reaching the city the guns were placed in battery at

the foot of streets leading to the bay, and on the 1st of January, 1863, at day-break, General Magruder pointed and fired the first gun. In less than two minutes the Federal gunboats opened their fire, which, in a short time, silenced that of our artillery, over which they had the advantage in metal. Several of our gunners were mangled or killed at their pieces, which had to be withdrawn. Our troops were sorely disappointed at what they considered a failure; not so General Magruder, whose only object in attacking by land was to divert the enemy's attention from the attack by water.

Our brave little crafts, upon hearing the discharges of artillery, hastened to join in the fight, and singled out the "Harriet Lane," which was the nearest ship to them. The "Bayou City," in the lead, missed her aim and glided along the ship's side; the "Neptune," following close by, with a full head of steam, struck the ship, but crippled herself and backed off to sink in shallow water. The "Bayou City," returning to the attack, entangled herself in one of the wheel-houses of the "Harriet Lane," holding her fast, while General Green's men opened a galling musketry fire upon the ship's crew, with their knives cut her boarding net, boarded her and compelled the crew to seek shelter below, while one of the Federal officers hoisted the flag of truce in sign of surrender. The other Federal gunboats, unaccountably to us, hoisted the white flag too, and under it, two of them fled out of sight in the gulf; a third ship, stranding in her flight, was blown up by her commander, who lost his life in the act. Finally, the Federal infantry quartered on the wharf surrendered. This brilliant, but bloody engagement was over in less than two hours.

Revilers were not wanting who called this victory *a scratch*; but they were soon silenced by the success of a scheme of the same kind, planned by the General, to drive off the Federals from Sabine Lake. On both occasions the General relied upon the confusion created among the enemy's ships by the unexpected appearance in their waters of strange looking crafts boldly steaming down to them.

General Magruder's success far exceeded public expectation, and for a time he was the idol of the people of Texas. But States as well as Republics are ungrateful. Brave, generous, warm-hearted Magruder died at Houston in want and almost friendless. Much was said and written, but nothing done towards erecting a monument to him. His body was interred in the burial ground of the Hadley family, his friends in life and in death; but several citizens of Galveston, in an evanescent fit of gratitude, claiming the honor of possessing his re-

mains, demanded them, with the consent of his family, and removed them with great pomp, to their city, where, ever since January, 1876, he lies ignored in an undertaker's vault, still begging for a grave.

An incident of the battle of Galveston, terribly illustrative of the horrors of civil strife, deserves to be mentioned. Major A. M. Lea, of the engineer corps, having reported for duty to General Magruder, at Virginia Point, on the eve of the attack, was instructed to accompany the General to Galveston. After the capture of the "Harriet Lane," in default of a naval officer, Major Lea was ordered to take charge of her. On entering the ship, among the dead and the wounded weltering in blood, unexpectedly and to his utter dismay, the Major beheld in the last throes of death, his son, Lieutenant Lea, executive officer of the ship, whom he had not heard of since the beginning of the war. The bodies of Lieutenant-Commander Wainright, killed in the action, and of Lieutenant Lea, were buried in the Galveston cemetery with military and masonic honors, the Confederate father reading over his Federal son's grave the solemn funeral service of the Episcopal church. The witnesses of that heart-rending scene never can forget it.

General Magruder's success raised popular enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and his call for more troops was responded to with alacrity. Debray's regiment and other troops were ordered to re-occupy Galveston, while an appeal to the planters, promptly complied with, brought to the island numerous gangs of negroes, who, under the supervision of their own overseers, worked diligently on new fortifications, planned by the Commanding General. Colonel Debray having been assigned to the command of Galveston Island, Lieutenant-Colonel Myers remained in command of the regiment.

The blockade of Galveston, forcibly raised on the 1st of January, was not resumed until the 13th of the same month, when seven gunboats came to anchor at about three miles from the city, to which they prepared to pay their compliments. A shelling was opened and kept up for six hours, to which the garrison, having no artillery to reply, had to submit good humoredly. Strange as it may appear, although the Federals covered the whole city with their shells and solid shot, some of which reached the bay, there was no loss of life, and the injury to houses was trifling. It will be remembered that, in the evening after the shelling, flashes of light were seen and a rumbling noise resembling broadsides was heard from a distance westward; then, after a few minutes, darkness and silence prevailed again. Many were the surmises upon this incident and several weeks intervened

before the sinking of the Federal ship Hatteras by Captain Semmes, off Saint Louis Pass, became known on the island.

For nine months all was quiet in Texas. The defenses of Galveston soon assumed shape, and *Quaker* guns frowning from the crests and casemates of the fort, held the Federals in check until real artillery could be placed in battery.

The Last Chapter of the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

By PROFESSOR F. A. PORCHER.

PAPER No. 5.

CHARLESTON RIOTS.

As the election drew near the excitement increased, and before long it may be said that law had ceased to reign in South Carolina and had succumbed to violence. The Democratic party naturally wished to win over negroes to their side. As the managers of the Republican party feared discussion, they were actively at work deterring negroes from ever going to a meeting called by Democrats. The latter were therefore compelled to adopt the plan of sending deputies to represent their cause before any body of men called by the Radicals, and ask for a hearing. This was sometimes agreed to, but always unwillingly, and after a time refused. A large body, however, had been won over by the Democrats, and those in Charleston were regularly organized in colored Democratic clubs. They had their own officers, their own speakers and their own club-rooms; which last were always open to the visits of the whites. This organization was bitterly resented by the Radicals, and the negroes were so very hostile to them, whom they were taught to regard as traitors, that continued efforts were made to annoy them and to cause their meetings to break up in disorder. To prevent this was always a prime object with the whites, for it was indispensably necessary that the colored Democrats should feel certain that the party which they had joined was ready and able to give them that liberty of political action which was denied them by the Radicals, who looked upon every negro as their own. After some bickerings, quarrels, and abusive language, the animosity of the negroes culminated in a riot, which was made black with murder.

On the evening of September 6th, the Democratic colored club met at their club-room at Archer's Hall; two of their favorite orators, Sawyer and Rivers, were there and harangued the meeting. A crowd of unruly blacks were also there, who attempted to break up the meeting, but were hindered by the determined attitude of the whites who were present. When the club adjourned, shortly after 10 o'clock, it was determined, in consequence of the threatening attitude of the unfriendly blacks, to give Rivers and Sawyer the protection of their escort to their homes. They were accordingly placed in the center of a hollow square, and the escort proceeded up King street. They were followed by the blacks, and by the time they got to the Lutheran church, they were surrounded by a mob of men and boys, and even of women, armed with clubs and pistols and crying for revenge against the black Democrats. A white man in the rear of the escort was struck by a negro with a club, and the blow was returned. After this pistols were fired by both parties, and instantly the riot became unmanageable. The police came to the scene, but they were powerless against the mob. Whether they were utterly impotent is problematical. They made no arrests except of white men, who made no resistance. They are said also to have aided several whites to the shelter of the station-house and protected them, to the utmost of their ability, against the violence of an infuriate mob. Meanwhile the escort of Sawyer and Rivers did not desert their charge. Finding it impossible to carry them to their homes, as originally proposed, they escorted them in safety to the citadel and put them under the protection of the United States troops. The few whites who were yet unable either to control or resist the mob, made their escape from the scene as best they could. For several hours the streets were in possession of the mob. White men, utterly ignorant and unsuspecting of trouble, who happened to come upon them, were maltreated—aye, so far did their madness extend that in the upper part of the town if a white face was seen at a window it became the mark at which the pistols of the savages were directed.

Where, then, were the white people, that the blacks were thus suffered to retain undisputed possession of the town? It was the dead of night, and the people, unsuspecting of any danger, had gone to their beds. It was near midnight when runners were sent out to their several residences to call out the members of the rifle clubs. The call was obeyed, but it was long before a sufficient number assembled to warrant their sallying out from their quarters. A small battalion marched to the neighborhood of the main station house, and

offered their services to the chief of police to assist in quelling the riot. The reply was that the rioters had dispersed. The officer in command of the volunteer battalion sent out scouts to examine and report upon the condition of things. The report was that no bodies of negroes were to be found; that parties were occasionally seen here and there who manifested no friendly spirit; but that, in fact, there was no riot anywhere. The officer in command, considering that the force actually present was small, thought it best to do nothing which might provoke a renewal of the disturbance, and, after waiting a while for further developments, marched his troops to their quarters and dismissed them. It was a wise, a prudent, and a humane act, but it was very unacceptable to the young men in his command, who panted for an opportunity of teaching the insolent negroes a lesson in good breeding. The moderation and prudence of the leader of the corps was admirable, and in after times men learned to admire it; but it was hard, very hard, to submit to it.

The negroes seemed to have been organized for riot. Quick as lightning the report of the disturbance would fly through the streets, and instantly every negro would come out of his lair, and the air would be filled with their imprecations. The women breathed curses against the whites, and gloated in imagination over the vengeance which they would exercise. "*Kill them all,*" was the general cry! "The town is ours!" "Sweep them off from every part of it!" This, and such language we had to hear with patience for upwards of sixty days. And it was all the harder to bear because we knew that these were not spontaneous utterings, but were put into their mouths by the sickly and unprincipled adventurers who lived upon the white men and made use of the negroes to aid in robbing them.

Several persons were wounded and otherwise injured in this riot. Mr. Milton Buckner died the next day of his wound. Whether any negroes died is unknown. One black policeman was dangerously wounded, but recovered. It was afterwards said, but I know not if truthfully, that the negroes would carry off their wounded and keep it a secret. No arrests were made but of unresisting whites, against whom no charges were ever made; and no inquiry was made by the authorities as to the cause or the history of this riot, but it was so palpably a Radical riot, that it was not considered safe to enquire into it. Not long afterwards, when there was a color of showing that the whites had begun another riot, coroners' inquests were held and all the ingenuity of the Solicitor of the county taxed to prove that the whites were the aggressors. The Governor issued one of his splen-

did rhetorical proclamations. He also privately wrote to the Mayor, to urge an addition of two or three hundred men to the police force. Instantly the Mayor's office was thronged with negroes, eager to be selected for this service. The Mayor was, like the Governor, a Radical, but he knew better than the Governor did the temper of the people with whom he had to deal, and refused to comply with this insidious suggestion. He did even more; he signified to the officers of the rifle clubs that he would depend on their aid for the suppression of riots, and this kept the town quiet until the President came to the aid of the Governor by suppressing the clubs as seditious and dangerous conspirators.

It was now determined to give the negroes an opportunity for another riot, the whites taking care to make such preparations as to insure, not only a speedy suppression, but such a suppression as would convince the deluded tools of the Radical adventurers that they were not, as they fondly believed, the masters of the city. One of the nights for the regular meetings of a Democratic colored club was selected. The members were urged to be present, and protection was solemnly promised them. The signs, as the day drew to a close, were ominous; a restless, feverish uneasiness seemed to come over the negroes. Large numbers from the country were coming in (whose attitude bore threats), and a fearful night was anticipated.

At an early hour the several clubs were at their headquarters; detachments were detailed to be present at the meeting of the colored Democrats, to give them the aid and protection which had been solemnly promised them, and arrangements were perfected for speedy communication with each other in case of an alarm. It was significant of the temper of the soldiers, who were expected by the Governor to bring the seditious Democrats to a sense of duty, that some of them went to the gun-room of the artillery club and volunteered their services to work the guns in the event of a disturbance. This movement shows that the apprehension of trouble was general and deeply-seated. Men, not belonging to any military club, assembled, armed, at certain designated places, and, when night was fairly closed all who remained at their homes were in breathless expectation of a fearful riot.

It was a fearful night, one never to be forgotten by the women of the city, and the few men who remained at their homes. Never was a city more awfully silent. Not a footstep was heard on the street—not a voice gave indication that human beings were about interesting themselves in the affairs of the town. Nothing broke the awful silence, except the quarterly chimes of St. Michael's bells, which came

with startling effect when the ear was every moment expecting the clang of the alarm bell of death and destruction. The negro fiends who were wont to rush into the street to hurl foul imprecations upon the whites, were ensconced in their hiding places, and made no sign. At length, after at least two hours of this intense calm, the ear caught sounds of footsteps, not quick and hurried like those of men engaged in desperate strife, but gentle and careless like those of men leisurely returning to their homes. The danger was over; the meeting had been held without disturbance, and dispersed without annoyance. Not a negro was on the street to insult or to outrage. The front presented by the whites had completely overawed them. But, though no more general riot was apprehended in Charleston, the political lessons taught by the Radicals did not remain unproductive. Negroes were defiant and self-assertive, and rarely missed an opportunity of insulting—often of outraging—whites who were out in the night. Women and children were kept at home, and aged men, now for the first time in their lives, found it necessary to furnish themselves with means of defence. It was rare to see a man, whatever his condition or profession might be, who did not carry a loaded pistol in his pocket.

All these things may be told, but narration can give an inadequate notion of the actual condition of things in Charleston. The situation can be but faintly conceived by those who were not living and moving about the scenes here recorded. It is shocking to read of a bombarded town, but what description can portray the feelings of those to whom the hurtling of bombs and the whistling of shells are familiar sounds, each of which fills you with terror; how depict the fearful tempest that rages in the mind of a man, always conscious that when he enters the door of his dwelling he may find that during his absence the destructive storm has been there and carried death and desolation with it?

The Battle of Chickamauga.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL PRESTON, COMMANDING DIVISION.

GREENVILLE, S. C., October 31, 1863.

Captain Gallaher, Assistant Adjutant General:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to transmit, in obedience to orders, a report of the part taken by my command in the battle of Chickamauga.

On the 18th of September our forces advanced in several columns to cross the Chickamauga and give battle to the Federal army under General Rosecrans. Major-General Buckner's corps, consisting of Stewart's division and mine, moved on the road to Tedford's Ford, and on the evening of that day (Friday) my command bivouacked at Hunt's or Dalton's Ford, on the south bank of the river and east of the road. The skirmishers of Colonel Kelly's brigade soon discovered the enemy posted along the opposite bank of the stream, extending above in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mill. Soon after nightfall General Gracie's brigade was moved across the ford and established in line of battle, running almost east and west, near Hunt's house, and a few hundred yards north of the river, where it remained during the night.

On the next morning my two remaining brigades crossed the river at dawn and were formed in line of battle in Hunt's field. Stewart's division soon occupied a position on my right and extended eastward in the direction of Tedford's Ford. Riding forward, I found troops of Brigadier-General Johnson's and Major-General Hood's commands forming in line of battle nearly at right angles to my own line, facing westward, toward the Chattanooga road, and afterwards met General Bragg, Major-General Hood and Major-General Buckner, who were conferring together. Having reported to Major-General Buckner the position of my troops, I returned, and about 8 o'clock received an order from him to advance through Hunt's field, in the direction of the enemy. Gracie's brigade was immediately conformed to the general line of battle and moved westwardly toward the main road—that runs north from Lafayette to Chattanooga. After advancing about six hundred yards it arrived near a sharp curve of the Chickamauga, which impeded further progress. I halted the command on the brow of the hill overlooking the stream and plain below. The enemy's lines and batteries were discovered about fifteen hundred yards distant, in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mill, across the bend of the river, which it would have been necessary to cross twice, with an open field intervening, swept by their artillery, had the advance continued straight forward. Having halted Gracie, I drew up Kelly's brigade three hundred yards in the rear, upon a declivity in the field, and Trigg's brigade about three hundred yards in rear of Kelly's, on the prolongation of Bates' brigade, of Stewart's division, which was on the right—thus forming my division in a column of three brigades.

A rocky hill near Gracie's right, overlooking the field below, af-

fording an excellent position for artillery. Upon it I posted Jeffries' battery. The enemy commenced shelling my lines rapidly, and I lost a commissioned officer—killed—and a few men of the Sixth Florida, with Lieutenant Lane and others of the Sixty-Third Tennessee wounded. A shot or two was fired by Jeffries, but I ordered the battery to cease firing, as the distance was too great to assure proper accuracy. My troops remained in ranks without further reply, patiently enduring the fire. About 12 o'clock, in compliance with an order received from Major-General Buckner, I moved my command by the right flank, from about six or eight hundred yards, to a position somewhat west of north from Hunt's field. Trigg's brigade occupied the front, in a woodland near a small cabin. Gracie was formed near Trigg, and Kelly was posted in the rear, supporting Leyden's battalion of artillery.

No further event of importance occurred during the day to Gracie's or Kelly's brigades. Soon after Trigg occupied his position, some three hundred yards in advance of Gracie and Kelly, his skirmishers, under Colonel Maxwell, engaged those of the enemy with spirit, and some two hours afterwards were driven in by the enemy's artillery. There was a small cornfield three or four hundred yards in front of Trigg, in which the enemy were posted. About 2 or 3 o'clock a continuous and heavy fire of infantry and artillery, and their shells exploding behind our rear lines, announced a conflict near the field in front. I was informed that Hood's division was attacking the enemy in the field, whilst my division was held in reserve. Soon after I received an order from Major-General Buckner to detach a brigade and reinforce General Hood. For this purpose Colonel Trigg was ordered to advance in the direction of the firing, and to give the required support. The action soon became hot in front. Trigg joined Brigadier-General Robertson, of Hood's division, and attacked the enemy. They were broken in confusion. The Sixth Florida, under Colonel Findley, sustained heavy loss, but owing to some misapprehension of orders, the brigade failed to capture the enemy's battery, or to reap the fruits of their repulse. As I was not personally superintending the attack, I refer to the report of Colonel Trigg for details.

Riding forward, however, I found the evidences of a stubborn and sanguinary conflict in the margin of the wood and the cornfield beyond, from which the enemy were retiring their lines. Night coming on, Trigg bivouacked in the woodland and near the edge of the cornfield, while Gracie and Kelly occupied a position in front of a little

hut, near which Major-General Buckner had established his headquarters.

I have no means of ascertaining, with accuracy, the loss sustained by my division on Saturday, but estimate it at about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded—nearly all of whom were from Trigg's brigade. During the night Gracie's and Kelley's brigades were vigorously engaged in constructing defences to strengthen the left, and in the morning Williams's and Leyden's battalions of artillery were supported by my infantry, under cover of good field entrenchments.

On Sunday, about midday, the battle became fierce along the right towards Chattanooga, and there was a general advance of the left wing under Lieutenant-General Longstreet. Stewart's division and Trigg's brigade were moved forward northwestwardly, in the direction of Brotherton's house, on the Chattanooga road. Under an order from Major-General Buckner, I advanced with Gracie's and Kelly's brigades, with the exception of the Sixty-fifth Georgia, Colonel Moore, which was left to protect Jeffries's battery, near Hunt's field, on the left. Gracie's and Kelley's brigades were formed in line of battle across the Chattanooga road in front of Brotherton's house, and Trigg a short distance in the rear. The enemy, in some fields on the north, maintained an active fire of shot and shell on my troops until about half-past three o'clock, when I received an order to move towards Dyer's house and field to support Brigadier-General Kershaw. Guided by Captain Terrill, I advanced with Gracie's and Kelly's brigades. Trigg's having been retained near Brotherton's by Major-General Buckner to resist an apprehended attack of cavalry on our left and rear. After moving through the woodland between the Chattanooga road and Dyer's farm house, I reached a large field extending northward to some wooded ravines and heights.

These heights stretch nearly east and west from the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, to another nearly parallel road running from Crawfish Spring to Rossville, and about two miles west of the former. From the edge of Dyer's field the ground descends to a wooded ravine, and after two or three intervening depressions, each succeeding height being more elevated, you reach the summit of the ridge, which is some two hundred feet above the level of the plain. Along this ridge the enemy were drawn up under General Thomas, as it is believed from the statement of prisoners. A strong battery was posted on the loftiest and most eastern of these heights, towards

Snodgrass' house and Chattanooga. On the northeast the undulations were gentle, and cleared fields and farms stretched away to the eastward to open and wooded plains.

Upon these plains the battle had raged during the day, and the heights were the key of the enemy's position, and his last stronghold. As soon as the advance brigade of Gracie reached Dyer's field, I ordered him to form in line of battle, with his left wing resting near a tall pine on the summit of the hill near the edge of the field, and in front of the enemy's strongest position. This was done with great animation and in admirable order. I then directed Colonel Kelly to form his brigade on the left of Gracie, and to change direction to the right as he advanced. The owner of the farm, John Dyer, one of my couriers, gave me a most accurate and valuable description of the local topography, and I directed Kelly to cover and protect Gracie's left. Whilst engaged in bringing Kelly into position, Gracie's brigade disappeared in the wood, advancing against the battery hill. I ordered Captain Blackburn, my volunteer Aid-de-Camp, to follow and ascertain from General Gracie by what authority he had moved. General Gracie replied that he had been ordered to advance by Brigadier-General Kershaw, who was in the ravine just beyond the field. The movement was slightly premature, as Kelly was not formed, but I at once ordered his brigade forward, and sent Captain Blackburn to direct him to oblique to the right again, so as to press toward the slope of the hill in the rear, while Gracie was attacking in front. The enemy had kept up a rapid artillery fire from the hill and across the field, but Gracie, passing through Kershaw's ranks, which were halted in the first ravine beyond the field, dashed over the ridge beyond and into the hollows between it and the battery hill.

The brigade advanced with splendid courage, but was met by a destructive fire of the enemy from the cover of their field works on the hill. The Second Alabama battalion stormed the hill and entered the entrenchments. Here an obstinate and bloody combat ensued. Brigadier-General Gracie, whilst bravely leading his men, had his horse shot under him. Lieutenant-Colonel Fulkerson, commanding the Sixty-third Tennessee; Lieutenant-Colonel Jolly, of the Forty-third Alabama; Lieutenant-Colonel Holt, of the First Alabama battalion; and Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, of the Second Alabama battalion, were severely wounded whilst gallantly leading their respective commands in the assault on the hill. Many brave officers and men here fell. The brigade carried into action about two thousand and three officers

and men, and, in the space of an hour, lost six hundred and ninety-eight killed and wounded. The Second Alabama battalion, out of two hundred and thirty-nine, lost one hundred and sixty-nine killed and wounded. In the action its color was pierced in eighty-three places, and was afterwards, by request, presented to his Excellency, the President, who promoted the brave standard-bearer, Robert W. Heith, for conspicuous courage. George W. Norris, of Captain Wise's company, of Hall's battalion, fell at the foot of the enemy's flag-staff, and was buried at the spot where he had so nobly died.

Gracie's brigade advanced between four and five o'clock, and Kelly moved about ten minutes afterwards to assail the second hill on the ridge, three or four hundred yards west of the battery hill. I ordered him to change direction obliquely to the right, which was promptly done, and, in a few minutes, the brigade had passed beyond the troops halted on the left of Kershaw's brigade, in the ravine, and engaged the enemy on the ridge, three or four hundred yards beyond. Then a desperate combat ensued, the hostile forces being not more than thirty or forty yards apart. Kelly gained the hill after a bloody struggle, and the enemy vainly sought to dislodge him from it.

Just as I first formed and moved Kelly into action, I met Major-General Hindman and staff, on the summit of the hill, near Dyer's field. The General, though suffering from a contusion in the neck, from a fragment of shell, remained in the saddle. He informed me of the state of affairs, and assured me of my opportune arrival, and authorized me to post a battery of his on a point of the field so as to guard against, and cover any repulse of my troops, or any adverse event. This was done by me, though I did not learn the name of the officer commanding the battery. When the fire on Gracie and Kelly was fully developed, its great volume and extent assured me that support was indispensable. At once I despatched Captain Blackburne, Captain Preston and Lieutenant Johnston, of my staff, with orders to bring Trigg's brigade forward rapidly, and to inform Major-General Buckner, at Brotherton's, of my situation, and the urgent necessity of the order. Shortly after Captain Harvey Jones, Acting Adjutant-General of Gracie's brigade, rode up and informed me that Gracie had gained the hill, but could not hold it without reinforcements. I instructed him to inform Gracie that the hill must be held at all hazards, and that I would send Colonel Trigg to his support in a few minutes. Soon after Colonel Kelly sent me word,

by Lieutenant McDaniel, that he could not hold the hill without succor, and I gave him a similar response. This was about the period of the heaviest fire, and I rode forward to where Colonel Kelly was engaged on the hill, and Lieutenant McDaniel brought him to me. I reiterated the order, and the assurance of Trigg's speedy arrival, and passed on to the right, where I met General Gracie. He reported his ammunition almost exhausted, and was withdrawing his men to replenish his cartridge-boxes.

In the meantime General Buckner had sent me Colonel Trigg's brigade, which, advancing in double-quick time, arrived at a critical moment, while the battle was raging fiercely. One of Trigg's regiments went to the support of General Gracie, while the remainder of his brigade was ordered to form on the left of Kelly, and to attack the enemy on the ridge. This fresh brigade, moving over the troops halted in the valley below, assaulted with great ardor the enemy on the left of Kelly, and quickly carried the first ridge. The fresh and lengthened line of fire from this fine command reanimated our men, and disheartened the enemy, who relinquished their first position, and fell back to a second ridge, occupied by a strong force and posted behind fieldworks. A momentary lull ensued. Brigadier-General Robertson reported to me, and I directed him to occupy and hold the position from which Gracie had withdrawn to replenish his ammunition. I sent, at this time, for Colonel Kelly, who reported in person, and informed me that the enemy in his front seemed in confusion. I directed him to use his discretion and press the advantage by advancing as far as practicable, with Trigg wheeling to the right, toward the declivity of the battery hill, stretching towards Chattanooga. It was now moonlight, and Kelly, returning to his command, after a few minutes absence from it, the fire reopened, and, continuing for a short time, ceased. It was the last fire of the day, and closed the battle.

In the last attack made by Trigg and Kelly, Colonel Hawkins, of the Fifth Kentucky, a brave and skillful officer of Kelly's brigade, captured two colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, a number of company officers, and two hundred and forty-nine prisoners. The Twenty-second Michigan, the Eighty-ninth Ohio and part of the Twenty-first Ohio regiments were captured by Trigg's and Kelly's brigades, and five stand of colors were taken by Sergeant Timmons, of the Seventh Florida regiment, and by Privates Heneker, Harris, Hylton and Car-

ter, of the Fifty-fourth Virginia. Colonels Carlton, Lefebvre and Lieutenant-Colonel Glenn were among the prisoners

The next morning about four thousand five hundred stand of arms, which had been thrown away by the flying enemy, were secured by my command. I learned that Steadman's division and troops from General Granger's reserve corps held the heights attacked by my division, and from captured artillerists, at Snodgrass' house, that the hill had been occupied by a battery of the regular army and another from Ohio.

Among the wounded at Snodgrass' house, where a hospital had been established by the enemy, were many prisoners, some of whom were from Crittenden's corps, portions of which seem also to have occupied the hill. In the attack on the hill no artillery could be used by us effectively.

The struggle was alone for the infantry. Few fell who were not struck down by the rifle or the musket. Whilst at the height of the engagement, the reserve artillery of Major Williams opened fire, by order of Major-General Buckner, on the rear lines of the enemy, but with what effect I could not judge. The fire served, however, to draw that of the enemy to another part of the field on my right.

As my line advanced, I sent word to General Buckner requesting him to cause Williams to cease firing, or he would enfilade my men, who had now the ridge, and the batteries were promptly stopped. The battalion of Georgia artillery under Major Leyden was engaged with Colonel Trigg on Saturday, and that of Captain Jeffries, protected by the Sixty-fifth Georgia, occupied an important position on the left. Captain Peebles's battery, of Major Leyden's command, sustained a small loss in the engagement. No opportunity for the advantageous use of his guns was offered in that quarter of the field.

I refer to Major Leyden's report for details.

The next morning I ordered the burial of the dead. Many of our brave men had fallen in charging the slopes leading to the summit of the ridge. The musketry from the low breastworks of the enemy on the hill, attacked by General Gracie, had set fire to the dry foliage, and scorched and blackened corpses gave fearful proof of the heroism and suffering of the brave men who had stormed the hill. The ground occupied by the enemy's battery was strewn with slain.

More to the north, in a wooded dell in front of Kelly and Trigg, many dead and wounded of the enemy were found, who had fled the combat and sought concealment in its shadows. All the dead along my lines, whether friend or enemy, were buried, and the wounded removed to the hospital

I have already mentioned the services of Brigadier-General Gracie and his command, and desire to express my approval of the courage and skill he manifested in the battle. It also affords me pleasure to notice the valuable services of Colonel I. M. Moody, Lieutenant-Colonel Sanford, Major McLennan, Captain Walam and Surgeon Luckie, of Gracie's brigade. Colonel Trigg maintained and increased his justly merited reputation as a brave and skillful officer. Every order was executed with energy and intelligence. To the rapidity with which he moved his command to the support of Kelly's and Gracie's brigades, and availed himself of the advantages of the field, I attributed, in a great measure, the success of my command in carrying the position. Colonel Findlay, of the Sixth Florida, moved at once to my support, with Lieutenant-Colonel Wade, of the Fifty-fourth Virginia, while the Seventh Florida, under Colonel Bullock, was brought forward by Colonel Trigg in person. During the struggle for the heights Colonel Kelly had his horse shot under him, and displayed great courage and skill. He animated his men by his example, and with unshaken firmness retained the ground he had won. During the action he was reinforced by a regiment from the brigade of Brigadier-General Patton Anderson, who was in his vicinity; for which timely aid I desire to express my obligations.

Colonel Kelly took into action eight hundred and seventy-six officers and men; one of his regiments (the Sixty-fifth Georgia) being detached, and lost three hundred killed and wounded. Colonel Palmer, of the Fifty-eighth North Carolina, though wounded, remained on the field, and bravely commanded his regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Kirby, a young, brave and lamented officer of the same regiment, fell early in the action. Captain Lynch, of the Sixty-third Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Conner, Major Myneher and Adjutant Thomas B. Cook, of the Fifth Kentucky, merit honorable mention. Captain Joseph Desha, of the Fifth Kentucky, who, though painfully wounded, remained on the field until the enemy was defeated, deserves especial commendation. Captain Desha has

been often in action, and always honorably mentioned, and I respectfully recommend him for promotion.

The actual strength of the command taken by me into action on Sunday, was three thousand seven hundred and fifty-two men, and three hundred and twenty-six officers, being an aggregate of four thousand and seventy-eight infantry, and my total loss in the battle was twelve hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded, and sixty-one missing—nearly all of the lost having been subsequently accounted for.

I desire to express my thanks to my staff for the efficient aid they rendered me. Major W. M. Owen, Chief of Artillery; Captain Sanford, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain Edward C. Preston, Division Inspector; Lieutenant Edward Whitfield, Ordnance Officer; Lieutenant Adams, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General; Lieutenant Harris H. Johnston, Aid-de-Camp, and Captain I. C. Blackburne, volunteer Aid-de-Camp, were actively employed during the battle, and I tender to them the assurance of my sense of their valuable services on the field. Lieutenant Bowles, of Morgan's cavalry, was temporarily attached to my staff, and assisted me greatly during the engagement. Major Edward Crutchfield, Quartermaster, and Major Bradford, were under orders a short distance in the rear, but availed themselves of each interval to join me at the front, and fulfilled their respective duties to my entire satisfaction. Surgeon Benjamin Gillespie, by the establishment of field hospitals and his care of the wounded, merits my thanks and official notice.

Enclosed, I transmit the reports of General Gracie, Colonels Kelly and Trigg, with others of subordinate officers. I refer to them for many details which cannot be embraced in this report, and invite attention to the instances of skill and gallantry shown by officers and men, which they record. The troops of my division had never been engaged in any important battle, having been stationed during the war chiefly in Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, to defend their mountain passes from invasion. Held in reserve while the conflict raged around them for a day and a half, they manifested a noble ardor to share its dangers and its glories. Though long in service and not aspiring to the title of veterans, I felt strong confidence in their patriotism, courage and discipline. The hour for the trial of all these great qualities arrived; every hope was justified, and I feel assured that both officers and men, won honorable and enduring re-

noun upon the memorable field of Chickamauga. I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

W. PRESTON,
Brigadier-General, P. A. C. S.

Tabular Statement of the Strength of Preston's Division in the Battle of Chickamauga, and the Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

COMMAND.	EFFECTIVE STRENGTH.				KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.						
	SEPT. 19TH, 1863.		SEPT. 20TH, 1863.		KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	
Gracie's Brigade.	135	1,992	134	1,869	6	84	30	578	27	725
Trigg's Brigade.	119	1,417	108	1,091	3	43	18	213	5	282
Kelly's Brigade*.	109	1,037	84	792	5	57	15	223	29	329
Total.	363	4,446	326	3,752	14	184	63	1,014	61	1,336

* The Sixty-fifth Georgia detached on September 20th.

W. PRESTON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

Notes and Queries.

Did General George H. Thomas hesitate to draw his sword against his native State—Virginia?

We have collected the most conclusive proof that General Thomas had at first fully decided to come South and cast his lot with his own people, and we only await some additional proofs that have been promised us before publishing a full statement of the facts. But, in the meantime, it may be as well to put into our records the testimony of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, in his speech in the United States Senate, on the bill for the relief of General Fitz. John Porter. Mr. Cameron, in the course of his defence of General Porter, said :

"It became my duty to take charge of the railroad from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and while so engaged an incident occurred in my office which impressed me greatly at the time, and which it has always seemed to me should atone to a great extent for any errors General Porter may have committed, if any, at a later period of the war. It was to a great extent through him, in my judgment, that the services of General George H. Thomas were secured to the side of the Union. General Thomas, then Major Thomas, was stationed at Carlisle Barracks. There were at the same time two other Majors of the army stationed at the same place—I have forgotten their names, but that is immaterial, for the records of the War Department will show—when an order was received from the War Department by a messenger, who came across the country, directing Major Porter to send the troops then at Carlisle to Washington, with directions to have them cut their way through. It is the language of this order which makes me say that this was at one of the darkest periods of the war. The capital of the nation was menaced by an enemy camping within a few miles of it, and had but a handful of men for its protection. Porter, with a quick perception of the gravity of the situation and showing a thorough knowledge of the fitness of the man for the duty to be performed, selected Thomas from the three Majors, and ordered him to report to him at my office in Harrisburg, that being Porter's headquarters.

"Thomas arrived there promptly the same evening. When informed of the duty to be performed, Thomas hesitated, and then began a conversation between the two officers, which continued until morning, and made a lasting impression on my mind. Thomas argued against the war, taking the ground that the trouble had been brought upon the country by the abolitionists of the North, and that while deploring it as sincerely as any man could, the South had just cause for complaint. Porter took the position that he, Thomas, as a soldier, had no right to look at the cause of the trouble, but as an officer of the United States army it was his duty to defend his flag whenever it was attacked, whether by foes from without or from within. Porter pleaded as zealously, as eloquently, as I have ever heard any man plead a cause in which his whole heart was engaged, and it was this pleading which caused Thomas to arrive at a decision.

"I do not say that Thomas refused to obey his orders, but I do say that he hesitated and would much have preferred that the duty

had devolved upon another. Thomas was a Virginian, and had, as many other good and patriotic men had, great doubts as to the ability of the government to coerce the States back into the Union that had, by their legislatures, formally withdrawn, but having that night decided to remain with the Union, from that time forward there was no doubt, no hesitancy, no wavering, but an earnest, hearty support to the side which had for its interest the Union, and to-day his name is among the brightest, best and purest of its military heroes. If Fitz John Porter was to any extent instrumental in saving this great name to our list of military heroes, I ask, Should not this country be grateful to him? I think it should."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S SLANDERS OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.—Time does not seem to soften the bitterness of the "Great Bummer" and Burner of the war, but he seems to lose no opportunity to vent his spleen against "Rebel conspirators" and "Traitors." And in his blind malignity he shows a reckless disregard of the truth, which is utterly amazing. At the formal opening of the new hall of the Frank Blair Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, a few weeks ago, General Sherman, in the course of his address, stated that President Davis ("Jeff. Davis," he rudely calls him), "was a conspirator at the opening of the rebellion, and that his aim was to make himself dictator of the South, and that, in a letter to a man who is now a United States Senator, he had said he would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy."

This statement brought out the following reply from our patriotic, chivalric chief:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., November 6, 1884.

Editor St. Louis Republican:

DEAR SIR,—I have to-night received the enclosed published account of remarks made by General W. T. Sherman, and ask the use of your columns to notice only so much as particularly refers to myself, and which is to be found in the following extracts. The following is taken from the *St. Louis Republican*:

"Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., opened their new hall, corner of Seventeenth and Olive streets, last evening. General Sherman said the people of the North would have all been slaves."

The following is from the *Globe-Democrat's* report :

"Referring to the late war, he said it was not, as was generally understood, a war of secession from the United States, but a conspiracy. 'I have been behind the curtain,' said he, 'and I have seen letters that few others have seen, and have heard conversations that cannot be repeated, and I tell you that Jeff. Davis never was a secessionist. He was a conspirator. He did not care for division from the United States. His object was to get a fulcrum from which to operate against the Northern States, and if he had succeeded he would to-day be the master-spirit of the continent, and you would be his slaves. I have seen a letter from Jeff. Davis to a man whose name I cannot mention, because he is a United States Senator. I know Davis's writing, and saw his signature, and in that letter he said he would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy.'"

"This public assault, under the covert plea that it is based upon information which regard for a United States Senator does not permit him (General Sherman) to present, will, to honorable minds, suggest the idea of irresponsible slanders. It is thus devolved upon me to say that the allegation of my ever having written such a letter as is described is unqualifiedly false, and the assertion that I had any purpose or wish to destroy the liberty and equal rights of any State, either North or South, is a reckless and shameless falsehood, especially because it was generally known that for many years before, as well as during the war, between the States, I was an earnest advocate of the strict construction State rights theory of Mr. Jefferson.

"What motive other than personal malignity can be conceived for so gross a libel? If General Sherman had access to any letters purporting to have been written by me which will sustain his accusation, let him produce them, or wear the brand of a base slanderer."

To this letter General Sherman has made no reply, save to publish a letter purporting to have been written by Vice-President Stephens to Honorable H. V. Johnson, and condemning in strong terms some of the measures of Mr. Davis's administration, though affording not a scintilla of proof of General Sherman's charges, and utterly at variance with some of Mr. Stephens's *published* opinions concerning Mr. Davis.

General Sherman has not yet produced the letter which he claims to have seen, and he cannot produce any evidence to substantiate his slander.

Another of General Sherman's recent slanders is his charging General Albert Sidney Johnston with a "conspiracy" to turn over to the Confederacy the troops he commanded on the Pacific Coast at the breaking out of the war.

Colonel William Preston Johnston (the gallant and accomplished son of the great soldier and stainless gentleman) promptly branded this statement as false, and its author as a slanderer. General Sherman's own witness failed him, and, indeed, gave strong testimony against him, and he was forced to admit that he was, in this case, *mistaken*.

But we need go into no further details. If our readers will recall what we have published concerning General Sherman's connection with the burning of Columbia, and the conflicting statements he has made concerning it, and if they will turn to his own Memoirs, Vol. II, page 278, and see how he *coolly publishes to the world an admission that in his official report he was guilty of willful and deliberate falsehood in charging General Wade Hampton with burning Columbia, when he knew that he did not, "in order to shake the faith of his people in him"* [Hampton]—we say that if they will only look a little into the record of this champion slanderer of the South, they will not be surprised at *any* reckless statement which he may make.

MR. CORCORAN'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.—In sending Professor J. J. White, of Lexington, Va., a contribution of \$1,000 towards making up the last \$6,000 necessary to complete the Lee Mausoleum, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the noble philanthropist, paid General Lee the following graceful and feeling tribute, which is worthy of a place in our records :

"It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that it affords me a melancholy satisfaction to testify—even in this imperfect manner—my respect for the memory of a valued friend, the grandeur of whose character commanded the admiration of ever Southern heart. Happily blending the qualities of a hero with the graces of a Christian, General Lee was the embodiment of my ideal conception of all that constitutes a truly good and great man."

A NORTHERN ESTIMATE OF RELATIVE NUMBERS AND LOSSES DURING THE WAR.—We clip the following from the *Philadelphia Record* :

"A correspondent asks us to state the number of men engaged in

the late war on both sides. Respecting the Confederate force, statistics are at variance. The Adjutant-General of the Confederate army, in a statement since the close of hostilities, estimated the entire Confederate force, capable of service in the field, at 600,000 men. Of this number, not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any time, and the Confederate States never had in the field at once more than 200,000 men. When the war ended the Southern army was reduced to less than one-half this number. The official reports of the War Department set down the grand total of troops furnished the Union armies at 2,850,132. Reduced to a uniform three years' standard, the whole number of troops enlisted amounted to 2,320,272. The number of casualties among the Union troops and those taken prisoners together, by far exceeded the entire Confederate forces. The Provost-Marshall General reported in 1866 that the losses of the Union were: Killed in battle, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,727; of disease, 183,287; total, 279,376. The Union troops captured during the war numbered 212,008. Actual decrease of the army, 491,984.

THE APPOMATTOX APPLE TREE ONCE MORE.—We have received from Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, at that time in command of the First Regiment of Confederate Engineers, the following letter, in reply to an inquiry from us, which fully confirms the note made in our last issue :

RICHMOND, *November 3d, 1884.*

*The Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D.,
Secretary, &c.*

DEAR SIR.—The note on "Appomattox Apple Tree" states correctly the fact that my regiment furnished a guard to General Lee; but it is also true that there were no negotiations between General Lee and General Grant at the point referred to. General Lee himself stated to me at the time that he was waiting for a reply to a dispatch he had sent to General Grant, and as soon as a reply was received he rode towards Appomattox Court House with Colonel Marshall. On his return from Appomattox Court House (as he passed my lines) he told me of the terms of surrender, which he had accepted.

The cordon of sentinels was placed around General Lee and his staff at the request of Col. Walter Taylor; and one object was, I think, to keep *straggling Federal officers* away from the General. I remember seeing several Federal officers of high rank who seemed to be very inquisitive.

Yours, very truly,

T. M. R. TALCOTT.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

VOLUME 12 S. H. S. PAPERS is completed in this number, and is now ready for the binders. A glance at its table of contents will show, we think, that it is not one whit behind previous volumes in variety, interest and real historic value. We are now prepared to receive orders for this volume at the following prices: Unbound, \$3; bound in cloth, \$3.50; half morocco, \$3.75; half calf, \$4.

MEMBERSHIP FEES AND PAST-DUE SUBSCRIPTIONS have been, and are very much in request at this office, and we are seeking very earnestly to collect them.

We are meeting a measure of success, but have found some obstacles and some confusion of ideas on the part of members and subscribers, which would be amusing if it were not rather serious.

E. G.—Here is a specimen letter from a gentleman whose time expired in October, 1883, and who, therefore, owes us \$3 from that date to October, 1884, and \$3 for the next year, if he continues. But he coolly writes us that he "only subscribed for *one* year," and having paid for that, he considers himself under no obligation to pay for 1883-84. Now, there are several replies to this:

1. When one is enrolled as a member of the society he is continued until he *formally notifies the Secretary* of his wish to withdraw, and he is bound for his fees (at the rate of \$3 per annum) until he gives such notification.

2. The postal laws are plain and emphatic that when a subscriber fails to notify a publisher of his desire to discontinue his paper, and the publisher continues to send it *the subscriber is bound to pay the subscription*. And surely it is neither good ethics or good law that one should receive our *Papers* for twelve months or two years, and *then* decline to pay for them.

THE TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP IN OUR SOCIETY are \$3 per annum for *annual*, and \$50 for *life* membership, and the payment of these fees entitles the member to "all the privileges of the Society, *including the receipt of its official publications.*." For some years—from 1869 to 1876—the Society was unable to make regular publications, and the members paid their fees simply to meet the expenses incident to the prosecution of the work of gathering and preserving "material for the future historian," and *received nothing in return*. Since January, 1876, however, we have given our members a full *quid pro quo* for the fees they have paid. We have sometimes not been as prompt as is desirable in issuing our numbers, but we have never failed to mail to each member and subscriber *every* number to which he was entitled,

and when informed that any failed to receive special numbers we have promptly mailed *duplicates*. We mention this because we sometimes receive complaints (especially from one in arrears) of failure to receive numbers a year or more ago. A postal card *sent at the time of the failure* of the numbers will always receive prompt attention. But we beg to remind our members that *their fees are due and are needed, whether they receive any publications or not*.

We are not using our "special fund" (which is safely invested) for current expenses, and as we must promptly meet these, we need every dollar due us (though if we had to-day the *half* of what is due we should be *very comfortable*), and we beg our friends to send us their dues **AT ONCE**, without waiting for an agent to call on them, or for any further reminder.

Literary Notices.

THE LETTERS AND TIMES OF THE TYLERS. BY LYON G. TYLER.
In two volumes. Volume I. Richmond, Va.: WHITTET & SHEPPERSON.
1884.

We are indebted to the accomplished author for a copy of this valuable book, which, in paper, type, binding, and general *get-up*, are admirable specimens of the book-maker's art, and reflect high credit on all concerned. We must reserve for the future the full review which the book deserves, as we have space now for only a brief notice.

But we must say, that while any book on the "Letters and Times" of these distinguished Virginians would be of interest and historic value, our author has shown industrious research in collecting his materials, and great ability in using them—that he wields a facile, graceful pen—and that he has not only written a most readable and entertaining biography, but has made a contribution of real value to the history of the important epoch of which he treats. While with filial hand he draws the portraits and vindicates the fame of his distinguished father and grandfather, he brings out clearly the times in which they lived, pictures the men with whom they came in contact, and describes the great measures of State and Federal policy with which they were connected. We cordially commend the book as one which should be in every library.

FIFTY YEARS OBSERVATIONS OF MEN AND EVENTS—CIVIL AND MILITARY. BY GENERAL E. D. KEYS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

The publishers have sent us (through West & Johnston, Richmond) this exceedingly entertaining narrative of a gallant and distinguished soldier who has shown that he can wield the pen with as much facility as the sword. It is a gossipy, interesting book about men and things, and while we cannot, of course, accept all of the author's opinions, yet we are pleased with the kindly tone in which he speaks of many of our Confederate leaders. *E. g.*, he says of *Stonewall Jackson*:

"The conduct of Jackson's campaign, in 1862, between Harpers Ferry and Richmond, justifies any measure of praise."

He pays General Lee the following tribute :

"The whole civilized world has reviewed the career of General Lee. The qualities of his mind and disposition have been recognized and extolled, and his fate has excited the tenderest sympathy in millions of hearts. A character like that of Robert E. Lee could not possibly be found in any human society in which the laws and public opinion do not sanction and approve of marked distinctions of rank among its members.

"Lee's family was of the highest, and his cradle was rocked by a slave. His sense of superiority and fitness to command, being infused at his birth, was never questioned. From infancy to threescore he knew no physical malady, and the admirable symmetry of his person and the manly beauty of his countenance were the aids to his virtues which secured to him tolerance, affection, and respect from all with whom he mingled. He passed the four years of his cadetship without a single mark of demerit, and during my long acquaintance with him I never heard him accused of an act of meanness, tyranny, or neglect of duty. His nature was genial and sociable, and he would join freely in all the sports and amusements proper to his age. He was exempt from every form and degree of snobbery, which is a detestable quality that appears most often among people whose theories of government presume an absolute equality. He was a favorite with the ladies, but he never allowed them to waste his time, to warp his judgment, or to interrupt his duty. To whatever station he was ordered, however secluded or unhealthy it might be, he would go to it with cheerfulness. Every kind of duty seemed a pleasure to him, and he never intrigued for promotion or reward. Nevertheless, no man could stand in his presence and not recognize his capacity and acknowledge his moral force. His orders, conveyed in mild language, were instantly obeyed, and his motives were universally approved. In all the time in which I observed his conduct I was true to my own antecedents. I was a northern man, and no word dropped from my lips or was shed from my pen that did not testify to my origin and proper allegiance. I will not deny that the presence of Lee, and the multiform graces that clustered around him, oftentimes oppressed me, though I never envied him, and I doubt if he ever excited envy in any man. All his accomplishments and alluring virtues appeared natural in him, and he was free from the anxiety, distrust, and awkwardness that attend a sense of inferiority, unfriendly discipline, and censure."

It is pleasant to read such a tribute from the pen of a Federal soldier, and we cannot do less than to heartily commend the book which contains it.

